MY DAYS IN DOORN

T. P. Mrs Tudor
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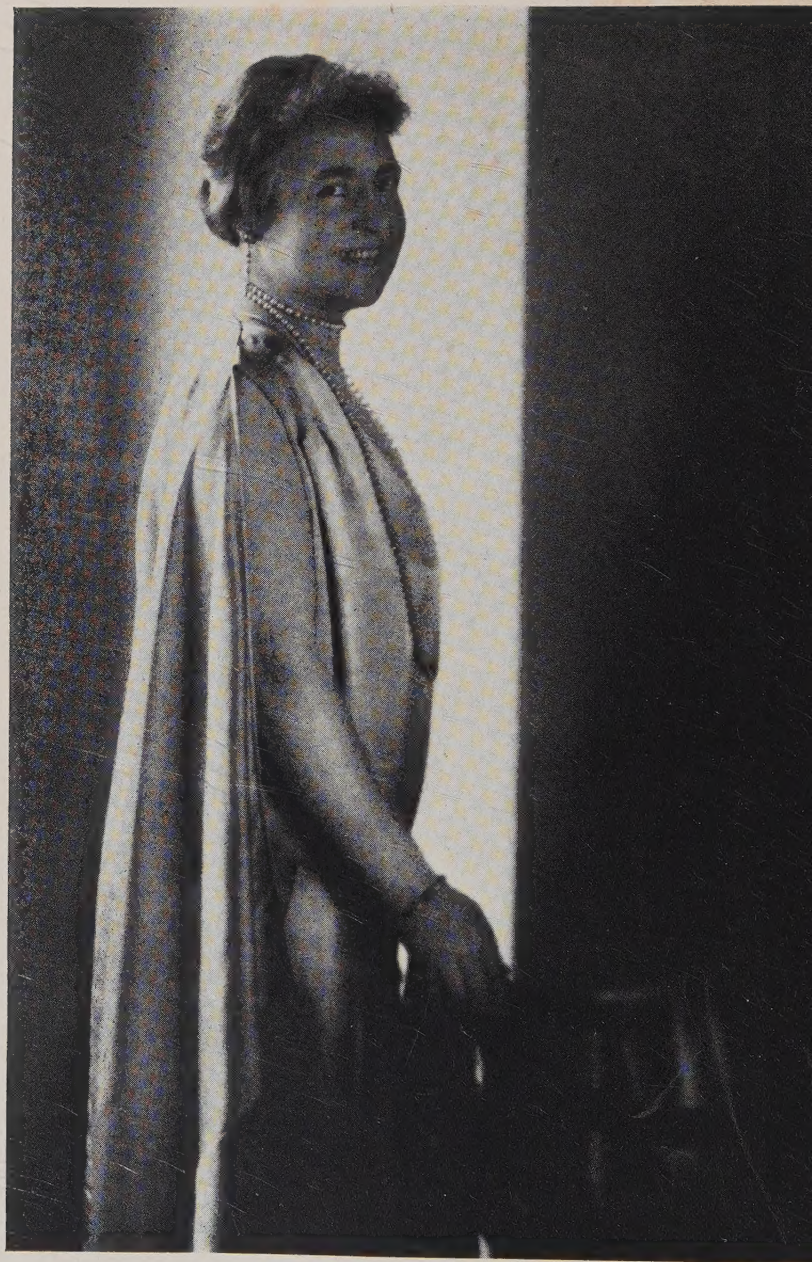

THE EMPRESS HERMINE

An Empress in Exile

My Days in Doorn

by

EMPRESS HERMINE

Illustrated

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AN EMPRESS IN EXILE

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THE PUBLISHERS.

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PROLOGUE

AN AUTHORIZED INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR WILLIAM

CAN a man love two women, one dead and one living, with equal devotion? Can a wife be happy under such circumstances? Both questions are involved in the marriage of the Kaiser and Princess Hermine.

The ordinary experience of mankind points to a negative answer to our questions. Granted that both William and Hermine are exceptional types, granted that both were born to the purple, the elemental problems of life and love are the same for emperor and commoner, prince and beggar. But the romance of William II and Hermine, widowed wife of Prince Schönaich-Carolath, seems to defy experience. In spite of prophecies and rumors to the contrary, the fact is that after five years of married life they look and are amazingly happy.

I met the Kaiser for the first time in his Dutch Tusculum about a year and a half after the death of his first wife, Empress Augusta Victoria. The Master of Doorn made the impression of unutterable loneliness. I had received a letter, written immediately after the death of his first wife, in which the Emperor referred to his "ineffable grief." The shadow of the late Empress still hovered over the

scene. It hovered over the rose garden, named in her honor, and over the room where she died, which to this day is dedicated to her memory.

Nevertheless, the Kaiser had just startled the world with the announcement of his engagement to a lady considerably younger than himself, Princess Hermine, the widow of Prince Schönaich-Carolath.

It is a homely truth, hackneyed by repetition, that men who have been happily married are apt to remarry soon. Evidently monarchs are not different in this respect from other children of Adam. Her Majesty, the late Empress Augusta Victoria, the Emperor tells me, often chided her ladies for turning up their noses in disdain at widows or widowers who sought happiness in a second marriage. However, public opinion in Germany seethed when William II announced his new nuptials not quite two years after the death of his wife.

"How long," I vainly asked my German friends, "can a man past sixty afford to wait?" They were deaf to reason.

I spent more than a week as the house guest of the Kaiser in Doorn. The household ran smoothly, yet someone was missing—the mistress of the house! Gloom rested upon House Doorn like a London fog. Gloom enveloped its master. It was broken only now and then when he hit upon a felicitous phrase to clinch an argument, or when he spoke of his fiancée.

At night when the Kaiser discussed with my wife,

myself and two or three gentlemen various political, religious and scientific themes that engaged his attention he forgot for the moment the narrow walls of his prison.

Financial embarrassment and political considerations made it inadvisable for his children to visit him often. The Crown Prince was still living in solitude on the little island of Wieringen.

I am not a sentimentalist, but I could not help sensing tragedy in the sight of William II, at the close of the evening, climbing the stairs to his room alone, vainly attempting to conceal his heartache. There was something pathetic even in the little toy elevator, installed by order of the Emperor for the late Empress on account of her heart trouble. It was in this lift that the Kaiser, dressed in simple field gray, came down from his rooms for dinner every night.

I met William II again a few weeks after his marriage. He was a changed man. Again I was a guest in House Doorn for a week. The Emperor was himself once more. There was sunshine again at Doorn, for the Empress was present!

Germany was ringing with denunciations of the exiled Kaiser. His people could perhaps forgive him a lost war. They could not, apparently, forgive him his second marriage. Augusta Victoria's self-sacrifice had made her a national idol. It seemed sacrilege to the Germans that the former Kaiser should give her a successor, although they denied

him even the poor consolation of placing a wreath on her tomb.

Women, especially, keenly resented the Kaiser's remarriage. The thermometer dropped whenever the marriage of the exiled monarch was mentioned. Certain monarchist factions were especially bitter in their attitude toward the young wife. It became fashionable to attack Hermine. Her detractors forgot that she was the scion of an ancient reigning house. Though their territory covers only a few hundred square miles in Europe, the Princes of Reuss rank among the oldest of rulers. Many chose to refer to the Kaiser's spouse merely as Princess Hermine, even after her marriage, in spite of the fact that the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, publicly acclaimed her as Her Majesty the Empress at the wedding dinner.

The Crown Prince and all members of the family accepted Hermine as Imperatrix Regina, Empress Queen. She places the letters I.R. under her signature and she is addressed as Her Majesty wherever she goes.

Princes never surrender their titles. The violent quarrels between Napoleon I and his jailer were largely due to the fact that Sir Hudson Lowe insisted upon referring to the Emperor merely as General Bonaparte. Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie retained their titles to the end. When recently the dethroned King of Portugal married in exile no one disputed the right of his wife to regal honors.

I frankly discussed the legal aspect of the question with William II. He remarked:

"We Germans invariably address a wife by her husband's title. If a lieutenant general or a full general marries, his wife is automatically addressed as *Ihre Excellenz*—Her Excellency—even if the general has quit the service. If an Emperor marries, his wife necessarily becomes Empress, even if he is an Emperor in exile.

"We confer upon high officials the title of Excellency. This bestows upon their wives the right to be addressed as Her Excellency. Retirement does not affect their right to this designation. If a pensioned Excellency marries, no one would dream of denying to his wife the address to which he is entitled.

"We address kings as Your Majesty; we confer the same title upon their queens, provided they are of equal blood. If my union with Her Majesty the Empress were morganatic, she would be merely the Princess Hermine. However, her family ranks equally with any dynasty in the world. Her late sister was the Grand Duchess of Weimar."

"It is difficult," I remarked, "for Americans to grasp these subtle distinctions. We do not consider titles of such importance."

The Emperor laughed. "What of your governors, elected for a brief term of years, who retain their titles as long as they live? What of your congressmen and your judges? And what of your courtesy colonels who never commanded even a couple of

files, like the colonel Mr. Wilson sent to me shortly before the war?"

The Kaiser was referring to Colonel House.

Monarchs in exile retain the remnants of their prerogatives. What is left to them except such trappings of royalty, and memories? No exiled monarch ever surrendered the hope of a triumphant return. Napoleon expected to be recalled, to the day of his death.

The bust of Augusta Victoria still dominates the music salon at Doorn, known as the Gobelin Room. The room where the late Empress died remains inviolate. Empress Hermine contents herself with a boudoir and a tiny bedroom.

The semblance of Augusta Victoria appears everywhere—on the Kaiser's desk and in the rooms of the Empress Hermine. The rose garden, dedicated to her, is still kept with meticulous care. The Kaiser himself often waters the flowers, or sits in the little summerhouse, meditating perhaps on the past.

But there is also a garden, no less flourishing, named in honor of Empress Hermine. Her pictures and those of her children enliven the Kaiser's rooms. Her paintings, done in oil by Schwartz, lend color to the dining room and to the study of the Emperor.

At last the campaign against Hermine in Germany has calmed down. All prophets of evil are confused and confounded. Despite divers mendacious reports of quarrels and dissensions, the married life of

William and Hermine is singularly felicitous and continues in cloudless happiness.

Augusta Victoria had no reason for jealousy. The Emperor was absolutely devoted to his first wife. He clings with equal devotion to her successor. The thought of both enriches his life.

"Some time ago," the Kaiser remarked to me, "my second marriage was discussed at a party. There were many pros and cons. One gentleman listened silently to all that was said. Finally he spoke up: 'What a fine fellow the Kaiser must be, if he could win so completely the love and devotion of two such splendid women.' "

Both Hermine and Augusta Victoria have much in common with William. Yet no two women could be greater contrasts in their philosophy of life and as types. They differ in everything except in their devotion to their husband and to their children. Each complements a different angle in the temperament of the Kaiser.

We must accept William II as two distinct entities. Of his two personalities, one belongs to the twentieth century, one to the Middle Ages. He could be a medieval theologian or a twentieth-century engineer. Nature reconciles two conflicting periods in his character.

Augusta Victoria was the ideal wife and mother of tradition. Hermine, though no less devoted to her children and her household, is a modern woman whose interests encircle the globe. Augusta Victoria

appealed to one side of his being, Hermine appeals to the other.

The world attributes to William II a statement confining women's activities to three K's—*Kinder, Kirche* and *Küche*—children, church and kitchen. This remark, carried to the four quarters of the globe, branded the Kaiser as an enemy of feminine progress. It was quoted in all tongues to characterize the German attitude toward women.

William's definition of woman's sphere, though embracing much, seemed hardly broad enough to include the multiple activities of the Empress Hermine. I wondered to what extent the years and experience had modified the Kaiser's original attitude.

"Does Your Majesty still hold to the dictum of the three K's?" I ventured to ask.

"No," he smilingly replied; "I have added another K. That 'K' stands for *Kamerad*—comrade."

In his private study at Doorn the exiled monarch consented to discuss, for the first time, the two women who left their imprint on his heart, and to relate the story of his romance with Princess Hermine. The recital of his love and marriage constitutes one of the most astonishing tributes paid by any lover, crowned or uncrowned, to any woman.

The windows in the Emperor's study overlook his small estate. The room was filled with souvenirs of his reign and of his childhood. There was

the water-color sketch of the Kaiser as a lad, drawn by his grandmother, Queen Victoria. There was the famous horse—saddle attached to a swivel base—which the Kaiser prefers to use in place of a chair at his desk. From one corner peered the noble head of an Egyptian queen, antedating Tutankhamen, presented to the Kaiser by one of his subjects. There were reminiscences of William I, of Frederick the Great and of the Kaiser's favorite ancestor, the Great Elector, under whom Prussia became, for the first time, a world power. And there were portraits everywhere of the two women who dominated his life—Augusta Victoria and Hermine.

"Her Majesty the Empress Hermine," he exclaimed, "certainly lives up to my four K's. She is a perfect mother, a perfect housewife, a devoted Christian and a matchless comrade. Her love, which led her to become my wife, saved my reason, if not my life. Accustomed to the faithful comradeship of Augusta Victoria, I was bowed down by my terrible sorrow—sorrow for my wife, sorrow for my country. My loneliness was indescribable. It bore me down. It was hell. Now that my Hermine is with me, I have again someone to whom I can pour out my heart, who reads my thoughts and my moods."

The Kaiser stood up and gazed wistfully out of the window in the direction of the River Rhine, which flows a few miles from Doorn, near Amerongen, and can be seen from the window of Count

Bentick's castle, whose guest he was when he crossed the Dutch border in 1918.

"The people who criticized my remarriage could not fathom the awful solitude that hung over my life like a pall. What do they know of my feelings? How can they realize what it means to a man who ruled the German Empire for thirty years to be separated from his native land by an alien border?"

He paced up and down. "Her Majesty, the late Empress Augusta Victoria, was unique among women. Every drop of her blood belonged to me, to her country and to her children. Her motherly love flowed over to the cot of every wounded soldier. She was revered as a saint by my people. However, her health was frail. For years she suffered from arteriosclerosis. She had a stroke in the summer of 1918, long before she joined me in Amerongen.

"The late Empress was dreadfully worried by the preposterous campaign for my extradition. Recently the English politician who raised the cry, 'Hang the Kaiser,' remarked to a Dutch acquaintance of a friend of mine, 'I have always respected the Emperor. He is a gentleman.' 'But why,' the Dutch visitor interjected, 'did you propose to hang him?' 'My dear sir,' the Englishman replied, 'can't you see that was all politics?'

"To-day the people in London say: 'Formerly it was Hang the Kaiser; now it is Print the Kaiser.'*

*A reference to the publication in the London *Spectator* of the Kaiser's book, "My Early Life."—G. S. V.

"Their former attitude may have been politics. But it broke the heart of Augusta Victoria and, causing her death, robbed me of my wife. What name does that politician deserve? I remember how Von Ilsemann, my aide, who is still faithful to me, came up, pale and disheveled, with the news that Germany had signed the treaty surrendering her former leaders, including myself, to make a holiday for the Allies.

"I tried to keep the news from my wife; but, with feminine intuition, she guessed the truth, and soon heard it when she read that my beloved sons publicly offered themselves as hostages in my place. She beamed with pride!

"Soon after that she died. Without her, life was almost too heavy a burden. I would not have been able to carry on if it had not been for my faith in God. My children were far away. They had their own tasks, their own families. I was alone with myself and my sorrow. I prayed to God that He should send some token, some sign of His fatherly love, something to give me new strength to complete my mission. At that moment my eyes fell on a letter on my writing desk. This letter was from a little boy in Silesia, who expressed his sympathy for my loss and my loneliness with the stark simplicity and complete sincerity of a child. For some reason the child's letter touched me deeply. It seemed to me like a sign from heaven. The heart of the child went out to his Emperor in exile and in sorrow.

There was no pretense. There was no design. He was completely himself."

"I looked at the signature and recognized the name —Schönaich-Carolath. I had never met the boy. I casually knew his father, the late Prince Schönaich-Carolath, one of my officers in the Guards.

"Since that time the avalanche of the World War had descended upon me. I had pleasant but faint impressions of the boy's mother, the Princess Hermine.

"Several of my gentlemen knew the princess well and encouraged me to invite her to Doorn. I was so pleased by the lad's letter that I asked his mother to visit me with her children. She refused to bring the children, who were at school, but promised to accept for herself, in a letter full of warmest sympathy with my hard fate. When I saw her I was immediately profoundly stirred. I was fascinated. I instantly recognized that she was my mate. 'Spring comes but once a year, love but once in a lifetime,' the poet sings. But the poet lies. Love may come twice in a lifetime. Blessed indeed is the man to whom love comes a second time. I am not referring to mere trivial affections, but to deep fundamental emotions that shake the very root of our being. I saw in her the messenger of love sent to me by heaven.

"After mature reflection I summoned up my courage and asked for her hand. Princess Hermine wavered a long time. She loved her children, she loved her independence, she loved her home. Having

peered deeply into the eyes of life, she foresaw how her action would be interpreted by sneering and scandal-mongering mouths.

"The struggle lasted three days. Never had three days seemed longer to me. I actually trembled. At last she consented. My first kiss on her hand and our first embrace marked my first happy hour since the death of Augusta Victoria. It was the first good fortune to come to me since that fatal day, when, on the ill-omened counsel of Field Marshal Hindenburg and his advisers, actuated solely by the sense of duty that has always inspired my family, I bade farewell to my army and to my country. The decision of Princess Hermine to marry me was a heroic deed. It made her an exile like myself. It expatriated her children to a certain extent. A tender mother, she is compelled to divert from her sons at school in Germany a large share of her attention. Her Majesty must to a certain extent neglect her own estates in Silesia while she is running the household in Doorn. The climate of Holland does not agree with her. Her health necessitates frequent sojourns at German watering places.

"She never complains; she never makes me feel that she is sacrificing herself for me. Yet her sacrifices are many, inspiring both love and respect, and deepest gratitude. She gives to her children, she gives to me; her love seems unending. It is all-encompassing, overwhelming. Our life is completely harmonious. I have never believed such per-

fect harmony between two human beings possible, as her fiery temperament absolutely accords with my energy and will power.

"I have searched history and literature without finding a parallel. We are indeed comrades in thought and aim. Her conception of life is lofty. She reminds me of one of the highly cultured princesses of the eighteenth century, such as, for example, Queen Sophie Charlotte, grandmother of Frederick the Great, and a friend of Leibnitz, the philosopher.

"Protracted visits to the court of Baden, either at Karlsruhe or at Lake Constance, where my aunt, the Grand Duchess of Baden, resided, enabled Her Majesty Empress Hermine, as a young girl, to imbibe an atmosphere of culture, impregnated still with the spirit of Goethe. In that respect," the Kaiser went on to say, "she was singularly fortunate. I, too, received a breath of this atmosphere through my grandmother, Empress Augusta.

"I know of no other German woman possessing the intellectual discrimination of Empress Hermine. She is the friend of poets, writers and artists. Her library is immense. There are probably few women in the world who can boast of such a library. In addition to her splendid library in Doorn, she has large collections of rare books in Saabor, the castle she inherited from her first husband."

The picture of Prince Schönaich-Carolath, the father of Hermine's children, stands in her boudoir, next to the picture of the late Empress. Unlike many

men marrying widows, the Emperor does not begrudge his wife her own memories or her children.

"I know," he said to me, "that children by a first marriage sometimes offer serious problems. My own children frequently visit us in Doorn. Her children love me. I do not ever attempt to interfere between the Empress and her children. On the contrary, I hold myself aloof from the children until they come to me. I do not attempt to impose myself or my ideas upon them. I try to be merely an elder friend. Perhaps that is the reason they see a father in me. When her sons come to Doorn from school I always feel that they are entitled to the first place in their mother's affection. Her daughters, Henrietta and Carmo, bring youth and joy to my house."

Princess Henrietta, the youngest daughter of the Empress, a girl of seven, flings herself into the Emperor's arms with impetuous affection. She dominates the imperial household with her childlike vivacity. The Kaiser refers to her as "the General." She adores him and he adores her. In the morning, at the religious service conducted by the Kaiser himself, the little Princess sits gravely next to her mother. After dinner, when coffee is served, the General personally passes the sugar. Sometimes, as a reward, she receives a lump of sugar herself.

The General, the Kaiser concedes, has inherited much of her mother's charm. *"Charme,"* he exclaimed, using the French term, "best explains the

fascination of the Empress. It is an indefinable something that draws one to her.

"The clear, open, intelligent and sometimes searching gaze in her lovely dark hazel eyes, beneath finely arched black eyebrows, is irresistible when softened by the ardent look of devoted love. Her lovely complexion gives her handsomely molded arms and her remarkably beautiful hands the color of dazzling whiteness. Her royal carriage is accentuated by the winning grace of the movements of her elegant figure. Her deep melodious voice," the Emperor continued, "charms the entranced listener. It is not surprising, therefore, that Her Majesty is popular in Holland.

"Some time ago Her Majesty underwent a small operation in Germany. When she recovered she received many distinguished men of letters, including a well-known poet. This poet after a conversation with her declared: 'The Empress is indeed an exceptional woman. I shall proclaim my discovery from the housetops and sing her praises wherever I go. She would be the ideal Empress for to-day.'

"The man who delivered these words," the Kaiser continued, "is a Republican. He has never been friendly to me. He has even lampooned me, but he was absolutely carried away by admiration for Her Majesty."

I know the poet in question, and I know his attitude toward the Kaiser. "Is it not possible," I remarked, "that this poet would have admired you, too,

if the privilege of a personal meeting with Your Majesty had been vouchsafed to him?"

"I was always accessible," the Kaiser replied with some heat. "I was more accessible than your Presidents, certainly more accessible than Wilson. And I was always delighted to receive scholars and artists. At Kiel any gentleman could be introduced to me and eat with me at the Yacht Club. No European monarch was more democratic. I went purposely to many provincial festivities. I talked to the humblest official, from the town constable to the mayor, from squire to peasant. Once a year we had a service and a banquet in the palace at Berlin—an ancient Prussian custom, the so-called Ordensfest—in honor of all those who had received an order or decoration from me. On those occasions chimney sweeps, corporals, policemen and actors brushed elbows with ministers of state and princes of the blood. No one can say that I isolated myself from my subjects.

"Recently the Empress met a German professor who had just written or was writing a book assailing me and questioning my motives. She asked him, 'How do you know this is so?' He said that he had read it in other men's books, and had heard it from others. 'But why did you not ask the Emperor himself?' This question seemed to dumfound him.

"If a man writes a book about Julius Cæsar or Alexander the Great he is compelled to rely upon source books. But I cannot see why anyone essays contemporary history without even attempting to

secure first-hand information from the person he writes about. Till now, the professor has not acted upon this advice of the Empress.

"Recently an American historian, Professor Barnes, asked me for information on certain disputed points. I was able to set him right at once. I destroyed once for all the malicious fable of the Crown Council, invented by Hendrick, editor of the Page Memoirs and propagated, according to Professor Barnes, by former U. S. Ambassador Henry Morganthau.

"Nothing pleases me better. I am devoting my life largely to the task of destroying the myth of Germany's guilt. The material I have managed to pile up against my former enemies is astounding and will appall the world when published.

"The Empress has many contacts with intellectuals. She never hesitates to state her point of view. She is ever ready to take up the cudgels for me. I mention the incident of the German professor only to point out how Her Majesty the Empress is fighting my battles like a true wife and a true comrade, because she understands me. She fights more loyally for me than many of my subjects ever did. Yet her reward—in Germany, at least—has been ingratitude and vilification. However, lies, as we Germans say, have short legs. The truth is marching on. Perhaps in time my people will realize how grossly they have been purposely misled in their judgment of me, as well as in their interpretation of the Empress

Hermine, who sacrifices her youth and her freedom for me.

"Fortunately, whatever the years may bring, we have each other. Too often in human affairs, love is one-sided. Ours is mutual. It is as deep as it is abiding. We love as only mature people can love, not as children, to whom life is still a sealed book.

"I often felt that Romeo and Juliet did not know the true meaning of love. The 'love that moves the sun and all the stars' is the love between mature men and women, in whom knowledge has not slain romance.

"In a very amusing English novel I delight in reading, called Bindle, a young lord declares at an evening party: 'To be really happy one must not marry a girl unacquainted with life, but one must wed a knowing woman, an experienced widow.'"

The Kaiser looked and talked with glowing eyes. Thirty years seemed to drop from him as he spoke. His face was bronzed, his health rugged. In his old age he is reaping the reward of a life free from injurious indulgence, a life of constant physical and mental activity. His head is still crowned with white curls. His beard is silver gray; but to me, at least, it is more attractive than the celebrated mustache emulated for thirty years by the majority of his subjects. He lives in observant repose now. There is less action, more time for meditation.

William II, at Doorn, is a thinker. His mind is as agile as his body. It is never closed to new ideas

or new impressions. If the ability to absorb new ideas is the test of age, the Kaiser remains young. He partakes of that peculiar youthfulness, that perennial boyishness, that never seems to leave some men —such as Bernard Shaw, for instance, whom he somewhat resembles in feature. It remained to the end with Roosevelt. It will never desert William II. Whether he walks in his garden, whether he feeds his ducks, whether he waters his plants or saws his wood, there is zest in his actions. His energy is so enormous that he easily outwalks younger men.

I sawed wood with him at Doorn. My arms, unused to such work, soon grew tired. Others, men who work with him every day, looked longingly at a bench near the woodshed. But the Kaiser continued unconcerned. His vitality is unbelievable.

The Germans seem to take to long-lived rulers. Bismarck, Hohenlohe and Hertling were chancellors at seventy. The Kaiser's grandfather, William I, was more than ninety when he died. William II, in spite of his proclivity for colds, in spite of other physical handicaps, has so trained himself that in physical endurance he easily outstrips his juniors. Mentally, I repeat, he is no less alert. The evenings in Doorn, when he tells of the books he has read and discusses scientific and political questions that occupy his mind, are as entertaining and stimulating as a course of lectures by a whole staff of professors.

Empress Hermine is forty years old. Almost a generation lies between the Emperor and his second

wife. "The years," the Kaiser remarked, "do not separate us. On the contrary, the contact and intercourse with her youth has rejuvenated me. I frankly admit that I feared the difference in our ages would perhaps lead to difficulties. But to-day, after years of marriage, our heaven is still unclouded.

"Nothing human is alien to the mind of the Empress. Everything that interests me interests her. She occupies herself on my account with subjects remote from her own inclinations, such as military science and theology. She even rides my hobby with me—the study of archæology and ancient civilizations."

The Kaiser's interest in archæology, which led to the excavations of Professors Winckler, Wiegand, Delitzsch and others, and to the discovery by the German explorers, Schliemann and Dörpfeld, of the ruins of Troy, is as vivid to-day as it was when he ruled his people. To this day eminent German explorers, such as Schulte, Frobenius and Dörpfeld, report to the Kaiser in Doorn their latest discoveries and subject their hypotheses to his scrutiny.

The Empress maintains her own opinion on certain phases of literature and art, but on all essential points William and Hermine seem to think as one.

"Her approval," the Emperor said to me, "is my pride and sustains me; it allows me to laugh at hostile criticism. I write no sentence on religion or politics or science, I decide no personal problem, without her advice. Her judgment is phenomenal. She

manages her estates in Germany with the skill of a man. Her knowledge of practical affairs is infinitely greater than mine. Above all, she understands people. She has X-ray eyes. She can see through a man or a woman in a few minutes.

The readiness with which she reads people's thought is positively uncanny, but in these days quite indispensable. Her simple bringing up was an advantage. For many years, after leaving her father's court and marrying Prince Schönaich-Carolath, she lived the life of a simple officer's wife. This, coupled with her natural power of distinction, gave her remarkable insight.

"Fortunately," the Kaiser continued, "the Empress is absolutely opposed to bobbed hair." The Kaiser detests boyish cuts and tells ladies who favor them so. "Bobbed hair," he insists, "is abominable. Poets of all nations for centuries have praised woman's hair as her glory. The pictures of Palm Beach beauties and film stars who make themselves look like boys are disgusting," he added. "I am dead against obliterating the distinctions between the sexes. It is immoral.

"I said that I was always accessible to my subjects —in fact to every man who had a message for me or who merited my attention," remarked the Kaiser, reverting to a subject that seemed to irritate and intrigue him. "It is not my fault if so many of my countrymen failed to avail themselves of this opportunity. It is possible, too, that my entourage at

times, with the best of intentions, may have stood between me and my people."

"I am told," I ventured to say, "that your friend Ballin, the great master of German shipping, was denied an opportunity to speak to Your Majesty alone at a critical period of the war. It seems that he desired to enlighten Your Majesty on certain developments which were not permitted to reach your ears."

"That is positively wrong," the Kaiser replied. "I walked alone with Ballin for a long time on his last visit to me, in August, 1918, at Wilhelmshöhe—near Cassel—when he warmly advocated the opening of negotiations with Wilson to bring about an armistice. This idea was later put into effect—with what result? Ballin had every opportunity in the world to place the facts before me. For that matter, if he believed the question was one charged with life and death for the Fatherland, he should have permitted no consideration of etiquette to interfere with free speech—and he spoke freely!"

"I understand that ordinarily Ballin was invited to dine with Your Majesty. But on that occasion he was asked to eat at the table of the court chamberlain," I interjected.

"At that time my wife," the Kaiser replied, "the late Empress, slowly recovering from a serious illness, was confined to her rooms. For that reason I always dined alone with her. I could not make an exception even for Herr Ballin.

"Perhaps it is true that there is sometimes a Chinese Wall not only between a king and his people but also between the king and his court. I did not know many things that were going on at my own court. Neither I nor the late Empress had any idea of the intrigues, the whisperings behind my back.

"Princess Hermine, being at that time the wife of a captain in the second Dragoon Guards, had access to all those circles. For her, the Chinese Wall did not exist. She often clenched her fist angrily when she heard the disparaging things that were said behind my back—things which have reached me only now, in the memoirs of unfaithful servants who exploit their relations, however remote, with me and my court for notoriety and for money. Long before her marriage to me, Hermine, then Princess Schönaich-Carolath, knew that disloyalty existed not only among the Socialists but among those who should have been pillars of the throne. Perhaps that is one of the reasons for the persecution to which she was subjected after her marriage to me.

"The campaign against her was largely inspired by fear—fear of a housecleaning likely to ensue if ever it should please God and my people to recall me. However, Her Majesty is not vindictive. Like a good Christian, she forgives her enemies. She forgives them readily, but she does not forgive mine."

I have already referred to the services which the Kaiser conducts every morning. Usually he reads some verse from the Bible, and a prayer. On Sun-

days he either reads a sermon by one of his favorite preachers or delivers a sermon himself. Although the former head of the Protestant Church in Prussia, the Kaiser is never dogmatic.

"Christ," he says, "is a living presence to me, not a figure on a stained-glass window."

The Kaiser always introduces into his sermons some parable or comparison that powerfully appeals to his audience, consisting of his family, his entourage, his step-children, his guests and the servants. Even the humblest kitchen maid is present at the morning services in Doorn. The Empress is never absent. In that respect, too, she resembles her predecessor, Augusta Victoria.

There was one question which I never had the temerity to ask until the end of my visit. It had been stated freely that the late Empress desired William to remarry in the event of her death. I wondered if the Empress had ever expressed this thought to her husband. On the last day, as I was walking with the Emperor through the rose garden hallowed to Augusta Victoria, I brought up this question.

"The late Empress," His Majesty answered without hesitation, "often expressed the fear that God would not permit her to remain with me to the end. After her stroke, in August, 1918, her melancholy increased. She repeatedly broached the subject, but I never permitted her to go on, because it hurt me too much to think of losing her. I was touched deeply, beyond tears, by her selfless devotion.

"However, the Empress discussed the topic at length, with her mistress of the robes, Countess Brockdorff. When I announced my engagement to Princess Hermine I received some abusive letters. I expected at best a coldly formal note of congratulation from Countess von Brockdorff. Much to my surprise, the old countess sent me a most warm-hearted letter, for which I shall ever be grateful. She told me that Augusta Victoria had often discussed with her my predicament in case of her death.

"Almost two years before she passed away in the August of 1918, at Wilhelmshöhe, the late Empress said to her, 'My dear countess, I know I shall not live much longer. The poor Emperor will be alone when I close my eyes. I have only one wish—that he may *soon* find a wife who will love him and be good to him.'

"Empress Hermine fulfills the wish of her predecessor in an unparalleled manner. God bless and protect my beloved wife, a jewel among women, for the benefit of my house and of my country! The memory of Augusta Victoria is not a specter dividing us, but a tie that unites us."

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

An Empress in Exile

CHAPTER I

CHILDHOOD DAYS AT GREIZ

EXCITEMENT reigned in Greiz, the capital of Reuss, a tiny principality tucked within the Thuringian forests in Central Germany. The eyes of the little town turned questioningly to the Untere Burg—the Lower Château—the residence of the prince. The windows of the Untere Burg were ablaze. Doctors hurried to and fro. Servants talked in whispers. Nurses walked on tiptoe.

Prince Henry XXII, a tall man with military bearing, strode nervously up and down the long halls of the castle. His flowing beard merely accentuated the gentleness of his features. Every little while he stopped in front of the door affording access to the room of his wife, Princess Ida of Schaumburg-Lippe. He listened eagerly, then continued his vigil. Frequently the eyes of the prince strayed through the tall windows to the River Elster, groaning with ice, to the trees weighted with icicles and to his capital in the distance, as if they could answer his question. Nature, like a good Samaritan, was covering

the wounds of the forest and of the river with bandages of snow. She had no answer for the man in the castle.

Every now and then the prince would send a servant to his wife's room. Again and again the man would return with the message: "Not yet, Your Highness; not yet."

The lips of the prince moved as in prayer. Would heaven grant the wish of his heart and bless his house with a son and heir to whom he could transmit his name and his crown? For upon the Elder Line of the house of Reuss rested the hand of doom. The only son, born to the prince and the princess six years earlier, had been incapacitated by a ghastly, almost incomprehensible, accident. There were three princesses, but no heir competent to reign. Without a male descendant able to rule, there would be no one to continue the line. It would perish like a tree blasted by lightning.

The princess in her canopied bed sensed the anxiety of her husband. "If only," she whispered, her lips pale and drawn from the long agony—"if only it were a boy!"

At last the sound of a baby's cry! The dignified little doctor closed the door of the bedroom behind him.

"Well," the prince asked, trying to read the lips of the other, "is it——"

"Your Highness, it is a girl."

Schooled to master himself, Prince Henry XXII concealed his distress. "How is the mother?"

"Mother and child are well."

The prince rushed into the bedroom. Tears were in the eyes of the princess. He kissed away those tears. Then he kissed the little girl. It was the first kiss I received from my father.

My parents never made me suffer for their chagrin. They were disappointed in my sex, not in me. No hint of their grief darkened my childhood days. Nevertheless, unconsciously at least, their attitude profoundly affected my development and my fate.

Once more, some years later, their hopes were raised, only to be dashed to the ground. The confinement did not bring a boy. It brought, instead, another girl—and death to my mother.

On the day I was born, December 17, 1887, Germany was at peace. No thunders warned us of breakers ahead. Half a generation had passed since the victorious armies of Emperor William I made a prisoner of Napoleon III. How gallantly the venerable Emperor dealt with his fallen foe! The splendid reign of the old Emperor was approaching its end. The tragic ninety-nine-day reign of Emperor Frederick, foredoomed to an early death by a cancer of the throat, was yet to begin. Six months after my birthday, His Majesty Emperor William II was to place the crown on his own head. The brief reign of his father, Emperor Frederick, had been merely an interlude. The arrival of William II on the throne marked a new era.

My husband's grandparents, the old emperor and

his consort, Her Majesty Empress Augusta, had been a link between the past and the present. William I was born in 1797. The room in which he played as a child still resounded with the alarms of the Napoleonic Wars. Vainly his mother, Queen Louise, whose memory to-day is almost a legend and a torch in the night, had attempted to wrest from Napoleon I the city of Magdeburg in exchange for a rose. Her daughter-in-law, the Empress Augusta, sat as a child at the feet of the only contemporary of whom Napoleon said, "This is a man"—Goethe. From Weimar where she was born, Augusta had brought with her to Berlin something of the tradition of Germany's classic age.

When William I was a child the old German Empire, after dragging its corpse through many centuries, had ended with the abdication of Emperor Francis. This empire, breaking asunder under the blows of the Corsican, had been German only in name. The heart of its rulers, the Hapsburgs, was no longer German. It was divided, like their multi-tongued realm, into many mutually hostile dominions. The new German Empire, founded by William I and his Iron Chancellor, after the defeat of Napoleon III in 1870, united for the first time all German tribes except Austria. Under the leadership of the Hohenzollerns, the new empire immediately took its place at the head of the council table with the great powers of Europe. Bismarck and William I had laid sturdy foundations—founda-

tions that survived even the shock of the revolution.

Under the sway of my husband, Emperor William II, Germany grew steadily in prestige and power. She achieved undreamed-of pinnacles of prosperity. Land-locked heretofore, she became once more a great naval power, resuscitating the glories of her Hanseatic past, when German ships, vying with those of the great maritime nations, girded the ocean. For twenty-six years my husband maintained the peace of Europe. His voice was heeded in the four quarters of the globe. No throne seemed more secure.

The peace and happiness of the country at large reflected only the peace and happiness of the imperial household. It was a happiness radiated by the Kaiser's first wife, Her Majesty the Empress Augusta Victoria, a princess of Schleswig-Holstein. The Kaiser's marital felicity confirmed the judgment of his heart, for his marriage was a love match.

On several thrones of Europe branches of the Hohenzollern family reigned; and in England, the Kaiser's incomparable grandmother, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, was at her zenith. The Kaiser was her favorite grandson.

No one could imagine a World War and Germany's fall under the assault of twenty-eight nations —a crash involving emperor and country alike. No one could predict that Empress Augusta Victoria would die broken-hearted in an alien land. And surely no one could foresee that the little daughter

born to Prince Henry XXII of Reuss and his wife Ida was destined to be her successor. It would have seemed like the tale of a madman.

And yet, even as a child, the Emperor entranced my imagination. My aunt, Princess Isenburg, who knew of my youthful infatuation, often made my young heart beat faster by presenting me with pictures of the Kaiser—now a photograph, now a post card, now the reproduction of a painting in color. My room was decorated with his semblance. My heart went out instinctively to the monarch who consecrated his energies to the task of making Germany a world power. In those days the world recognized his high endeavor to win for his country a place in the sun. His people rewarded his efforts with their love and confidence.

The Kaiser is, perhaps, the most photographed man in the world, yet every picture of him gave me a thrill. My collection grew, until the Emperor's likeness overshadowed everything else in the room. From every wall his picture greeted me. It stood guard over my school work in the daytime and over my dreams at night. While the Kaiser thus dominated my girlish fancies, I never once imagined that I was ever to marry my fairy prince.

Few girlish infatuations mature into adult love. Not one girl in a million marries the man of her dreams. I did. But between the day I first laid eyes on the Emperor and my marriage to him at Doorn, much water flowed down the River Spree.

I was to know the happiness of wifehood and motherhood through my marriage to Prince Schönaich-Carolath. The Emperor was to drain the cup of sorrows more deeply than any man of his generation. The bitterness of the draft was made tolerable only by the unfaltering love of his first wife, Empress Augusta Victoria.

The course of the romance between Emperor William and myself ran by no means smooth. Tragedy stalked through our lives. Death, taking away a beloved mate, knocked at his gate and at mine. An empire had to fall before my dream came true.

No doubt many a little girl in the fatherland had a crush on the Kaiser, just as most young men turned up their mustaches in the imperial fashion. My affection went down deep to the roots of my being. I was not merely fascinated by the imperial trappings and by the glamour surrounding the Emperor. In the chemistry of his heart and mine there was an affinity irresistibly compelling our union, an attraction stronger than fate. In all likelihood we would never have discovered our affinity if a world catastrophe had not brought us together. Two beings meant for each other may be fated, like parallel lines, never to meet except in infinity. True loves, as Maeterlinck shows in the loveliest of his plays, may be severed by time and space; they may be born in different centuries or in different climes. How nearly we missed each other! Circumstance seemed

to preclude our marriage. Time held me back from my mate for almost thirty years on the island of the unborn. But in the end Love prevailed, defeating circumstance and the years.

When, after our engagement, I revealed the secret of my cherished collection of photographs to the Emperor, His Majesty was deeply touched. My attachment for the Kaiser was all the more remarkable because my paternal grandmother never forgot or forgave 1866, when Prussia defeated Austria and almost annexed my beloved little country, Reuss-Greiz. Southern rather than northern in her sympathies, she could never quite reconcile herself to the new German Empire under the star of the Hohenzollerns. There was little in my environment to feed the flame of my youthful idolatry for William II. No intuition told me that I would be some day his Empress in exile.

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The black cloud upon our horizon, the skull at our feast, was my brother's ailment. Dark and inexplicable was the curse, that blighted his life and ours. In his early boyhood, blind rage would sometimes seize Henry—rage against himself, rage against us. Frightened by these outbursts, we often fled from him. Later, as the malady grew upon him, Henry accepted his fate—a malady without parallel in the annals of medicine.

A slight contraction of the optic nerve had made Henry squint as a child. The doctors decided to

correct this condition. The boy did not wish to submit to the ordeal. He fought the doctors. Fighting, he was dragged into the operating room. When the knife was poised over his eye he suddenly renewed his struggle. Then something happened. No one knows whether the catastrophe was purely psychic or if the knife pierced the nerve. In any case he suffered an injury to the brain the exact nature of which has never been ascertained. The shock paralyzed his powers of volition and motion. Neither tongue nor muscle obeys him. Shakespeare's Prince Hamlet suffered from a sickness of the will. This little prince, another more tragic Hamlet, could not will at all. Like a man mesmerized, he could not even walk across a room or open a door save by the will and the command of another. I saw Henry every summer in Greiz or in Saabor until his recent death in 1927. He remained the unhappy prisoner of some twisted nerve, some ganglion gone awry. He was the last male heir of the dynasty. The Elder Line of Reuss ended with him.

My brother, though unable to express himself, knew and felt the love of those who surrounded him. He was my guest every year in Saabor, where he enjoyed himself in the intimate family circle provided by my children and myself. Compared to his loneliness in Greiz, Saabor was a paradise for him. Those in charge of him administered to all his needs, but he missed his family. Poor dear brother! What a life he led! It could hardly be called a life at all,

yet he was always good and kind and appreciated every token of sympathy.

Royalty, hedged in and protected by many safeguards, seems to be singularly unfortunate in its relations with doctors. My husband's father was the victim of a disagreement among his physicians. My husband, the Kaiser, has suffered all his life from an impairment of his left arm which was injured at birth. Modern science could have eradicated or ameliorated this condition. He had to fight his handicap alone. He succeeded by dint of indomitable will power, but the struggle was heart-rending. Eyewitnesses tell me that tears came to their eyes when they saw the boy pick himself up again and again from under the hoofs of his horses, trying to learn how to ride with one sound arm.

The Kaiser succeeded not only in making himself an expert horseman; he also rows and chops wood and plays tennis. A little more medical skill would have saved him from excruciating agonies and embarrassments. Yet by way of compensation, he achieved astonishing physical and mental prowess. A defect in speech made Demosthenes an orator. The Kaiser's handicap gave him endurance. It fortified his soul. Without this endurance he would perhaps have succumbed under the bludgeonings of his fate.

There was apparently no cure for my brother. Only once was there a chance to restore him to himself. That chance we let slip in our ignorance.

Hence any hope for a survival of our family was buried with Henry.

It may seem to some that we attach too much importance to the preservation of our family tree. I am well aware that the ancestry of every human being reaches back to the beginning of created things. All life on earth dates from some primordial cell. Nevertheless the desire of a family to retain its individual identity is very human. The vision of those who came before us, and of those who will carry our name when we are dead, gives us a glimpse of immortality. The desire for immortality in one's children is almost universal. It is strongest in us who think of the past and of the future in terms of centuries. The desire to perpetuate the family name, normal to every human being, is accentuated in us by our sense of historical values. We suffer keenly if a tree whose roots intertwine with the lore and the history of our country is doomed to extinction.

Two princely houses of Reuss reigned in Germany until the revolution of 1918. The Elder Line, to which I belong, ruled in Greiz. The Younger Line inherited Gera. Both principalities are in the lovely Thuringian Mountains. Except for a common ancestry, the two reigning houses are not related. Our dominion was split so frequently, because we did not introduce the law of primogeniture until some time in the seventeenth century. When this new regulation was formulated a decree was issued prohibiting further divisions. In case one line is without male

heir, the other line succeeds. Women cannot inherit the throne. Under normal circumstances—if there had been no revolution—the head of Reuss—Younger Line—would succeed to Reuss-Greiz, my father's realm, after the death of my unfortunate brother, Henry XXIV.

Greiz, the capital of my father's dominion, is four hours' journey by railroad from Dresden. The entire principality occupies hardly one-tenth of the area of Rhode Island. If all the inhabitants of the two principalities under the sway of the elder and the younger line of our house were poured into New York City or into Chicago, they would disappear without creating a ripple. But in antiquity we surpass many great ruling families. The princes of Reuss have ruled their country uninterruptedly for eight centuries.

A thousand years ago an ancestor whose identity is now forgotten, erected Castle Burgk, the ancient seat of our family. My father often related to us the deeds of another ancestor, Henricus de Wida, the founder of our line, who fought with the red-bearded Emperor Frederick Barbarossa against Richard the Lion-Hearted in 1180. Barbarossa is the liege lord of our house.

The red-bearded monarch still dwells in the Kyffhäuser Mountain, according to ancient lore. Whenever the German people are in distress, they look forward to his resurrection. The castle of one of my sisters, Princess Stolberg-Rossle, lies at the foot

Empress Hermine's Salon in Doorn

The Reception Room Where Empress Hermine Was Married to William II.

of the Kyffhäuser. Only recently I paid her a visit, and wandered with my children over the mountain-side where Barbarossa sleeps in his enchanted cavern. How wistfully we recited Rückert's famous poem on Barbarossa, which every German child knows by heart.

I have discovered in a little volume of verse sent to me by an American friend an English version of Rückert's ballad by Bayard Taylor and his wife, Lilian Bayard Taylor Kiliani. The archaic charm of the original is not lost in the translation:

The ancient Barbarossa,
Friedrich the Kaiser great,
Within the castle cavern
Sits in enchanted state.

He did not die; but ever
Waits in the chamber deep,
Where, hidden under the castle,
He sat himself to sleep.

The splendor of the Empire
He took with him away,
And back to earth will bring it
When dawns the promised day.

The chair is ivory purest
Whereof he makes his bed;
The table is of marble
Whereon he props his head.

His beard, not flax, but burning
With fierce and fiery glow,
Right through the marble table
Beneath his chair does grow.

He nods in dreams and winketh
With dull half-open eye,
And once a page he beckons,
A page that standeth by.

He bids the boy in slumber:
"O dwarf, go up this hour,
And see if still the ravens
Are flying round the tower.

"And if the ancient ravens
Still wheel above us here,
Then I must sleep enchanted
For many a hundred year."

I wonder if Barbarossa will stir himself from his slumber? Will he ever return from his mountain?

From Barbarossa we received Reuss as a fief. Ever since, my people have governed, with varying shifts of fortune, the little country where I was born. To this day there stands near Waida, in Mildenfurt, a monastery founded by Henry the Rich, the grandson of Henricus de Wida, the original founder of our house. How often we children implored our father to tell us the gruesome history of the monastery!

"Once upon a time," my father used to begin, "your great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather's great-great-grandfather, Henry the Rich, was playing with his brother Bernard. In the excitement of the game he banged a heavy door on Bernard with such violence that the boy died a few days later from the concussion.

"Henry was disconsolate. Time only intensified his remorse. In vain he sought solace in the gay life at the court of King Henry VI at Magdeburg. One night he was tortured by a dream. He saw himself at the bar of heaven. God the Father pronounced upon him the penalty of eternal death. Already the emissaries of hell stretched out hungry hands for his soul. He tore himself from their clutches and succeeded in throwing himself at the feet of the Virgin Mary. The Queen of Heaven raised him up and bespoke for him the mercy of Jesus. Forgiveness was vouchsafed him on the condition that he would please God by erecting a monastery.

"Henry told the story to the Archbishop of Magdeburg, who urged him, for the sake of his eternal weal, to carry out the divine injunction laid upon him in his dream."

Father closed the story with the moral that it was dangerous for little girls to bang doors.

Henry was related to Barbarossa by marriage through his wife Berta, a Countess of Tyrol. He was a favorite of the emperor. He was also a favor-

ite of his son, King Henry VI, under whose roof he dreamed his dream of redemption.

One of the first questions everyone asks who hears of our family is the reason why all our boys bear the baptismal name of Henry. Father explained to us that similar customs are by no means without parallel in other families.

"It was Henry the Rich," he said, "who began the tradition in our family. In order to demonstrate his devotion to King Henry VI, the son of Barbarossa, he decreed that hereafter every male member of the family should be named Henry in honor of the king. Hence the uninterrupted line of Henrys, from the sons of Henry the Rich to Henry XXIV, your unfortunate brother.

"The name Henry is hereditary in all branches of the family. We number to one hundred, and then start anew with Henry I. The Younger Line begins a new series every century."

I have continued, to a certain extent, the family tradition, although I cannot transmit the family name. My youngest daughter is Henrietta.

History reads like a novel if it is interwoven with the deeds of one's ancestors. It thrills like a personal experience. Americans, reading about their Colonial ancestors, no doubt receive the same kind of thrill. I have no memory for the minutiæ of history, but I know that the story of my house is stormy. Several of my family were Templars. Henry of Plauen defended Marienburg against

the Poles. My ancestors participated in many wars, now with the emperors, now against them; now with now against the Bohemians. No disturbance ensued in Central Europe that did not somehow involve them. Frequently different branches of the family were at war with one another.

"At one time," my father told us, "fortune seemed to smile upon us. It looked as if we were going to consolidate our various possessions into one formidable unit, equal in might to such neighbors as Bavaria, Saxony, and Bohemia. But our central position made us vulnerable.

"Aggressive and jealous neighboring princes warred upon us. The Wettins, lords of Saxony, especially coveted our realm."

To-day, all these things are ancient history. The wounds are healed, and when the former King of Saxony came to visit us in Doorn, or formerly in Saabor, we were great friends.

"Our possessions became smaller and smaller," father continued, "until only two tiny principalities remained. It is surprising that we were able to maintain ourselves at all while mightier realms rose and fell.

"We outlasted the Thirty Years' War. We escaped in the conflict between Frederick the Great and Empress Maria Theresa. We outweathered Napoleon. When Prussia made war on Austria in 1866, we preserved our independence, although we fought on the losing side."

The revolution, after the World War, swept us from our throne after eight hundred years. Even if monarchy should be restored in Germany, our rule ended with my brother.

I remember my mother only on her deathbed. I remember the hushed voices, the darkened room and the pale roses that covered her bed. I was less than four years old when she died. I was named after her mother, Princess Hermine of Schaumburg-Lippe, by birth a Princess of Waldeck. I have never discovered the ethnological roots of the name. It is not related to the Hermione with which it is often confused. It may be a feminine version of Herman.

Mother, frail and petite in body, had a highly cultured mind. She was well versed not only in modern languages but also in Latin, having received instruction in the classics simultaneously with her brothers. I must have inherited my love of reading from her. Her library was lined with every important new publication from the presses of Germany, England and France. She read French, German and English with equal facility. She not only purchased books but she perused them with care. The numerous marginalia in her books show how thoroughly she digested their contents. In this respect she resembles the Kaiser, who never reads a book or magazine that interests him without recording his impression in marginal notes. Such notes are not necessarily attempts to formulate final judg-

ments; they embody more often fleeting impressions and momentary reactions.

My mother's marriage was happy. It is not true that love cannot thrive on thrones. The average of happy marriages among crowned heads is probably by no means inferior in number to that prevailing in less exalted spheres. In fact it is probably higher than among American millionaires. Perhaps the American millionaire is better than his repute. Perhaps millionaires as well as princes are misrepresented in newspapers and fiction.

My mother was severe, but she was just, and she loved us tenderly. My own recollections of her are necessarily vague. She died after the birth of my sister Ida. My father never recovered from the blow. He lived several years longer, but he was a broken man. We children were brought up to revere mother's memory. The room in which she died remained untenanted and untouched. Father often talked to us about her.

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We children adored our father. He was both father and mother to us. He, too, had been orphaned early in life. He was sixteen when his father died. His mother, Caroline, a daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, assumed the regency until he reached his majority. My grandmother, Princess Caroline, was a kindly and conscientious ruler. She did not have the gift of taking

things easily. The keynote of her character was self-sacrifice.

The war of 1866 between Austria and Prussia for the hegemony in Germany was the outstanding event of her reign. Princess Caroline was a Hessian. Her ancestors had been mostly in the military service of Austria. Her sympathy was with Austria. She marshaled the forces of her little country on the side of Austria against Prussia. Prussia won. Luckily she did not lose her throne, but Prussia insisted upon substantial indemnities, which she paid mostly out of her own pocket. While these events were in progress, my father, being too young to go to the front, was traveling with his tutor to broaden his mind and complete his education. He had been studying at the University of Leipsic.

Although our means were circumscribed, father was unable to restrain his charitable impulses. I remember one night, when we were at dinner, a special messenger brought a letter from town. It came from some poor devil of a merchant, who, having a family of seven to support, saw no way out of his troubles except a draft upon the exchequer of his sovereign or—suicide. One of the guests, the attorney in charge of our fortune, protested against giving money to the fellow without careful investigation of his circumstances. My father took several large bills from his desk. He inclosed them in an envelope, on which he wrote a message of good cheer with his own hand, and bade the messenger speed

back to town. Then he returned to his dinner, made unpalatable by the delay.

"Why," the attorney remarked, "could not Your Highness wait until to-morrow?"

"He who gives quickly, gives doubly," father replied. "The poor chap needs my help. He needs it to-day. It may be too late to-morrow."

Father's sense of duty brooked no compromise with expediency. His courtesy was meticulous, his punctuality almost pedantic. This made him uncomfortable to others who were more inclined to take things easily. To them he may have seemed a crank. Self-control, truthfulness, kindliness and indomitable energy combined to make him a striking character.

Every afternoon my sisters and I were permitted to play or to do our lessons in his room. After the death of my mother he withdrew more and more from contact with the outside world. His aloofness was accentuated by his increasing deafness. On rare occasions he paid a visit to the imperial court in Berlin. One year before my mother's death he attended the wedding of my uncle, Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe to the Kaiser's sister, Princess Victoria of Prussia, now my sister-in-law as well as my aunt.

I have inherited my father's fondness for travel. He was always traveling, usually under the name of Baron Dolau, accompanied only by his faithful valet. He was fond of intellectual acquaintances,

with whom he corresponded frequently. I, too, am an inveterate correspondent. My father loved pictures, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to add a new painting to his gallery.

I do not know to what extent the wishes of the parents mold the unborn child. Just as the mother's blood nourishes the bones and sinews of the baby, her nervous impulses and thoughts must somehow shape its mind. I attribute my predisposition to boyish games as a child and my mental preoccupation with masculine pursuits to prenatal influence. Nature did not grant the wish of my parents for a son, but she gave me a masculine brain. Even as a child I was deeply interested in military science, in army and navy affairs; politics always fascinated me.

Modern education tends to level the barriers between the sexes. To-day, women vote in most civilized countries. The woman of the future will be more completely man's comrade than her sister of to-day, because she will be able to discuss with him intelligently the problems which he now prefers to debate in his club.

When I was a young girl the enlargement of woman's sphere was not encouraged in the circle in which I moved. My indignant governesses looked upon me with the horror with which a hen regards the aquatic excursions of a duckling hatched by mistake among her chicks. Discussing my masculine leanings in the realm of intellect and in the realm of

sport, they ascribed these tendencies to prenatal suggestion. It may be that they put the thought into my head.

I do not mean to imply that I despised or neglected feminine occupations. I played with dolls. I liked pretty clothes, though never to the exclusion of important affairs. Neither have I failed in my duties as a wife and a mother. But my life is not confined to a woman's world. I can play my part in a man's world as well.

CHAPTER II

AN ORPHAN AT FOURTEEN

MAYBE my life would have taken a different course if my mother had lived. The Kaiser, too, was almost motherless as a child. A growing nursery, her love for her handsome husband, and her social duties imposed a heavy burden upon his mother. The Empress Frederick was an eminent and enthusiastic pioneer of social, sanitary, artistic and educational progress. Her activities in these spheres were many. If her reign had not been so brief she would have played a great and important part. She had inherited much from her idolized father, the Prince Consort, who dedicated himself indefatigably to his chosen tasks. The Emperor's mother was unable to devote to her son as much time as would have been desirable. Nevertheless he received from her many valuable gifts. She endowed him with a powerful and penetrating reason, with an animated and profound interest extending in scope to all branches of human endeavor, with a love for art and literature, with an æsthetic appreciation of life, and with the ability to divide his day in the most practical manner. He owes to her the fine

democracy which, united with the monarchical feeling of being indeed the father of his country, enabled him to promote the growth of his country. His incomparable achievements were recognized formerly even by his foes.

Yet these first formative years are most important in the development of the individual. Character is built before six. The experiences of a child before six determine his entire outlook on life, if one accepts the testimony of psychoanalysis. The fact that both the Kaiser and I were practically motherless at a tender age established another tie of sympathy and understanding between us. The Emperor's education was intrusted too early to a man. Hinzpeter took charge of him at a time when he still needed a mother's hand and a mother's care. Like most first-born children, he suffered from the experiments of his parents and of his relatives. To bring up children in the right way is an art that must be acquired. The Empress Frederick meant well, but she lacked experience, to the detriment of her first born. She was adored by her other children.

My childhood was not joyous. The early death of my mother and the incurable malady of my brother sobered our youthful exuberance. My father regulated every detail of our lives. He directed our education. He inspired respect, but not fear. A smile hovering over his sad face was sufficient reward for the most difficult task.

We had excellent teachers and governesses. Be-

ginning with our sixth year, we were required to study German, English and French. My father did not care for sports. As a result, our education in this respect was somewhat neglected. I did not play tennis or ride a bicycle and a horse until much later. However, I have kept up, and I am now devoted to these activities. I take a ride on my bicycle in the park of Doorn every morning. Holland is a country of wheels. Sometimes one thinks the Dutch are born with their wheels. Everybody, from infants hardly weaned to the grandmother on the verge of the grave, disports himself on a bicycle.

Father insisted on our going to church regularly. We had to accompany him to many patriotic festivities—the laying of corner stones and other solemn occasions—no matter how boring they were to us. He demanded courtesy and amiability at all times. He taught us consideration for others. I am deeply grateful to him for his training, which determined my attitude toward my fellow beings.

He never permitted our whims or our comfort to interfere with our duties. The entire household sometimes groaned under the burden imposed by my father's purposeful energy. But as he never spared himself, and matters progressed under his direction, we learned to admire his system.

If I am successful as a housewife or as a mother, I owe my success to the training I received as a child. I have attempted to apply my father's system to my own household and to the education of my children.

Life may change, fashions in education as well as in hats may vary, but the soundness of the fundamental principles of education and good taste remains unimpaired.

My father was accustomed to go out unaccompanied. He departed from this rule only on official visits to the neighboring courts or to the imperial court in Berlin. No barrier separated us from our fellow beings. We never knew the stifling atmosphere and the isolation of court life. Prussian and Saxon officers, attending military exercises or maneuvers in the neighborhood were invited to share our simple meals. The officials of our tiny country —clergymen, business men, scholars—were daily welcome guests. My father discussed with his guests at great length the problems of the day. He recognized neither classes nor parties. In the legislature of our country, there was only one Socialist!

I maintained these contacts, established by my father, after his death. I am still in touch with many of the leading citizens of Reuss-Greiz. Greiz is a small manufacturing center, maintaining close business relations with industrial Saxony, also with England and the United States. Greiz produces various kinds of high-class cloth, cheviots, etc. I have learned much from business men. I received from them enlightenment on political and social questions not ordinarily vouchsafed to a princess.

In the little residence we all knew one another. We were one in sorrow and joy. I remember espe-

cially the warm glow of affection between myself and the wood-choppers' wives, living in the neighborhood of our hunting lodge. Often I heard them talk among themselves. My little nose caught the smell of, for me, delicious coffee. Once escaping my governess, I joined a group of the women. I tasted the coffee, forbidden to me, and I shared their brown bread. They treated me not as a princess but as a poor motherless little girl. I shall never forget their simple human kindness. How often I helped them behind the back of my governesses to boil coffee for their menfolk. I learned from them more than I learned at school. I shared their lives. They revealed their hearts to me. Their love for the reigning house was genuine and unaffected. Who could have thought that thirty years later the red flag would be raised in Reuss?

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When my mother died my oldest sister, Emma, was ten years old. She keenly felt the responsibilities thrust upon her and gravely tried to mother us all. However, it takes special talent to be a mother. Marie, though two years younger, was more gifted in this direction. She was a born mother. We instinctively turned to her with our little joys or when our hearts were sore.

My favorite sister was Caroline, who died in the early twenties. She was the most gifted of us all, our genius. Literature, music, and art were her delight. She was a flowerlike creature, too delicate to

live. My youngest sister, Ida, being a sickly baby, was the spoiled darling of the family. Even father's severity softened under her smile. Unlike most people, she never lost the almost fairylike loveliness that distinguished her as a child. My poor brother, condemned to be an outsider even at home, unable to participate in our games, unable even to communicate with us intelligently, walked alone in the shadow of his mysterious malady.

Few external troubles disturbed the even tenor of our little lives. We spent our winters in the palace at my father's residence, Greiz. It seems to me that winters were colder and the snowfall heavier than to-day. There must be important climatic changes throughout the world that affect Central Europe. I believe that the thermometer bears out my contention.

At Christmas we prepared feasts for the poor children of the neighborhood. We paid for all gifts out of our own pocket money. Many of the presents were articles of clothing—sweaters, stockings, and the like—which we ourselves had made. We saved and worked for months before Christmas so as not to disappoint our little guests.

My maternal grandmother, the Princess Mother of Schaumburg-Lippe, who loved me dearly, invited us every Easter to Bückeburg. Schaumburg-Lippe is a picturesque country with birch forests girdling its mountains. Its peasantry still wears ancient costumes with dazzling colors and gold but-

tons, at least on holidays and Sundays. Some wear the same raiment, less gorgeously fashioned, on week days.

Occasionally my maternal grandmother would visit us in Greiz, accompanied by her only surviving daughter, my aunt, Hermine, Duchess Max of Württemberg, a matchless horsewoman. She was tall and slim, like a graceful birch. Such visits filled me with indescribable joy. At times my father's sister, Princess Marie Isenburg, a strikingly original woman, paid us a visit. She—the reader may remember—unwittingly laid the foundation for my present happiness, because she never came to Greiz without bringing me a new photograph of the Kaiser.

Toward the end of May we occupied our summer quarters in a little hunting château, surrounded by fir trees, which my father had presented to my mother. It is only half an hour's distance by carriage from Greiz. Near the house where she had lived, my father erected a simple mausoleum for mother. Now my father and my brother, the last of the senior line of our family, are buried with my mother. Tall melancholy trees guard the simple chapel where they are buried.

The forest swarmed with Hungarian deer. My father was a passionate hunter, but not a killer. He did not ruthlessly destroy animal life. In our forest home we lived close to Nature and drank deep of her beauties. This environment left its imprint on my

heart. Beauty is a holy thing to me. I cannot be happy in its absence.

We spent our summer vacations in Castle Burgk, on the Saale, an ancient château renowned in song and lore. I was incredibly fond of this lovely place. I never felt quite at home anywhere else. Both the castle and its history are romantic. The castle, like many in Central Germany, was erected originally to ward off Slav invasion. We never grew tired asking questions about the Hunger Tower and the ancient chapel. The stained windows illustrate incidents from Biblical history; they include a portrait of Dr. Martin Luther, who preached there in 1529.

The River Saale meanders leisurely through the valley, as if loath to leave this idyllic region. From a window of the castle one can see the stream winding itself like a silver serpent three times around its own axis. Eight hundred years ago an iron foundry blazed in one of its convolutions; in the seventeenth century a tunnel was dug, bringing the power to turn the wheels of the foundry closer to the castle.

Castle Burgk—my father insisted, in spite of tales to the contrary—was never the seat of robber knights, waylaying innocent merchants. At times the castle was the home of independent lords of Burgk; most frequently it served as the summer residence of my family, the lords of Reuss-Greiz.

Castle Burgk has many memorable souvenirs that

awed us as children. There is, for instance, the Knights' Hall, where lords of the neighborhood held their festivals and their councils. When a reigning prince died the leading men of the state met here. One man opened a tall window and announced in a loud voice the death of the prince and the name of his successor, to the people without.

When, in our school work, we came to Schiller's celebrated trilogy of Wallenstein, we were on familiar ground. For we had often seen a picture of the great general of the Hapsburgs. With what interest we perused the illuminated letter—a work of art in itself—wherein Wallenstein granted protection to Castle Burgk from destruction and pillage in the days of the Thirty Years' War!

There was one remnant of the Dark Ages that always frightened my sisters. It did not frighten me, but I preferred not to meet it at night. It was the skeleton of a huge hunting dog, buried alive in the wall over the gate of the castle by one of its builders in 1400. The skeleton was discovered three centuries later. Inserted between its front paws, the animal held a huge key with three crosses. Next to the poor beast they found a bowl placed in his little cell, filled one time, no doubt, to the brim with food.

To immure a living thing in this fashion was supposed to bring good luck. In another castle, situated only a few miles from Burgk, a little child was buried alive to propitiate the powers of darkness. And recently I read the story of a master builder

who was compelled to immure his wife with her unborn child!

There is very little modern plumbing in Castle Burgk. An entire wing is occupied by the kitchen, covered with shining soot—the deposit of centuries. The smoke ascends freely through the kitchen, after being conducted through a short pipe. In winter the kitchen floor is often covered with the snow, blackened by the smoke, which a wind drives through the fireplace. It is a fantastic spectacle to see this black snow fall. My governess was highly indignant when we children pelted one another with black snowballs.

Originally, a gigantic iron pot occupied the center of the kitchen. A spit, huge enough for an ox, attached to long pulleys, still testifies to the Gargantuan appetites of the multitudes of lords and ladies fed from this kitchen. In the last few centuries this kitchen has been little more than a show place. Our own cooking was done in the cellar. The smoke from the cellar kitchen rises through an immense system of flues, until it reaches the ancient fireplace and its immemorial chimney.

This ancient environment gave me an understanding of the past, without enveloping my mind, which was stimulated by frequent changes of scene. In 1897 my four sisters and I—"five little schoolgirls, we"—were permitted to travel, accompanied by our governesses. I visited the city of Leipzig and saw its World's Fair. In Leipzig we received many

valuable impressions, but my most treasured memory is a ride on the back of an elephant!

Our immediate goal was Heiliges Graal, near Müritz, a modest summer resort on the Baltic. The landscape itself was only moderately attractive. The sea was a revelation. At the seashore we made many acquaintances with other children. There was especially one winsome little girl of my own age who engaged my attention. That girl was Crown Princess Cecilie, then a child of ten. It seems strange that Cecilie was to become my stepdaughter. She came every afternoon from the estate of her parents in Gelben Sande—Yellow Sand—to play with us on the seashore. Sometimes she brought her brother, the grand duke, and her sister, who is now Queen Alexandra of Denmark.

Cecilie, a wide-awake child, temperamental and energetic, invited me to her home at Gelben Sande. She was a skillful and amiable little hostess. Then fate separated us. I was to marry Prince Schönaich-Carolath; she became the wife of the Kaiser's son, Crown Prince William, now my stepson. Our paths did not cross again until sixteen years later. Cecilie had developed into a magnificent woman with unforgettably beautiful eyes. She was tall and slim, and irresistibly charming. We met, for the first time since our encounter as children, at the imperial maneuvers in Silesia in 1913, the last maneuvers ever held under the command of the Kaiser, photographs of which I found among my husband's

collection in Doorn. How sad he looks in that picture—as if the fates had wafted to him some premonition of the doom that was to encompass us all!

To Americans Reuss may seem a Lilliputian kingdom. However, in spite of our limitations of space we fostered more culture per square mile than many a land far exceeding our modest resources. We boasted of a permanent art exhibition and we succeeded in luring the greatest singers to our concert halls.

We children were permitted to attend concerts at the age of ten. The music, floating through our impressionable ears into the core of our being at this tender age, was never completely hushed. It remained a solace and an inspiration. Our rule is swept away, our estates scattered, our rank obliterated—but no revolution can rob us of knowledge or of the golden hours when our souls stood "face to face with beauty."

The interpretation of Heinrich Heine's Three Grenadiers by Ludwig Wüllner moved me more deeply than any other experience in music. It aroused chords that had never been sounded before. I cannot analyze it. I merely know that it was a major event in my life.

I have heard Wüllner again and again. He must be old now, but I never hear him without experiencing again something of my first thrill. Half actor, half minnesinger, Ludwig Wüllner still travels from concert to concert. His hair is gray,

his voice only a remnant of what it was, but he is still a magician.

The last time I heard him he recited Tristan in Breslau. In awed silence, breathless, the audience listened, as he read Wagner's deathless love poem, without pose, without artificial aids. Now and then he hummed the musical *motifs* himself. This performance moved me more profoundly than the most elaborate production of Wagner's operas. One forgets that Wagner was not only a great musician but a great poet. I sometimes think that he was even greater as a poet than as a musician. Certainly, no man since Luther has wrested from the German language more melody and more strength.

I was fourteen years old when my father died. He had come back from Meran against the advice of his physician, who knew that the rough climate of Reuss in March would imperil his health. He insisted. Perhaps he knew that he must die. It seems to be the universal rule of Nature that all creatures wish to die at home. Animals seek their nests or their holes to die in. Human beings, too, seem to have a curious premonition that prompts them to wrestle with the dark angel at home, to be surrounded by all things familiar before they embark upon the journey to the land where all things are strange.

Father arrived, completely exhausted. He was carried on a stretcher from the train. The next day was his birthday. He knew that he would not see

another. Once more he drove with us children through the little residence he loved so dearly, saw the houses flagged in his honor and returned with melancholy pleasure the salutations of his subjects. Sometimes to himself, he smiled half sadly, half wistfully, conscious of a secret he did not share with them. He knew that they would never see his face again. No hint of this knowledge muffled the joyous shouts of the populace.

The drive took two hours. It was the last assertion of his indomitable will. The next few days he was confined to his bed. Once more he rallied his waning strength to visit with us the grave of our mother. Then life slowly ebbed out of him. He died on the nineteenth of April, 1902.

When my brother entered the room where the body lay, some inkling of the truth must have entered his consciousness. Some obscure instinct told him, in spite of the clouds that enveloped his mind, that his father was dead. Shuddering, he burst into convulsive tears. He threw himself, grief-stricken, upon the corpse. In vain we attempted to calm him. His paroxysms continued for hours. We used every device to quiet him. Only sedatives finally brought oblivion.

The next day he had forgotten the incident or, if he still remembered, he gave no token that the knowledge of his father's death had dawned in his brain. The doctors told us afterward that we should not have attempted to still the tempest of his

grief. If we had not interfered they think the violence of his reaction might have improved his condition. The nervous shock might have restored his normal self. Who can tell?

Life is cruel, in that it exploits our kindliest instincts to work havoc to those we love. If we had been less kind some fortunate accident within his brain might have restored the contact, broken somewhere by fright or by the knife of the operating physician, between his will and his muscular system.

Thought is as deadly as a surgeon's knife or a dagger. Amiel, the French thinker, tells how his system of philosophy finally produced in him such a state of irresolution that he was unable to move. He could not make up his mind to act, but withdrawing from life, brooded, an irresolute Buddha, on the top of a mountain in Switzerland. If thought can have such powers to mar it would not be surprising if it also had powers to heal. I wonder sometimes if Freud or Coué could have saved my unfortunate brother.

For six whole weeks, in accordance with immemorial custom, every bell in the land of Reuss tolled mournfully, one hour every day, in memory of my father. The language of the bells, proclaiming the grief of his country, moved us deeply. It was an unforgettable experience. Sometimes, in dreams, when I think of my father, they still ring in my ears.

My father had especially ordained in his last will that there should be no public mourning, to save

his people the expense involved in purchasing mourning garments. However, his subjects insisted upon this ancient custom. Even the poorest of his people attended the funeral in black. It seemed as if the long procession would never end.

The first message of condolence was a telegram from the Emperor. The Kaiser sent his cousin, Prince Frederick Henry of Prussia, to represent him at the funeral service. The various federal princes of the German Empire attended in person or by proxy. A battalion of my father's regiment paid the last honors to their commander.

It takes some time before we fully comprehend an irretrievable loss. Maybe Nature provides a defensive mechanism to protect our hearts from the shock. It is difficult for human beings to accept death, save as the brother of sleep. The subconscious never accepts the loss of those we love. We often catch ourselves thinking of the departed in terms of the living. In our dreams, the reflection of the subconscious, there is no death.

We children did not grasp, for a long time, the loss we had suffered. Externally, our lives ran smoothly in the old traces. But our universe was without a fixed star. The years that followed now seem to me like a heavy black cloud. Life had suddenly lost its purpose. Day was as night.

We were six little orphans! Five little princesses, one little prince! What did fate have in store for us?

CHAPTER III

I MEET THE KAISER FOR THE FIRST TIME

BEHIND a marble column in the great hall of the palace of Prince George of Schaumburg-Lippe stood a little girl, awkward and shy, watching with fascinated stare the slim figure of Emperor William in his gold-braided uniform. She trembled when his eyes, blue as the sunlit sky, seemed to rest upon her face. Her large brown eyes grew rounder and rounder as she regarded the Emperor—the ideal of her girlhood. The infectiousness of his smile, the melodious vibrations of his voice, the majesty of his bearing, seemed to surpass the picture she had made of him in her dreams.

That little girl, needless to say, was I. It was in the year 1903. The place was Bückeburg, the capital of my guardian, mother's oldest brother, Prince George of Schaumburg-Lippe. The occasion was the wedding of my favorite sister Caroline to His Highness, Grand Duke Ernest William of Saxe-Weimar. It was here that I saw the Kaiser for the first time.

Uncle George had arranged to celebrate my sister's nuptials at Bückeburg, because the multi-

tude of royalties who were expected as guests at the wedding overtaxed the modest resources of Greiz. Bückeburg was our second home. In Greiz, Prince Henry XIV of Reuss—Junior Line—ruled in place of my unhappy brother, Henry XXIV. That was in accordance with the ancient laws of our house. The regent performed his task admirably. Nevertheless, Greiz seemed less homelike under the rule of a stranger.

My uncle's court chamberlain, though competent to discharge his duties, was flustered by the arrival of so many royal personages at once. He had hardly welcomed the rulers of two neighboring principalities, when a royal salute, fired from the castle, announced Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland. Simple, dignified, every inch a queen, the ruler of the Netherlands, with her consort, Prince Henry, smilingly received the plaudits of the crowd.

Ambassadors and delegates from many states of the empire were assembled to honor the bridal couple, in addition to numerous members of the houses most intimately concerned—Reuss, Weimar and Schaumburg-Lippe. Prince Ernest of Saxe-Altenburg, friend and comrade in arms of the bridegroom, was his best man. I also remember the Prince of Ratibor, the Hereditary Prince of Baden and his wife Princess Hilda of Hesse; Ago von Maltzan, lately German ambassador in Washington, and many others. So numerous were the guests that they overflowed from the palace to private

houses in Bückeburg: The palace glittered with swords, jewels and decorations. One figure loomed over all—the Emperor and King, William II. Some men attract attention without conscious effort. Shining with a luminosity of their own, they need no spotlight. It was jestingly said of Theodore Roosevelt that he could not help being the bride at a wedding and the corpse at a funeral. The Kaiser was in the same predicament. His personality, aside from his rank, was so commanding that the head of the table, and the center of the stage, always moved with him.

My three older sisters had met the Kaiser when he was my uncle's guest at a hunt in the forests near Bückeburg. That was shortly before the young Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar came riding into the palace to woo Caroline. I, being what Americans would call a subdeb, was too young to be introduced to His Majesty. That did not lessen my infatuation. *Die Sterne, die begehrt man nicht*—one does not desire the stars.

Uncle had promised to present me to His Majesty at the wedding. How often I had studied the Kaiser's features! Yet how much more attractive he was in life than in his pictures! My heart beat like a drum at the thought of meeting him; yet when the moment came I was strongly tempted to run away. I managed to acquit myself with credit when I made my curtsy before the Kaiser. The world, including my sister's wedding and all the wedding guests, was obliterated for the time being.

To me, the first meeting with the Emperor was an unforgettable experience, a supreme moment of life. To the Kaiser, it was a matter of scant importance. I was a little princess, the fourth daughter of Prince Henry XXII; he was a mighty monarch. William II had ascended the throne half a year after I was born. He was nearly twenty-eight years older than I, a husband and a father. I was scarcely sixteen. How could he previsage ever so dimly, in the little girl who blushingly stood before him, his future wife? How could he, how could I, how could anyone know that within fifteen years the Emperor, exiled from his own land, would be constrained to seek the hospitality of his fellow guest, Queen Wilhelmina?

I was still rooted to the spot where the Kaiser had received my salutation. The Emperor passed on, chatting affably with my uncle. As I lifted up my eyes, they were arrested by the sweet, sad face of my sister. Queen Wilhelmina was talking to her gently, compassionately, woman to woman. How fragile, how youthful Caroline looked! What a winsome picture she made with the Queen! My heart suddenly ached for my father. Would he approve of this wedding?

Father had often talked to me about the youthful Queen of the Netherlands. Her mother, Queen Emma, was related to us. She was my mother's cousin. My father was accustomed to pay an annual visit to the Queen Mother. Even as a child,

Wilhelmina surprised those who met her by wisdom uncanny for her years, without pretentiousness or sophistication. Conscious of her royal mission, the child queen prepared herself painstakingly for her career.

Few people realize how diligently men and women fated to wear a crown must labor in order to equip themselves for their job. It's no fun being an heir to a throne! Queen Wilhelmina surely spent more time on books and less time on dolls than other little girls. I know how severely my father trained himself to do justice to his little country. And I know from the Kaiser's own mouth the heroic regimen to which he was subjected as a boy and in his early manhood to make him fit for the imperial throne. If everybody who wants to run for President were compelled to go through an equally strenuous training, always subordinating his private predilections and his personal liberty to his public career, there would be few aspirants for the office.

Queen Emma has been repeatedly our guest at Doorn. Both Her Majesty the Queen and Her Majesty the Queen Mother sent gorgeous baskets of flowers to my wedding with Emperor William. However, I was discussing my sister's wedding, not my own. Both my first and my second marriage were still in the clouds, on the lap of the gods.

Grand Duke Ernest William was a devoted bridegroom. But there was one in the gay assemblage whose heart was filled with melancholy fore-

bodings. Even the bridal veil could not quiet her tears. They were not tears of joy.

My sister Caroline was not happy. It was a splendid but loveless match. She wore a crown, but her heart was breaking. Caroline hardly knew the grand duke. She abhorred the life that awaited her in Weimar. She was only eighteen, three years older than I. Not strong-willed enough to refuse a match without love, she had permitted herself to be inveigled into this marriage against her judgment. The one ray of light in the misery of her engagement to the Grand Duke was the thought that she could give her sisters a home. She succeeded in giving us a home, but she paid for her sacrifice with her life. She needed happiness as a flower craves sunshine. Without happiness, the crown became a burden that crushed her.

Queen Wilhelmina, with the unfailing intuition of a clever woman, read Caroline's thoughts. Gently she put her arms about her, as if to stay and comfort her with her caresses. Alas, we cannot lay our burdens on others. We must bear them alone.

Emperor William detected the thorn concealed under the myrtle. He somehow sensed the anxiety with which Caroline regarded the future. He tried to put courage into her heart, and he earnestly advised the bridegroom to deal tenderly with his young wife. "Only love," he said, "can turn a palace into a home. Caroline is like a little bird, fallen out of its nest. She will miss the sisters who loved

her. It will take her some time before she learns to be at home on the cold parquet floor of your castle."

At this moment, as if to belie all gloomy predictions, the first notes of a waltz wafted into the room. The herald announced the beginning of the gala dance in honor of His Highness the Grand Duke and Her Highness the Grand Duchess of Weimar. The music stole into our ears and took possession of our feet. Caroline led the dance, dancing now with the Emperor, now with her husband. But her heart was elsewhere. Every now and then, when she felt herself unobserved, a forlorn look, half fear, half anguish crept into her beautiful eyes. And yet there were moments when she was pleased. What girl would not be at her own wedding, under such dazzling auspices? She was grateful for the splendid gifts showered in plentiful profusion on the bride of the Grand Duke of Weimar. She was most deeply touched by the presents from home. The inhabitants of my father's residence took a personal pride in the fate of his lovely daughter. Their eagerness to present to their princess some token of their love was pathetic. Every gift from Greiz, no matter how humble, received a place of honor in her palace in Weimar.

Two weeks later my oldest sister Emma married Count Erich Künigle in Greiz. What a difference between this simple wedding and the ornate ceremony at Bückeburg! There were no royal or im-

perial guests, but my sister and her bridegroom were happy; they loved each other. The bridegroom was not the scion of a reigning house, but to my sister, love seemed more than a crown. Count Künigle was a nephew of my father's chief forester. Emma had met him in our little hunting château when he came to visit his uncle. Almost immediately she lost her heart to him. She confessed her love to my father shortly before his death. After some hesitation, father gave his consent.

The engagement was made public one year after my father's death. Many of our high-born relatives objected to this love match, but my sister never regretted her choice. I, too, would never hesitate. Between love and a crown, I would always choose love. A loveless life is a wasted life. The pomp of princes, the plaudits of the multitudes or the clink of gold cannot still the hunger of the heart. I married a prince, but I did not marry him for his coronet. My second love was an emperor, albeit an emperor deprived of his crown. I would have married William II if he had been a commoner. In the high court of the heart there is no such thing as rank. In the library of love there is no Almanach de Gotha.

We children missed Caroline sorely. She was the favorite of us all. Her departure loosened somewhat the ties that bound us together. After the marriage of Emma, only three of us, always excepting my unfortunate brother, whose ailment made him

a stranger in his own home, remained—Ida, the youngest, Marie and myself.

Shortly after Emma's wedding, my new brother-in-law, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, invited Marie and myself to witness his entry into his capital, Weimar.

The Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar lies between Prussia, Saxony and Bavaria. It also has a common border with Reuss. Like all the Saxon states, its rulers are Wettins. Saxe-Weimar is cut in two by Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, another principality ruled by the Wettins. Coburg-Gotha is a mother of kings. The Prince Consort, Albert of Saxe-Coburg, the clever and cultured husband of Queen Victoria of England, was the Emperor's grandfather, and the father of Edward VII. Saxe-Coburg-Gotha also gave kings to Portugal, Belgium and Bulgaria. Their descendants, Wettins all, still rule in England, Belgium and Bulgaria.

There was a time when Saxe-Weimar was the intellectual capital of Germany, when Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland—a matchless constellation of poets—revolved around Karl August of Saxe-Weimar. In those days Weimar was the fatherland of genius.

The grand-ducal palace in Weimar, like the château in which I was born, was destroyed by fire at the end of the seventeenth century. It was rebuilt lavishly thirty years later. It is a magnificent edifice, surrounded by a delightful park, ever green

with memories and with trees. Both the park and the palace contain reminiscences of illustrious lords of song.

With open-mouthed wonder, my sister Marie and I followed Caroline's explanation of the literary treasures concealed in the palace. She led us to the four rooms dedicated to the four great poets whose names are immortally linked with Weimar. Each room is decorated with frescoes borrowing a motif from the works of those deathless four—Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland. I mused for hours in Goethe's garden, a few minutes' walk from the grand-ducal park, and in the house of Schiller, his twin star in the heavens of literary Germany.

"And if you want to read," Caroline said to me, "there is the Green Château which contains our modest library."

I was delighted, bookworm that I was. But even my enthusiasm balked at reading one hundred and eighty thousand volumes!

Weimar certainly appreciated literature and knew how to honor its writers. The mortal remains of the two immortals, Goethe and Schiller, rest in the tomb of the princes of the house of Saxe-Weimar, a few steps from their friend and protector, Karl August.

All Weimar was garbed in festive attire to welcome its ruler and his young bride. Jubilation and merriment everywhere. I saw many familiar faces in the crowded streets. Half of Greiz, my native

town, seemed to be mingling with the inhabitants of Weimar. They had traveled far to see their beloved princess enter her capital as a grand duchess. They marked her smiling face. Unlike myself, they could not see her heart.

The day itself seemed to wear a festive garment. All Nature was jubilant. Never had the sky seemed so blue. Never was the sun more luminous in the skies. The scarlet, blue and green of the uniforms of the royal guards added vivid touches of color. Most of the wedding guests had returned to attend Caroline's coronation. Among the newcomers were His Royal Highness Crown Prince Frederick August of Saxony, the Duke and the Duchess of Mecklenburg, who had just returned from an exciting trip to Teneriffe; and His Royal Highness Prince Arnulf of Bavaria.

Merrily the bells of the grand duchy pealed their welcome. The streets through which the grand-ducal carriage passed were gay with garlands and flowers. The prettiest girls of the town, in white dresses, strewed roses along the path of the procession. Shouts of joy acclaimed the young bride. Her beauty and her youth took all hearts by storm. But sorrow, unbeknown to the populace, sat at the right of the bride. Invisibly, Death beckoned to her with his shadowy hand.

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Not two brief years were to pass before Caroline was again to pass through the crowded streets of her

capital. The bells were to chime again, but this time, how melancholy, how sad their voices! Mourning bands were to subdue the uniforms now glittering in the sun. All the flags now fluttering so gayly were to fly again, but at half-mast. For the carriage in which the beautiful young grand duchess passed through the town on that day was a hearse.

In the few months of her brief reign, Caroline won the love of her people. The court was less responsive. Her sensitive artistic appreciation and the true nobility of her soul were incomprehensible to most of the courtiers. She did not comply with their conception of a grand duchess. She could not be a crowned manikin. She was too unconventional, her temperament was too sunny. She was a young woman, hardly out of her teens. The traditions of the court of Weimar were like iron fetters. In her heart, in spite of the dignity of her bearing, she was a frightened, motherless little girl.

The lords and ladies of the court expected the young grand duchess of nineteen to model herself upon her grand mother-in-law, the Grand Duchess Sophia, clever and conscientious, a paragon of many virtues. Caroline had an individuality too pronounced not to look at life from her own angle. She wanted to wrestle with her own problems without accepting ready-made the solutions of others. She desired to explore her own destiny, herself to steer the vessel of her soul.

No one knows the battles that went on behind that smooth girlish forehead. Few even attempted to comprehend her. None, except I, realized how she suffered. Incapable of hatred, incapable of complaining, she consumed herself. She could not thrive in an uncongenial atmosphere. The struggle with her environment killed her. The Grand Duke loved her intensely, but he was incapable of penetrating her moods. Although their marriage was unhappy, Caroline was not inconsiderate of her husband. However, they moved in different worlds. The Grand Duke would have made an ideal husband for some one, but not for her. Caroline would have made an ideal wife for some one, but not for him. They were not made for each other.

Ernest William paid no attention to the insinuations made by the courtiers in order to prejudice him against his unconventional consort. He punished all attempts to poison his mind with silent contempt. In his way, he appreciated her value compared with the human ciphers around him. He was vaguely aware of her beautiful soul and of her goodness; in time, he hoped she would learn to love him and to accept the part thrust upon her by destiny.

I do not mean to insinuate that Caroline was always moping in Weimar. There was much that stirred her æsthetic soul, aside from the great classic tradition. She was delighted with the theatrical performance given in her honor on her arrival. I have witnessed many magnificent festivals, but I

never saw effects more artfully contrived than the mask in the park representing scenes from the days of the Landgravine Elisabeth—the same Elisabeth who inspired Wagner's war of the minnesingers in Tannhäuser. The costumes combined artistic distinction with historical accuracy.

Although Weimar, in memory of its poets, faithfully fostered its classic tradition, here and there the spirit of modern art and modern literature stirred. Caroline was attracted by the modern school, partly by inclination, partly by the spirit of opposition that always dominates youth. The court, feeding upon the things that were, was aghast at the young grand duchess who violated sacred traditions.

The elderly lords and ladies in waiting shook their gray heads when Caroline invited Nietzsche's extraordinary, clever sister, Frau Förster Nietzsche, and the great poet dramatist Ernst von Wildenbruch, to tea! Even the Grand Duke refused his consent. Too proud and too dutiful to invite those two distinguished contemporary figures against the will of her husband, Caroline, resigning herself to her fate, suffered in silence. My own literary taste for the modern school was stimulated immensely by my sister and by her literary associations.

In the summer, the grand-ducal couple lived partly in a castle in Eisenach, partly in that Wartburg famous in story, where once the minnesingers vied in vocal combat. I visited the little room in the tower where Martin Luther found a refuge

during the stormiest days of the Reformation. Here, one day, according to ancient accounts, the devil appeared to him. Luther, annoyed by the apparition, flung an inkpot at the head of the Prince of Darkness. The spot where the ink was spilled, according to legend, is still visible. The Grand Duchesses of Saxe-Weimar must have cautioned their maids never to scrub this precious spot!

Caroline, unlike many women of her station, detested the hunt. When the Grand Duke went a-hunting, Caroline played the piano and read. She loved to take long solitary walks in the forests surrounding the Wartburg. Sometimes she asked me to accompany her. She loved the common people. With what joy she visited them in their little dwellings! How unaffectedly she shared in their simple feast at harvest time! In the huts of the lowly, her soul, craving nothing but love and understanding, unfolded itself. At court, sensitive flower that she was, her petals closed at the slightest unsympathetic contact. She was a little mother to the simple denizens of the forest; denied a child of her own, her love overflowed to their children. Her graciousness won many hearts for the Grand Duke.

The Grand Duke rebelled against the tyranny of the tradition that chained him no less than Caroline, in his own manner. To the world he seemed a prince solely interested in horses and hunting. At heart he had many artistic interests, but he preferred to conceal the softer side of his nature from others.

From his earliest childhood, almost with his mother's milk, he was compelled to imbibe the classics and classic tradition. He was fed up on these things. His reaction was a measure of self-defense. Nevertheless, he made substantial personal financial sacrifices to maintain the institutions of Weimar, based on its past—the museum, the theater, the art gallery, the Goethe-Schiller archives, the library, the Goethe house, the Liszt Museum. Goethe himself knew what a burden the past may become: *"Weh dir, dass du ein Enkel bist!"*—Woe unto thee, because thou art an heir!—he exclaims in Faust. The great poet, more than anyone else, understood the forces that turned Ernest William from these academic and intellectual interests to coarser sports and more robust amusements. In the attempt to maintain his own individuality against the tradition of his house, he embraced the opposite extreme In the violence of such a reaction, we are sometimes untrue to our real selves to escape the dead hand of the past.

In the summer following my sister's coronation in Weimar, I traveled with my sisters Marie and Ida to that delightful Belgian seashore resort, Blankenberghe. I shall never forget the ecstasy of my trip down the Rhine, my first glimpses of Mainz, Cologne and Brussels—a charming old town, sacred alike to architecture and to art.

From Blankenberghe we made tours to other Belgian cities. We did not extend our expedition into

Holland. Who would have thought that, exactly nineteen years later, Holland would become my permanent home?

Marie accepted an invitation from my sister Emma to her home, Castle Ehrenburg. There she met her fate in the shape of a handsome young officer of the dragoons, Baron Guagnoni, whom she married in 1904. She, too, preferred love to a coronet. Later, her husband purchased an estate in Kärnten and devoted himself entirely to agriculture and horse breeding.

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Five little princesses
Faithful and true;
Three of them married,
Then there were two.

Of the five little orphaned princesses, only Ida and I remained.

I divided my time between my sick brother and my sister Caroline. I accompanied Caroline to St. Moritz, where I met the old Grand Duke of Baden and his wife, Grand Duchess Louise. The grand duchess was named Louise after her grandmother, Prussia's greatest queen. She was a sister of the late Emperor Frederick and the aunt of the Kaiser. Through her mother, Empress Augusta, she was related to the Grand Duke of Weimar. Her mother had been a princess of Weimar. The Grand Duch-

ess was a remarkable woman, and was to play an important part in my life after Caroline's death.

Baden, according to size and population, ranks fourth among German states. Its neighbors are Alsace, the Palatinate, and Switzerland. Among its famous cities are Mannheim, Pforzheim, Constance, Freiburg, Karlsruhe, its capital, and romantic old Heidelberg, dear to novelists and to legend. Both the Rhine and the Danube enrich this land. Between Baden and Switzerland dreams the blue water of the beautiful Bodensee.

On his birthday, the old Grand Duke, in accordance with an ancient custom, took a trip on the lake with his wife. The boat stopped many times, and wherever it did, his subjects rushed on board in order to convey their felicitations to him in person. The venerable old couple had a friendly word for each visitor, never permitting fatigue to interfere with their self-imposed duty. Their task was more tiring than the handshaking of the politician, for it was not merely a manual exertion—they put their heart into each handshake.

And then, out of clear skies, a thunderbolt! The icy hand of Death, poised over Caroline, suddenly grasped its victim. In the January of 1905, shortly after my sixteenth birthday, she contracted influenza. The attack was so violent that there was no hope of her recovery from the first. She received the tenderest care, but all effort was in vain. In her heart of hearts, she did not wish to live.

Two days before her death, the Grand Duke summoned me to Weimar. I found her still conscious; she was pallid and resigned to her fate. She lay on her bed like a wilted flower. The fragrance of her beauty still filled the room. But somehow tragedy seemed inevitable. Some strange fatality had marked her for its own. The end was peaceful. There was no struggle. She went out like a light, like a song, sung in the distance, that breaks off abruptly.

Ernest William sat alone in his great lonely palace. The disaster had happened too swift for his comprehension. Broken, he sought solace from us who had been close to her. All Germany grieved with him. The very tongues that had harassed and maligned Caroline, now mumbled heartfelt but futile regrets.

In spite of the discomforts of the trip, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden hastened to Caroline's funeral. Only a few months before, we had been in Constance with Caroline. Now we met her at her bier. Even death could not rob her of her loveliness.

The Grand Duchess knew how much Caroline had meant to me. A stranger ruled in my father's place. My mother was dead. My sisters, except Ida, were married. My unhappy brother was a burden, not a solace. He did not figure in the human equation. It is difficult sometimes to understand the justice of heaven. Caroline was dead while my poor brother

lived! Without Caroline, I was orphaned indeed. When the Grand Duchess Louise found me sobbing convulsively at my sister's deathbed, she tenderly infolded me in her arms. Thus we bade farewell to Caroline. The Grand Duchess was deeply moved. She never acquired the protective armor of callousness that sometimes shields the very old and enables them to endure, without apparently suffering, the outrages of fortune.

As we were leaving the room, the dear old lady turned back once more. Tears were in her eyes, and tears were in her voice as she said, "Will you come with me to Karlsruhe? I look upon you as a sacred trust bequeathed to me by your sister." She repeated the invitation more formally afterward in the presence of my guardian, and Uncle George, deeply touched, accepted her gracious offer. Thus my dead sister gave me a foster mother.

No father could be more considerate, no mother more kind, than the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden. They gave me sympathy, they gave me affection. Their family, their eldest son and his wife, their daughter, Princess Victoria, Prince Max (the last Chancellor under the Empire), his wife, Princess Max, and her mother, Princess Wilhelm, vied with each other to make me feel at home in their circle.

Princess Victoria was married to the Crown Prince of Sweden. She was one of the most charming women it was ever my good fortune to meet. I

The Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, Foster Mother of Hermine, and Aunt to the Kaiser, 1922

remained in contact with her after my marriage to Prince Schönaich-Carolath. I still met her, after she became Queen of Sweden, every winter in Karlsruhe. Musical, clever, interested and incredibly attractive, Queen Victoria did not need a crown to lend her distinction. Her relationship with her father had been unbelievably beautiful. After his death in 1907, she rallied all her marvelous gifts to console her mother. Sincere friendship, not merely ties of blood, united her with her cousin, the Kaiser.

Life in Karlsruhe was an intellectual feast. There were always lectures, now on new discoveries and inventions, now on social and political questions, by professors of the University of Heidelberg, which I was privileged to attend with the Grand Duchess.

At tea in the grand-ducal palace, I used to meet the great German painters of the period—Albert von Keller, Hans Thoma, Schönleber, Fehr, Dill and many others. I learned to see the world with new eyes. No less instructive were the long drives with the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess. Grand Duke Frederick discoursed entertainingly on the revolution in Baden in 1848, which compelled him to flee from his country.

The Grand Duke's conversation revived for us the glorious years of 1870–1871, when the German Empire was born amidst the roar of cannon. Two Fredericks, Grand Duke Frederick of Baden and the late Emperor Frederick, had a larger share in the formation of the empire than most historians

suspect. It was not by any means the solitary achievement of Bismarck. His recital of these events clothed the dry bones of the past with living flesh.

Fortunately, the old ruler did not live to see the humiliations imposed by the German revolution upon his venerable consort in 1918. Weimar was the capital chosen by the German Republicans to promulgate their new constitution. It was an attempt to hark back to the past, to revive the Germany of Goethe in place of the Germany welded into one by Bismarck and his imperial master, with the competent aid of the two Fredericks.

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The Grand Duchess Louise remained my maternal friend from the day of my sister's death to her own death—six months after my marriage to her nephew, Emperor William II. Through her mother, who had known and revered Goethe, Louise absorbed the Weimar tradition.

Without denying or sacrificing the virtues inherited from her Prussian forbears, Louise absorbed enough of the more gentle southern spirit to be an ideal mediator between the north and the south. With extraordinary tact, she bridged the gulf between the two contrasting philosophies of life and the two confessions which divide Germany to this day.

There is always an antagonism between the Catholic South and the Protestant North. Much of this antagonism still smolders in Baden. The

Grand Duchess aided her husband, the Grand Duke Frederick, in reconciling these differences.

Some people are good listeners, some are good talkers. The Grand Duchess Louise was both. She extracted the meat from the nut of conversation with the skill of a squirrel. To crack the hard shell of a difficult problem, to discover the kernel concealed in an argument, was to her the most pleasing of all imaginable pursuits. Her miraculous memory enabled her to store in her mind the most diverse items of information. She not merely preserved details thus gathered but she possessed the happy faculty of being able to put them together. In that respect the Grand Duchess resembled her nephew. Emperor William often amazes experts by the readiness with which he is able to supply from his memory the most intricate technical data.

The Grand Duchess often spoke to me of the Emperor with affectionate admiration, unwittingly supplying fresh fuel to my youthful idolatry. She was passionately attached to her niece by marriage, Empress Augusta Victoria. Both women were deeply interested in charity and social hygiene. The two women corresponded constantly. Every week a letter from the Empress, in her own handwriting, arrived in Karlsruhe, discussing intimate subjects of mutual interest. The beautiful soul of the Empress was revealed in her letters.

The failing eyesight of the Grand Duchess made it impossible for her to read the letters herself. This

task devolved upon me. It certainly seems like a strange play of fate that I, of all women, was intrusted by the Grand Duchess with the confidential task of reading the letters of Augusta Victoria. This correspondence gave me intimate glimpses of the life of the imperial couple. I learned to love the Empress from her self-revelations. These letters established, unknown to the Empress, a spiritual bond between her and me. It made it easier for me to understand the deep affection existing between William II and Augusta Victoria. My insight gained into the soul of the Empress constitutes another bridge between my heart and the heart of the Kaiser.

Something in the character of the Grand Duchess Louise dispelled shyness. There was probably no one else to whom the Empress would have written with equal candor. I, too, looked upon Louise as a gentle mother confessor. No one could be privileged to move in the same atmosphere with Louise without being impressed with her unusual qualities. Only her intimate circle recognized her for what she was—the cleverest woman in Germany. She combined in an extraordinary degree the intellectual equipment of a man with adorable feminine qualities. She was not a bluestocking, but a woman.

Louise's knowledge of politics was profound. I sometimes think that she understood more perfectly than his chancellors the political moves of the Kaiser. She grasped the intricacies of the European chess-

board with extraordinary precision. Her letters in German, English and French were little classics, written without trace of self-consciousness or affectation. In spite of her scholarly attainments, they were never without intimate human touch. Although her eyesight grew dimmer and dimmer, she faithfully maintained her correspondence and remembered without consulting a diary every memorial day and every family birthday. With unfaltering devotion, she followed the fortunes of those she loved.

The twin disaster of the revolution and the collapse of the empire was unable to break her spirit. When Bolshevism raised its bloody head in Germany, this venerable old lady, almost blind in both eyes, was compelled to seek safety by climbing over the roof to escape from her palace. She bore her personal misfortunes and losses with equanimity, but the death of the Empress in exile was to her a source of inexpressible anguish. How gladly she would have hastened to the Emperor in his solitude, but she was not permitted to meet her beloved nephew once more. She was indescribably happy when she received the tidings of my engagement to the Kaiser.

After I became the affianced wife of the Kaiser, I visited her once more, at her express wish, to receive her blessings. Unbent by misfortune, so proud and yet so tender, so strong and yet so frail, she held my hand in hers a long while. At last she

said: "Be a good comrade to the Emperor. Stand by him faithfully. So many have deserted him. He needs your love." Then she turned away quickly to hide her tears. This was our last meeting. She died in April, 1923.

However, I am anticipating events.

Fifteen years, a World War and my first marriage lie between this scene and my first sojourn in Karlsruhe.

CHAPTER IV

MY FIRST MARRIAGE

I MET my first husband, Prince Johann George Schönaich-Carolath in Silesia, where I was spending a brief autumnal vacation with relatives, old Prince Henry VII of Reuss and his wife, a relative of the Grand Duke of Baden. Johann George was a lieutenant colonel in the Second Regiment of the Dragoons at Berlin. At Bückeburg, the residence of my guardian, the reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, he asked for my hand and received my uncle's consent. We were married in Greiz, my birthplace, the capital of Reuss-Greiz, in January 1907. Our wedding trip took us to Italy.

But again the shadow of Death flitted across the scene. The demise of my husband's grandmother paralyzed our social life in Berlin in the first year of our marriage. We had taken a small apartment in the capital, where we spent the winter. In the summer, I stayed at Castle Saabor in Silesia with my parents-in-law. Saabor is still my home in Germany.

The Schönaich-Carolaths are an ancient family whose princely rank dates from the year 1741. The most distinguished member of the family is the poet

Prince Emil, who lived in Altona, near Hamburg. There was a touch of Byronic melancholy in his verse, but despite this *Weltschmerz,* he was happily married. He left a charming widow with six delightful children. I regret that I see so little of them, but the barriers of space divide us. The poet had a fascinating house in Holstein where I was his guest several times. His literary friendships were many. He was a passionate globe trotter. His travels took him to the United States, where he met a poet of his own type, a German-American writer of charm and distinction—the late Konrad Nies, of St. Louis.

My father-in-law, Prince George of Schönaich-Carolath, was equally artistic in his inclinations. He was never himself until he could sit at the piano, improvising with considerable skill the music for his own metrical compositions. His two sons and his four daughters were devoted to him. My reception in Saabor, both by him and by my mother-in-law, was extremely cordial. Prince George especially was like a father to me. The princess was a witty woman, an amusing companion, formerly lady in waiting to Her Majesty Empress Augusta, the grandmother of the Kaiser. She preferred court life to the rustic simplicities of Saabor.

In 1908 I gave birth to a son. With what joy my husband fondled his first born! But evidently I was to enjoy no unalloyed bliss. Again tragedy stalked. Fate struck silently, swiftly and without pity.

For more reasons than one, the eighth day of January, 1908, has written itself upon my brain. It was a year and a day after our wedding. Their Majesties had graciously commanded our presence at luncheon in the palace at Berlin. It was my first meeting with the Kaiser since the marriage of my sister. It was my first meeting with Her Majesty the Empress Augusta. How benign the Empress was, how kindly toward others! There was nothing of the chilliness the world attributed to her. She was sweetly womanly, sweetly motherly, sweetly human.

Sitting at the right of the Kaiser, I chatted gayly of many things. His Majesty was interested in our Italian trip. I told him how often I had come upon mementoes of himself in Sicily—Palermo and Monreale.

After luncheon, Princess Victoria Louise, a bright, temperamental girl of fourteen, joined the conversation. I was so interested in the conversation that I had hardly looked at my husband who had been talking animatedly to the Empress.

When my eyes swept in his direction I suddenly noticed that a deadly pallor suffused his features. My heart stood still. I looked again, hoping that a trick of lighting had deceived me. Every bit of color had departed from his face. He looked almost ashen.

What was the cause of his pallor? Had he seen the specter of Death in the glass?

As soon as etiquette permitted, we hurried home. "It is nothing," he assured me—"only a passing spell."

The next morning he returned from his regiment long before his accustomed time. He looked like a dying man. Painfully, he staggered up the stairs. When he reached our floor he collapsed in a pool of blood. That pool spelled his doom. It was a hemorrhage of the lungs. Consumption!

The Emperor graciously granted my husband one year's leave of absence. After this, the story of my first marriage, despite the birth of four children, is the story of my husband's long illness. Every recovery was followed by a new collapse. The last of my children, little Henrietta, was never to speak to her father at all.

Shortly after my husband's first attack, my father-in-law turned Saabor Castle and the Saabor estate over to him. My days were divided between Saabor and Italy, where Johann George vainly sought to regain his health.

The education of my children rested almost entirely in my hands. We lived a very retired life. One week every year, my husband invited his regimental comrades, who were deeply attached to him, to a hunting party at Saabor. On such occasions he tried to conceal his malady and to take part in the hunt as if his lungs were sound. He paid for such exertions with redoubled attacks.

We met very few people. I learned to dig deep

into the soul of those I met and to extract from such rare companionships whatever gold I could. Once or twice a year we went to Berlin. I was young and I loved to dance. Joyfully, I accepted an invitation to a grand ball at the imperial palace. At the ball, I chaperoned Princess Adelheid of Saxe-Meiningen, who afterward became the wife of Prince Adelbert, a son of the Kaiser.

When I met the princess again she was my step-daughter-in-law! The request to chaperon the princess had come from Grand Duchess Feodore of Saxe-Weimar, the successor of Caroline. Feodore is the second wife of my former brother-in-law, Grand Duke Ernest William. This was my first opportunity to behold the splendors of the imperial court. It was a gorgeous picture of resplendent uniforms blending with shimmering laces and silks. The Emperor and the Empress had a winsome smile for everyone, in spite of the fatiguing burdens imposed upon them by the elaborate function. But the Kaiser looked worried. Heavy black clouds were appearing on the horizon. A storm was brewing. William II did not take his responsibility lightly. It was no child's play to maintain the peace of the world and peace in Germany, in spite of constant boring within and incessant intrigue without.

After gala receptions and official balls in the palace, the circle of the court, dividing into congenial groups, was accustomed to forgather infor-

mally at various fashionable hotels. Occasionally my husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, and I joined such gatherings. We were shocked to discover in the ranks of the court a tendency to nag and find fault with Their Majesties that was not compatible with loyalty to the imperial house. Among themselves, the courtiers frequently indulged in unjust and unkind criticism at the expense of the Emperor. The favors and the feasts bestowed by Their Majesties were not always gratefully and graciously received by the court.

The etiquette of the imperial court, which was no more oppressive in Berlin than in London, seemed burdensome, especially to some of the younger set. They welcomed the opportunity to relax in the private dining rooms of the smart hotels. Cabarets were more congenial to them than the restricting atmosphere of the imperial palace. They wanted, as Americans would say, a good time without thought of the responsibilities imposed by their rank and their position at court. They looked at the mote in their master's eye through the magnifying glass of petty spitefulness, blind to the beam in their own. Deficient in loving-kindness, they were lacking also in reverence.

The rigid moral conception of life which characterized Her Majesty the Empress Augusta Victoria was not always rightly appreciated at the court. The people adored her, but some young bloods in the court were blind to the nobility of her idealism.

They bandied about the Kaiser's words, perverted and twisted, without the ability or the inclination to appreciate the loftiness of his vision. Military changes, promotions, demotions, decorations were made the topic of ignorant gibes and ill-natured gossip behind the Emperor's back. Unfaithful servitors talked scandal without knowledge of the real causes and underlying motives of imperial decisions.

This small talk was largely a matter of habit; it was not, in most cases, intentional malice; but the poison thus generated insidiously affected the body politic. Lickspittles at the court, backbiters elsewhere—these groups were slowly undermining the social structure. While harbingers of Bolshevism were at work at the bottom, these meddlers, busybodies and scandalmongers were engaged in an equally deadly task at the top. Rank tongues wrought deadly injury to their Emperor and to their country. Before the holocaust of the war, they sowed the teeth of the dragon. All Germany reaped the dreadful harvest of horror and of shame in 1918.

CHAPTER V

THE SHOT HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

AN ancient Silesian castle, a blossoming garden, in the background a forest. On the gravel path stands a peculiar structure on wheels, made of straw. A woman, somewhat exhausted from propelling this huge contraption, bends over it with a happy smile. Three piping voices, each pitched in a different key, respond to her blandishments.

The contraption is a glorified baby carriage constructed after my own design. The babies in the carriage are not triplets, but my three oldest children, Hans George, George William and Caroline Hermine. I am pushing the perambulator. The task of thrusting the unwieldly structure forward taxes my energies to the utmost, but I am happy to have my children entirely to myself, free from nurses and governesses.

I have always kept up the custom, initiated in those days, of spending at least eight hours every day alone with my children. I permitted no domestic task, no social engagement, to deprive me of this pleasure. Only extraordinary occasions interrupted

my daily intercourse with my children. I was separated from them once for six months when my first husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, lay at death's door.

When the children are at school I cannot be with them except in thought. But when they are at home no one ever steps between me and my children. I render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, but not without rendering unto my children that which is theirs. The Emperor respects this attitude. In fact, he encourages it. The delicacy with which he refrains from making the slightest demands upon my attention at such times demonstrates the sweetness of his nature and the unselfishness of his affection.

The Fates have not always dealt kindly with me, but they evened up all scores when they gave me my children,—three sons and two daughters. Alas, they deprived me of George William, my second son, as he was blossoming into manhood. An accident ended his promising life in the fall of 1927. Our enforced sojourn in our country estate at Saabor, owing to the precarious health of my first husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, enabled me to concentrate on the task of polishing my five jewels, no less dear to me than were Cordelia's to their Roman mother.

The three oldest children, Hans George, George William and Caroline Hermine, were born between 1907 and 1910. Without relinquishing the discipline necessary in the bringing up of the human

cub, I was their playmate as well as their mother. We were constantly together, now in the garden, now in the fields. Romping through the woods, we picked berries and mushrooms, and rested after our labors on large traveling rugs which, in addition to its human freight, constituted the cargo of our triple perambulator.

The little ones accompanied us whenever possible on our pilgrimages to Italian health resorts, where my husband hoped to combat the enemy infesting his lungs. The children proved to be exemplary little travelers. For those who have not had the experience, it is impossible to picture to themselves what a terror disobedient children can be on a trip. I was singularly fortunate with mine. It was rarely necessary to resort to severe measures. Their obedience to me was implicit. The children were less inclined to obey their nurses. But nurses played only an insignificant part in their lives. Moreover, as ill luck would have it, our nursemaids were invariably seized by train sickness on our long trips. Thus the entire care of the children devolved upon me in any case.

I was their first teacher. My methods were modern. I imparted knowledge playfully in the form of a game, replying truthfully to all questions. My answers were framed in such a way as to be adapted to the age of the child. But it was never necessary for me to correct myself afterward. I never wittingly told an untruth. I avoided even innocent fibs.

As a result, the children came to me with all their questions. Until modern psychology began to prod the subconscious, the world never knew how many psychic maladies in adult life may be traced to chance information shockingly imparted to children by strangers.

The mental and physical health of children is more important than the transmission of fairy tales designed to guard grown-ups from embarrassing questions. It is not difficult to reveal the mysteries of life to children in terms of plants and flowers. No stork, no Easter rabbit, carrying babies, stalked or leaped through the lives of my children. Their young faith was never shattered by the heart-rending discovery that their mother had lied to them.

The year 1913, just before the great cataclysm, brought us Ferdinand, who, being the youngest, dominated the nursery for five years. Henrietta, or the General, as we call her at Doorn—was born in 1918, amid the thunder of guns reverberating through the streets of Berlin in the blackest days of the revolution. Prince Schönaich-Carolath loved his children dearly. They, in turn, were passionately attached to him.

Nature, with the infinite variety of her invention, never repeats herself. Each leaf, each thumb print, is unique. Marked differences distinguish fruits of the same tree. Similarly children born and reared under similar conditions nevertheless reveal the most diverse characteristics. Held by a common

bond of affection which rivets them to one another and unites them with me, each of my children nevertheless represents a distinctive type. Spiritually the cord between mother and child is never severed. However, too often it becomes a chain, strangling the happiness of both parent and child. The tie existing between my children and myself is never irksome because I never attempt to repress their essential self. I respect their individuality. They respect mine. Beyond the claims of consanguinity, we are friends.

Hans George, my oldest, now a student at the ancient University of Göttingen, was born with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. Often when I wanted to put him to bed I found him lying on the floor engrossed in some book. He absorbed knowledge with the avidity of a sponge. Ten years of school were sufficient to prepare him for the university. It hardly seems possible to me that my man child is now a man. Hans George was graduated from the university in 1925; he was confirmed according to the Reformed ritual in 1922.

In contrast to his oldest brother, my second son, George William, snatched from me so cruelly and tragically in the bloom of youth, was a passionate sportsman. As a child he was mischievous, ever ready to contrive some new surprise for his startled parents. There is no exploit in "Max and Moritz" and in other immortal records of youthful pranks that he did not attempt to outdo. Though holding

his own in school, book learning did not satisfy his adventurous spirit. Practical problems with which he could wrestle appealed to him; he never rested until he had them subdued on the mat. His health was robust; red corpuscles coursed joyously through his veins. His heart, nevertheless, was tender. It was his heart that prompted him to write a letter to his Emperor in exile. That childish letter was to determine my fate. His little hand scrawled the missive, but destiny held the pen.

I was at a loss how to tell my eldest daughter, Caroline Hermine—Carmo for short—of my engagement to the Kaiser. Her father's darling, she had clung to him with extraordinary devotion. My remarriage, I feared, would upset the child. Our children, Oscar Wilde somewhere says, always judge us. Sometimes, he adds, they forgive us. Would Carmo judge me? Would she forgive me?

It was in the latter part of June, 1922, after my visit to Doorn that ended with my engagement. My decision involved important consequences to me. It was freighted with consequences almost equally weighty, to her. It meant a complete readjustment of all relations; it severed ancient ties and demanded new orientations. For Carmo it implied the abandonment of her childhood friends and the transplantation of her affections to an alien soil. In spite of the frankness prevailing between us, it was not easy to explain the situation to her. It is never a simple matter for a mother to tell her

daughter of her proposed second marriage. In spite of all trepidations, I had made up my mind that Carmo was entitled to know at once.

Carmo came running out of the gate of Saabor Castle to meet me. The moment she espied my face she knew that something was in the air. The sympathy between us is so great that each senses at once the slightest disturbance in the magnetic field of the other.

"Mamma," she cried, "what is it? What has happened?"

I told her. Her response was at once so characteristic and so sweet that I almost burst into tears. Instead of an answer, Carmo, my shy little girl, gave me a hug that almost stunned me.

"I'm glad," she cried when at last she found words for her surging emotions. "Now you won't have to stand alone any more. And the Emperor—how could he help loving you after he met you?" She was the only person in Germany who knew of our engagement. She kept the secret until September, when the announcement was made public.

Carmo was most deeply attached to Saabor. The departure from her ancestral home hurt her most of all. She was like a tree torn from its native soil. It took her a long time to acclimatize herself after her transplantation to Doorn. Like my sister Caroline, Carmo is a sensitive plant, a human mimosa. I make every attempt to strengthen her fiber, fearful lest life may wound her too deeply.

Carmo was confirmed simultaneously with her brother George William. The loving-kindness of the Emperor made the confirmation a memorable event, almost incredibly beautiful.

Too often mother and daughter grow apart as the years increase. Carmo nestles ever closer to my heart as she grows older. In the postwar period, in the century of the flapper, the education of the world's future mothers presents many problems that seem to defy solution. Much is said and written about the young generation, especially girls. New theories are constantly advanced, with the result of increasing our intellectual confusion. I have had little help from books in rearing my children. The instinct of the mother, is after all, the ultimate criterion, the safest guide. The tongues of angels and pedagogues cannot take the place of the mother's intuition. She must treat the little human plant in accordance with its specific needs. She must nurse it with the sunshine of her affection and foster it with all the tender care demanded by its individual requirements.

Character is molded by external and internal impressions. From without, we are pounded by events and by our clashes with our environment. From within, our thoughts are largely guided by our books. Mindful of this, I supervise my daughter's companionships and her reading. I exercise this supervision as discreetly as possible. The salutary effect is impaired if the child is conscious of re-

straint. Carmo loves good books. She does not like to dive in the shallows. On the other hand, I have exercised the utmost care not to confine her reading to ponderous or instructive volumes. We cannot, after all, seal up our children in hermetic containers. If the books I give her were to fall short of stimulating either interest or pleasure, she would undoubtedly obtain her literary pabulum through other channels. Her reading, I am happy to say, is enriching her soul. I try to be discriminating without being narrow in the choice of her books. I want no daughter of mine to go through life with blinders. Such devices, valuable for horses, are unworthy of human beings.

Carmo's attitude toward her little sister is that of a little mother. In that respect she resembles my sister Marie. To Henrietta, Carmo seems a superior being, walking on clouds and holding converse with angels. The boys treat Carmo with affectionate deference. My children cling to one another like five leaves on a single stem. Carmo does not permit the adulation of her brothers and of her sister to turn her head. Her modesty is, at times, almost painful. She hardly opens her mouth in the presence of strangers. Fortunately she has at last taken root in Doorn; here her soul feeds on sympathy and affection. May life be kind to her both as a wife and a mother!

An energetic little chap, inheriting the adventurousness of his ancestors, is Ferdinand, now thir-

teen. The elasticity of his slim young body makes it easy for him to distinguish himself in games. With what joy he helps his stepfather to chop wood! How faithfully he collects the fagots in neat little piles! A real boy, already a little man, he nevertheless makes no secret of his attachment for me. He hates school. Learning seems to him at best a necessary evil. He stayed with me in Doorn for two years. Then I sent him to a boarding school in Germany. I could not have kept him at home, even if I had still lived at Saabor. The best teacher cannot take the place of a school, where character is formed by the clash of temperaments and of minds. Comrades are as necessary as textbooks. Without competition the mind is dulled. I pity the children of the rich, spoon-fed by private teachers, who never learn that life is a struggle.

We always arrange to enjoy our vacations together, either at Doorn or Saabor, my Silesian home. I have learned to divide my time and my love by five. But such is the miracle of a mother's love that, contrary to the canons of ordinary arithmetic, it seems to increase by division.

Time, alas, is less flexible than the heart. But the system drilled into me by my father makes it possible to wrest triumphs even from time. How often tired women tell me of their inability to meet the demands made upon them by their social obligations, their children, their households and their

husbands. Good will is not sufficient. Enthusiasm only takes us part of the way. Even love cannot win in the daily race with the clock. The secret of success in the government of a household or in the government of a state is the ability to organize effort. Without what Americans call scientific management, it is impossible to conduct satisfactorily the humblest shop or the tiniest household.

My youngest child, my baby Henrietta, never felt a father's caressing hand on her little head. She is to me a dear legacy of my dead husband. Although the personality of the Kaiser captivated my fancy even as a child my affection for Prince Schönaich-Carolath, the father of my children, was genuine. Girlish daydreams enrich a woman's emotional life without diminishing the store of her love for her husband.

When Henrietta was born, lawless mobs raised the red flag over Berlin. Treason, disguising itself under the mask of pacifism, trampled underfoot the standards and tradition upon which Germany's greatness was reared.

My husband's malady, which had announced itself so dramatically on the occasion of our first luncheon at the imperial table, a year and a day after our marriage, was gaining ascendancy over its victim. The long siege was drawing near its inevitable conclusion. Duty called me to the bedside of Prince Schönaich-Carolath, my dying husband. Henrietta—my little woman, as I love to call her—

and I were separated for almost a year. Except for this tragic interval, we were never parted. She accompanied me to Doorn on my bridal day. She strewed flowers at the wedding. Carmo and Ferdinand followed after the wedding. I was anxious not to overwhelm my shy Carmo with too many new impressions at once. The excitement of the wedding, the throng of wedding guests, the unaccustomed environment, would have disconcerted the sensitive child.

The hostile attitude of so many of my countrymen, inimical to my marriage, and the heart-rending spectacle of the exiled Kaiser, misunderstood and maligned, taxed my own powers of endurance. I needed time to adjust myself. For that reason my two oldest children, Hans George and George William, were likewise conspicuous only by their absence at my wedding to Emperor William.

The Kaiser's gratitude and his exquisite kindness to me and my children make us forget that we are strangers in a strange land. Amid the alien corn, his love fashions for me a home. Never, never—not for a single instant—have I had reason to regret my decision. The Kaiser is a father to my fatherless children, especially to Henrietta, who never knew her own father at all. His love for the little General, which she reciprocates with the complete abandon of her years, reconciles me to fate. I am happy if I and my children bring a little sunshine into the somberness of his life.

Although Henrietta is only seven, she appreciates the Emperor and visualizes the tragedy of his exile with astonishing perspicacity. Henrietta's capacity for love amounts to genius. Her little heart is a treasure house of affection. I wonder what emotional experiences maturity has in store for her. No woman can learn too soon the lesson of love, charity, understanding and sacrifice.

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While I was completely absorbed in my sick husband and in my children, the ring around Germany perceptibly tightened. Inconceivable mischief, sorrow and death came over the world. Soon a shot fired from a Serbian gun at Sarajevo, was heard round the world, and I fancy deep down in hell. In Germany, one often talked about the coming war without believing in it. We had cried "wolf" too often. The shout no longer alarmed most of us.

Prince Schönaich-Carolath employed the intervals in his illness to cultivate his Saabor estate. He loved to wrestle with the sandy Silesian soil, wrung by his ancestors from the Slavs. After each respite he was compelled to seek convalescence under balmier skies. I accompanied him from sanatorium to sanatorium. It was indeed a saddening spectacle to see this dashing young officer of the mounted guards pinned to a wheel chair. Whenever his condition permitted us to change from a

sanatorium to a hotel the children joined us. Shortly before the war his health was restored so far that he could take once more his part in the world. Hope once more blossomed in our breasts.

These years of wandering were by no means wasted. I would not wish to cancel them in my life. They deepened my love for art and they intensified my love for beauty. On the shores of the beautiful mountain lake, Garda, we met the Swedish sculptor, Milles, of Stockholm, and his wife, a distinguished painter. With them, whenever the condition of my husband permitted, we explored the neighborhood.

Lake Garda is one of the loveliest spots on earth. The green vesture of its shores contrasts vividly with the blue of the water. In the distance snow-covered mountains touch the clouds with their heads. Wedged between rocks gleam low-thatched villages; now and then a church spire or a house, more venturesome than the rest, beckoned to us from afar. In this region we discovered an idyllic spot, almost inaccessible by carriage, that lured us year after year. So wild and so strange was its beauty that my soul hailed it as home. When our eyes traveled toward the lake they were captivated by a little island washed by the azure waters of the mountain lake. What gorgeous flowers, what magnificent trees—a miniature paradise! Musingly, I repeated Swinburne's:

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;
In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is,
Under the roses——

But what is this—the strange ghostlike figure, holding vigil on the ruined wall between dark cypress trees? Is it a bird or is it a wraith? Motionless, the thing sat for hours, staring wistfully from its island prison to the shores of the lake, uncanny in its immobile loveliness. Was it the spirit of the island? Was it the spirit of the lake? Was it a thing of marble, fashioned by human hands? Was it a projection of my own soul? Or was it a figment of the imagination? It was so perfect that it seemed unreal.

I made a trip to the cypress grove to convince myself. It was, alas, no eerie messenger from ghost land, but a gigantic white peacock. Disturbed in its magnificent solitude by my approach, the bird raised its ugly voice, breaking the spell of beauty and of peace. Was it a portent? Peacocks, since those days, make me melancholy.

Many artists were attracted by the haunting loveliness of the lake. Henry Thode, the great art critic, and his wife, Daniela von Bülow, had bought a beautiful house by the waters of Lago di Garda. Daniela was the daughter of Cosima Wagner and a granddaughter of Liszt.

The Italian government seized Thode's house during the war, as enemy alien property. Mussolini presented it as a gift to d'Annunzio, lord of mountain tops and of bombast, who brutally denied to Thode's widow her most intimate personal possessions. Ludwig Fulda, a celebrated German poet, lost his house in a similar manner.

I am not prepared to discuss the rights or wrongs of such seizures, but if I were Mussolini, I would prove with a graceful gesture that the land of Virgil and Dante is not engaged in despoiling poets and artists. I understand that Dr. Ludwig Fulda has been able to repurchase his little home in the mountains.

Another distinguished visitor at Lake Garda with whom we often talked the moon out of the skies was Anton von Werner, the painter.

Whenever circumstances permitted we made short trips through Italy and France—Venice, Milan, Mentone and the French Riviera. What enchanted places! What vistas arise at their very names!

Then, suddenly, more strident than the voice of the ghostly peacock, trumpets of war smote the stillness. All the beauty and all the magic vanished, to be hidden for years behind a veil of hatred and of blood.

Immediately on the outbreak of the war we hastened to Berlin. My husband was consumed by the ardent desire to fight for his country in his own beloved regiment, the Second Dragoons of the Guard.

He was disconsolate when the medical staff denied his application. Downcast by the verdict, he could hardly drag himself home. The patriotic ecstasy of the hour had made him oblivious of his condition. The doctors could not permit him to enlist under the circumstances. The day was soon to come when a man with even half a lung was acceptable to the Fatherland.

CHAPTER VI

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

IN Berlin we saw history in the making. We were privileged to experience the moment when the Emperor, addressing a people completely united for once, spoke to the nation from the balcony of the imperial palace in Unter den Linden. Like the waters of an ocean, the people surged through the streets. Everywhere flags and bunting. All hearts beat as one. Whatever may be the verdict of history, to us it was war forced upon us against our will. A hundred thousand voices pledged their faith to the Emperor. Like waves of thunder, the Watch on the Rhine reëchoed through the streets of Berlin, followed by Hoffmann von Fallersleben's deathless song of German unity—*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles.* The note and hymn reverberated with million-throated resonance.

The pale man on the balcony in field-gray uniform drank in the sound auguring victory. United, his people had been defeated—never! But the price that must be paid for victory was ghastly. He knew and he shuddered. Higher rose the fervor of

patriotic enthusiasm. All Germany seemed to intone with one voice:

Deutschland, Deutschland, land of all lands,
First and foremost in the world,
When thy children face united
Every foe against thee hurled.
From the Meuse unto the Memel,
To the sea, with flag unfurled:
Deutschland, Deutschland, land of all lands,
First and foremost in the world!

German troth and German women,
German wine and German song,
Shall retain their ancient glamour,
Though the years be dark and long;
Noble deeds they shall inspire
In our hearts and make us strong:
German troth and German women,
German wine and German song!

Brotherhood and right and freedom,
Bless thee, German Fatherland,
For this goal we strive together,
One and all with heart and hand;
For upon these mighty pillars
Evermore thy weal must stand:
Bloom and flourish in that glory,
Flourish, German Fatherland!

No doubt in other capitals other throngs, moved by the same faith, were shouting and singing for victory. But I cannot imagine that any monarch

listened with a heavier heart to the outbursts of popular enthusiasm than Emperor William.

More poignantly than most Germans, a great Irish playwright, Bernard Shaw, has surmised the tragedy of Emperor William. In a skit written during the war, Bernard Shaw puts the following illuminating words into the mouth of his Imca of Perusalem, a caricature of the Kaiser. The sketch is worthy neither of Shaw nor of his subject, but the final speech of the Imca atones for much of the clever nonsense preceding it. Shaw himself called my attention to this admirable analysis through the mutual friend whose pen conveys the story of my life to American readers:

"You talk of death as an unpopular thing. You are wrong. For years I gave them art, literature, prosperity, that they might live more abundantly; and they hated me, ridiculed me, caricatured me. Now that I gave them death in its frightfulest forms, they are devoted to me. If you doubt me, ask those who for years have begged our taxpayers in vain for a few paltry thousands to spend on Life; on the bodies and minds of the nation's children, on the beauty and healthfulness of its cities; on the honor and comfort of its worn-out workers. They refused, and because they refused, death is let loose on them. They grudged a few hundreds a year for their salvation; they now pay mil-

lions a day for their own destruction and damnation. And this they call my doing! Let them say it, if they dare, before the judgment seat at which they and I shall answer at last for what we have left undone no less than for what we have done."

Shaw is wrong in this: Neither the German people nor the Emperor was responsible for the war. It was not William II who let death loose in Europe. Neither did he give death to his people. The sword was forced into his hands.

This is a subject on which the Emperor has spoken himself. Crown Prince William, in his remarkable book, I Seek the Truth, has done likewise. Scholars of all nations, including the American Senator Owen of Oklahoma, Professor Barnes, Ewart and Judge Bowsman have marshalled facts that seem to me convincing. The most astounding proofs come from the archives of our foes. However, this is a matter that rests safely in more competent hands than mine. The argument on the question will thunder down the corridor of time.

I can recite only my personal reactions. Never was I so thrilled as in that epic moment when at last, amid a stillness almost audible, the man in the field-gray uniform spoke. It was no attempt at oratory. His words were simple, but they went straight to the heart. Wiped out were bitterness and division, insult and party strife:

"I know no more parties, I know only Germans."

That imperial slogan swept through Germany like a forest fire. The nation was aflame with enthusiasm. Men offered to immolate their lives and their dearest possessions in a paroxysm of self-sacrifice. Women melted their wedding rings into cannon. Like their great-grandmothers in the hectic days of the Napoleonic Wars, they cut off their braids to buy arms for the Fatherland—for Kaiser and country! Socialists joined in the cry.

If only the people had remembered the Kaiser's words, if they had buried all party strife until the drums of war were hushed! If Germany had lived up to the greatness of that first hour, her people, in spite of all privations and trials, would never have tasted the bitterness of defeat. The Emperor would not now eat the salt bread of exile.

The Kaiser's hair and his mustache were gray, but his eyes—his eyes were still invincibly blue. Closer to him than the crowd, I marked the sorrow that clouded his brow. How different he looked from the youthful pictures that covered the wall in my room in Greiz! How gay he had seemed at my sister's wedding! How cheerfully, how infectiously, he had laughed when we, my husband and I, were his guests at the palace!

At the grand ball, it is true, he had looked somewhat worried. Now, though he held himself upright, though his voice had a martial ring, his face was a tragic mask—a prince of peace compelled to

draw the sword after twenty-six warless years! Inexpressible anguish stabbed his heart at the thought of the blood that must flow on both sides in this titanic struggle—a struggle utterly savage and utterly futile. After the failure of his effort to localize the conflict a world conflagration was bound to ensue. Helpless to stay fate, he saw chaos rising over Europe out of a sea of blood.

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The exhilaration and the unanimity of the German people in the beginning of the war refreshed my heart after my glimpses of the petty scandalmongering behind the back of the Kaiser in his own palace. The brains of the Germans were not intoxicated with blood; we did not want this war. An undertone of sadness manifested itself even when the excitement attained its highest pitch. We deplored the sacrifices imposed upon Europe by muddled diplomacy and sinister intrigue. Fear was not an element in our mental reaction. We were not afraid of the outcome. We knew that we could place our trust in our incomparable army. Our faith was justified by events. The army was undefeated in the field. It was defeated at home. It is the home front that broke.

Denied a place with his regiment, Prince Schönaich-Carolath served with the militia under General von Wrochem, until another hemorrhage and two attacks of dysentery compelled his return from the front. In spite of his malady, he was by no

means idle. He was assigned to the general command at Breslau, the principle city of Silesia, from the fall of 1914 to 1917. While he was attached to army headquarters there I frequently visited him with the children. In 1917 we took a modest little apartment in that picturesque town, with its narrow streets and its medieval cathedral, to save him from the discomforts of living in a hotel. A spirit of comradeship united us with the other officers and their wives. The feeling that we were all doing our bit to serve our country gave a new purpose to life. Our brave comrades kept Watch on the Rhine. We kept Watch on the Oder, saving the ancient soil, united by Frederick the Great with Prussia, from the enemy in the east.

Hindenburg's victories raised our hopes to the highest pitch. Yet our enemies were to snatch East Prussia from us. They were to deprive us of Danzig and Memel. Defying alike trade currents, geography, historical justice and common sense, they were to carve a corridor to the sea for Poland out of flesh of our flesh, separating East Prussia from Prussia. There may have been pessimists in our midst, but no Cassandra, male or female, predicted such dire results. There was in all Germany no prophet of evil who, in his blackest mood, considered such an outcome imaginable. Almost every day brought tidings of victories. But the victories did not bring us bread. It began to be difficult to buy food. Dame Care walked in our midst, but

there was as yet no famine. With makeshifts and substitutes, scraping and saving, it was still possible to obtain food, although, almost imperceptibly, our menus grew ever more meager.

Daily the god of war demanded new sacrifices of precious lives. Hecatomb after hecatomb, the pile of victims grew higher. Like mountain torrents flowed the best blood of the land. Everywhere in Europe youth paid with its life for the mistakes of its elders. The day was rare when the swollen casualty list failed to record the death of a relative or of a friend. My husband's only brother, dear to us all, fell on patrol duty in August, 1914. A brilliant officer of the Uhlans, fearless and dashing, death sought him out in the first skirmish. Day after day the sinister slaughter continued. Never a tick of the clock that did not spell death somewhere.

At the front the armies acquitted themselves brilliantly of their task, but at home exhilaration gave way to incessant suffering and constant privations. Misery walked abroad. Hunger usurped the place of enthusiasm. Bitterness increased. Resentment against the blockade of the enemy, seeking a scapegoat nearer at hand, turned against the leaders at home. It is difficult to be just when hunger gnaws in one's vitals.

The war years imposed heavy, almost insupportable, burdens upon all. The government, in spite of inevitable blunders, accomplished miracles of or-

ganization. Every attempt was made to supply industrial regions, unable to nourish themselves, with sustenance from farming districts. Rigorous laws were passed, restricting the use of foodstuffs and fats.

Even America, the richest land in the world, was compelled to introduce meatless and wheatless days. With us, the meatless and wheatless days became meatless and wheatless weeks. The weeks turned into months. The months grew into years!

I practiced the utmost restrictions at home. We enjoyed no privileges denied to others. Our maids were compelled to wait for hours in rain and snow in order to obtain a little milk or a few ounces of margarine. Butter was no longer obtainable in the cities. Fats, meats, bread, were sold only against cards, sparingly issued to each family in proportion to its size.

I contracted a serious gastric disorder, from which I suffer to this day, from the effects of the war bread. My children's faces were pinched and pale. Food, even when obtainable, lacked nourishment. The animals slaughtered for food, being underfed themselves, were deficient in fats. It took years after the war before my children regained their health. It was impossible for growing children to attain strength under such conditions. Many children of our acquaintance were little living skeletons.

Bootlegging in foodstuffs began. It grew in di-

mensions as the famine increased. Most people complied with the law. At times the regulations were perhaps too rigorous. The terrible turnip winter, when turnips were practically the only food of the civilian population, was a nightmare too horrible to recall. Turnips at breakfast, turnips at noon, turnips at night! In vain the cook attempted to disguise the form or flavor of the ubiquitous vegetable. The very thought of turnips produced nausea. Yet they were the only food readily available. Even potatoes had given out. Life was a veritable inferno of turnips.

The turnip winter was a catastrophe from the viewpoint of the national health. The people of the United States cannot conceive of the ravages produced among our civilian population by the lack of food. Conditions in Austria, even more deplorable than in Germany, beggar description.

We have heard much of war atrocities, but what could be more atrocious than the war against women and children through the medium of a blockade shutting off articles of food never before classed as contraband in civilized warfare. And yet they called us Huns!—

The constant privations fanned the flame of discontent. The war intensified the old antagonism between city and country. Graft raised its head. War profiteers plied their ugly trade. The temptation to circumvent severe restrictions undermined the morale at home. We experienced on a large

scale the spiritual deterioration inevitable under such conditions. Americans can easily picture the vicious influence of this illicit traffic if they consider their own liquor problem. With us it was not alcohol but the necessities of life that could be purchased in many instances only through illegal channels. Bootlegging in food became a national disaster.

Toward the end of the war my husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, was the economic controller of the German Army of Occupation in Rumania. His duty frequently called him to Berlin, where I joined him on many occasions. I was horrified by the naked misery on all sides. Malformed babies with heads too large for their bodies! Weary-eyed children of sixteen that looked like twelve.

The calamitous conditions prevailing in the large cities escaped superficial observers. Especially foreigners, who lived in the fashionable hotels and who were able to import food for their own use under special permits, cannot imagine the inferno of famine in which our people dwelt. An empty stomach has no conscience. Steady deprivations sap the spirit. A hungry underfed brain is no longer amenable to reason. We saw life as through a mist. At last we no longer even knew how hungry we were. Our shrunken stomachs were unable for years after the war to assimilate honest food. These are wounds that escape statistics, casualties that appear in no list.

The process of disintegration, which ended with the complete collapse of the home front, began in the second year of the war. Sullenness colored the mood of the masses in the congested districts. Strikes paralyzed industry. Munition workers demanded extortionate wages. From postwar descriptions, I note that the same factors, in one form or another, affected our enemies, although they suffered less acutely from undernourishment. The predicament of our foes did not reconcile us to our own privations.

Germany was a besieged castle. But we were still capable of sallies. In 1917 I met Prince Schönaich-Carolath in the Hungarian capital. How gay, how delightful Budapest seemed in comparison with Berlin! On the way to Hungary I passed through the capital of the Dual Monarchy, where I spent a day. The misery of Berlin was intensified in Austria.

The Viennese, gay children that they are, tried to laugh off their troubles. But laughter rings hollow when the stomach is empty. In spite of spasmodic attempts at gayety, the atmosphere was depressing. Austria was near the end of her tether. Twenty-four hours in Vienna was like a day in the purgatory of Dante's frozen hell. Budapest was more like a southern city, where Orient and Occident meet. It had sunshine and food.

The same year I visited Karlsbad, the famous watering place in Bohemia, now Czecho-Slovakia,

to allay the gall trouble induced by my privations in Germany. The Bohemians were our allies, but I sensed the undercurrent of hostility against Germany. The waters of Karlsbad did not wash away my malady. It stayed with me faithfully wherever I went. It followed me to Doorn. I fear it will abide with me unto the end. How many of us carry in our souls or in our bodies such legacies of the war!

When I returned to Germany I was shocked by the change for the worse. Calumny traveled from mouth to mouth. Lies grew by repetition with the force of a snowball in its descent from the side of a mountain. Each snowball, gathering momentum in its fall, assumed the magnitude of an avalanche. We were buried in the end under an avalanche of innuendoes and lies. The railroads were crowded with sinister figures, nagging, discontented, spreading dissatisfaction. Mysterious travelers, whose names and origin no one knew, somehow succeeded in intensifying the general irritation. Some of these mischief-makers were undoubtedly communist agents and enemy emissaries. The soil was ripe for them.

The disgusting antics of the war profiteers increased the nation-wide demoralization. The government was too feeble to check underground traffic and underground agitation. Soldiers, returning on furlough, animated by the fervor of combat, were plied with cigarettes, cigars, cordials and revolutionary literature. Treason approached them under

the mask of friendship. Alarming news, distorted and exaggerated, traveled by mysterious methods from town to town, sapping the foundations of our strength—confidence in the government. The French speak of a fake dispatch as a *canard,* a duck. The German sky was black with such canards. The only one from whom such news was kept, was the Kaiser. There were many like myself who would have told him, if they had realized that he did not know! What tragedy of errors! What monstrous wrong against the Emperor and his people!

It is Germany's tragedy that no leader of any party had the courage to speak to the Emperor at the right moment, to warn him of what was coming, and to help him avert the disaster. Instead of adopting this simple course that should have been plain to any loyal German, they preferred to evade responsibility by hiding behind a wicked and cowardly phrase. This phrase formerly spread by malice in secret, now reappears in their reminiscences: "The Emperor refuses to hear the truth, he will not listen to us; it is impossible to get to him."

Hence no one intervened, no one warned. Surely the main fault for the catastrophe that overtook us lies with the many who should have spoken and who remained silent. I know the Emperor better than anyone else. Duty is sacred to him. He can endure any truth, no matter how unpalatable. Once he is convinced that it is the truth, once the right course is clear, he is quick to act.

I cannot deny that certain groups attempted to hedge in the Emperor for purposes of their own, that they deliberately held at bay persons with different opinions. But is not this the tragic fate of every man in high positions? It applies to presidents as well as to kings, to ministers of state no less than to the heads of great industries. It is the penalty of those who dwell on the heights. If the Emperor had been surrounded by the right people, if the right man had spoken at the psychological moment, his strong hand, interposing itself between the spokes of the wheel of doom, would have stopped its progress.

Science has not yet discovered the vital secrets of Nature. Our scientists made brick out of straw. They drew nitrogen out of the air. But they could give us no wholesome substitute for food. Medieval scholars attempted to create life in the laboratory. But the homunculi they fashioned were incapable of living. Our scientists attempted to extract food out of chemicals. Alas, the foodstuffs thus gained were incapable of sustaining life, except temporarily! The chemistry of the system revolted against laboratory products. The revolt was not immediate. But slowly, insidiously, it drained our strength. Mourning for the dead, anxiety for the living, the growing distrust of the military and political leaders combined with undernourishment and disease produced by chemical substitutes for food, impaired the efficiency of the workers.

I search my vocabulary in vain for words to express the despair with which I noticed the physical, spiritual, moral and industrial retrogression of our people. It was slow but inexorable. Suffering became unendurable; it was beyond human power.

In my own château at Saabor I managed a hospital for three-quarters of a year. Time cannot wipe out from my memory the tragic and pitiful recollections. Shattered minds, faces no longer recognizable, limbs twisted into fantastic shapes, tortured bodies groaning with intolerable anguish, conscious of nothing human save pain! All these things I saw. I was one in a multitude of women vainly trying to heal the wounds, to stem the blood of the Fatherland. In every country there were women like myself who beheld the misery rather than the glories of war.

Lack of food compelled me to close the hospital at Saabor. In Breslau I spent much time in clinics and hospitals for reconvalescents. Those who suffered most, I noticed, were often the most contented. Similarly the men in the trenches were least inclined to hate the enemy. They fought because it was their business. But they honored and respected their adversaries. In every country vituperation of the enemy and verbal heroics increased inversely to the distance from the front.

Suddenly a crimson glow appeared in the eastern sky—the Russian revolution! To many it seemed the first dawn of peace. What a cruel delusion!

Soon the red sea of anarchy was to inundate Germany. Our bloody sacrifice was in vain! The fruit of victory became Dead Sea fruit when the home front crumbled under the assault of Bolshevism. Poor Germany! Poor Russia!

CHAPTER VII

FOUL PLAY IN THE KAISER'S ABDICATION

A MODEST apartment in the city of Berlin, an expectant mother, torn by the twin agony of childbirth and of grief for her country. I am that mother. Red replaces the imperial colors in the streets of Berlin. Stabbed in the back, an empire totters. An age gives up the ghost. While the old Germany was thus dying, my daughter Henrietta was born.

In the Imperial Chancellery, Prince Max of Baden, the last Imperial Chancellor, announced: "His Majesty the Emperor and king has abdicated."

On the heels of the alleged abdication, Scheidemann promulgated, from the steps of the Reichstag, the German Socialist Republic. Pandemonium began. Empires rise and fall. Pillars that have stood a thousand years crumble overnight. Shots were fired. Soap-box orators proclaimed the millennium at street corners. Drunken soldiers and sailors tore the straps from the shoulders of any officer daring to show his face in Berlin.

Far away, at the Dutch border, an automobile

carried William II, with a small retinue of faithful, to his exile. Mad days and madder nights followed. The crimson flood from the East swept over Germany. Like an evil witch, Bolshevism seemed to cast a spell over the peaceful population.

The processes of Nature go on unaffected by the tragedy of man. While all this happened I was quietly nursing my baby, little dreaming that some day the exiled monarch would be her stepfather. My husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, had returned ill and broken-hearted from Rumania. The disastrous end of the Empire and the ingratitude of the country to his beloved and venerated Emperor gave him the final blow from which he never recovered. His life, from his return until his death, was one long agony. When my little girl was old enough to recognize her father he was no longer able to clasp her in his arms. His days, like the days of the world he had known, were ebbing fast.

My thoughts stole back to the day when I had heard the Emperor's proclamation to his people, when all Berlin, all Germany, all Central Europe, had rung with plaudits.

What is more fickle than the love of the masses? William II, like Napoleon I, scorned to seek death by his own hand. Warned by the example of Napoleon, William placed no reliance on the chivalry of his foe. After their fall both Emperors were vilified by those who had formerly fawned upon

them. They were caricatured and lampooned at home and abroad.

Love and hate, admiration and envy, Freud tells us, are twin brothers, dwelling simultaneously in the same bosom. This ambivalence, to employ the parlance of psychoanalysis, may account for the sudden revulsions of feeling of nations against their former rulers. The envy, coexisting with admiration, the hatred, coexisting with love, that are always present under the surface of consciousness, break forth with volcanic convulsions. Gratitude and reverence—even reason—are buried under the violence of these eruptions. The fallen sovereign becomes the scapegoat upon whom the people, like the Hebrews of old, lay all their sins. It is only on the basis of such a hypothesis that it is possible to understand the attitude of the German people toward their exiled monarch, my husband, the Kaiser.

But making all allowances for this peculiar psychological reaction and for enemy propaganda, I still feel that never was a monarch more cruelly and more ignorantly misjudged than the Kaiser. His departure for Holland, a sacrifice at the altar of patriotism, was denounced as cowardice and desertion. It was not cowardice. It was not desertion. No one knows better than I the loftiness of his motives. I know that it was not fear for his personal safety, but solely the hope of serving his country, that persuaded him to accept exile after his advisers had failed him. It was self-immolation, not flight.

I have discussed the subject with Field Marshal von Hindenburg, that faithful Eckhardt of the German people, with Colonel Niemann, who, being attached to the person of His Majesty, was an eye-witness of the tragic events that led to the ninth of November. I have covered the ground again and again with the Emperor at Doorn. To me, if to no one else, he bared his heart. Not merely because I am his wife but by virtue of my sympathetic understanding of his character, by the knowledge gained from intimate contact with those who made history and—in some instances—made it so badly, I feel that I am qualified to interpret the motives that shaped his fatal decision.

Possibly the decision was wrong; yet under the circumstances, with the knowledge at his command, no other conclusion was possible. If the hero always adopted the right course in any given situation, there would be no tragedy in life or in history. The history of the world is the history of its blunders. Some blunders are ignorant and mean, some are sublime. The Emperor erred, if he erred, on the side of the angels.

Moles were at work to undermine the empire for months before the revolution. Weeks before the ninth of November, 1918, the abdication of the Emperor was discussed on the streets, in the offices, in the clubs, even in the gazettes. A blind people, blinded fourteenfold by the Fourteen Points of the American President, looked upon Germany's

enemies as Germany's saviors. They ignored the Emperor's tireless efforts to promote his country's welfare and the fact that under his rule Germany achieved prestige and power beyond its fondest dreams.

Two days before the Kaiser knew of his abdication, the story was already circulated in London. Sometime before he consented to cross the border Holland seems to have been selected for his sojourn. His abdication was a put-up job. Treason was rife in high quarters. Prince Schönaich-Carolath and I had dimly suspected disloyal tendencies in the environment of the monarch. The events confirmed our suspicions. At least there was weakness of character and lack of judgment among those who should have been the pillars of his throne.

The revolution began at the top. It did not begin at the bottom. Those at the top and those at the bottom—some, no doubt, actuated by laudable if mistaken motives—joined hands to encompass the liberation of Germany. They merely succeeded in bringing about her destruction. The German people, doubly misled, from the top and from the bottom, finally believed that the Kaiser was an obstacle to peace. Once this conviction gained ground, sedition was able to conceal its shifty countenance under the mask of patriotism.

With the Emperor's fall Germany's star began to wane. He was the keystone of the arch. His departure made the entire structure crumble. Every

German ruler lost his throne. My family suffered with the rest. The regent of Reuss-Greiz, ruling in place of my mentally enfeebled brother, Prince Henry XXIV, surrendered the crown.

Monarchy is bred in the German bone. It is necessary to counteract the centrifugal tendencies which prevented complete unity of all German tribes, even in 1871. Can anyone doubt that the reigning families of Germany, attached to its soil and its history and tradition, would have furnished a powerful nucleus for the laborious process of reconstruction?

War is not a paying business. It is a liability for victor and vanquished alike. Germany, like her conquerors, would have been compelled to carry heavy burdens for many years; but the Germans would not stagger under the insupportable load saddled upon them at Versailles if they had remained true to the Kaiser and true to themselves.

What happened in Spa? What events led up to the ninth of November? My conversations with the Kaiser and with other eyewitnesses enable me to reconstruct the drama. The Fourteen Points of President Wilson were fourteen stars of hope in our firmament. They seemed to light the way to an honorable peace, with justice to all. Under those circumstances, the German Government, especially Prince Max, determined to humor the wishes of President Wilson, which coincided with their own idealistic inclinations.

President Wilson's messages imputed to the German Government the character of a ruthless and sinister despotism. To destroy this fantastic misconception, the government considered it necessary to limit the prerogatives of the monarch. The Kaiser was persuaded to yield powers which every American President exercises without question in times of war. The government decided to make Germany even safer for democracy than the United States, by creating a cabinet, responsible not to the executive but to the Reichstag. The tenure of American cabinets does not, I believe, depend on the approval of Congress.

The Kaiser, though doubting the wisdom of lightning-quick constitutional changes, consented nevertheless, and in a proclamation to his people he expressed his desire to coöperate fully in the new policies enunciated by his decree. "The imperial office," he added with characteristic simplicity, "is the servant of the nation." Like his ancestor, Frederick the Great, William II always considered himself the first servant of the state, not its master.

Prince Max, the Imperial Chancellor, did not sanction the publication of this imperial announcement. The German Government did not desire to enhance the popularity of the Kaiser. If the government had promulgated the imperial proclamation several days before the Kaiser, neglected and ignored in his own capital, decided to join army head-

quarters in Spa, it would perhaps have been possible to nip the red rose of rebellion in the bud.

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When, as Hermann Stegemann points out in a remarkable analysis of the causes of the German debacle, President Wilson declared war against Germany in April, 1917, he upset the scales upon which rested the equilibrium between real power and ideal strength, because he distinguished between the "autocratic might" of the German government and the German people, in order to weaken the internal resistance of the enemy. Borrowing his argument from the ancient historical manifesto with which America announced her independence from Great Britain, Wilson emphasized the "right of a people to revolt." Waving this manifesto before the Germans, the President of the United States skillfully transformed the war of the Entente for booty into a war for freedom and for justice. The world forgot temporarily that England really fought for the rule of the seas and for a bridge on land from Egypt to India. France coveted the Rhineland and the hegemony on the Continent which she had exercised in the past. Russia itched for Constantinople. Italy was consumed with desire for the Brenner Pass and Istria.

Through the spell of Wilson's rhetoric, the war now became a World War, disguised as a struggle for democracy and the ideal of international conciliation. Inasmuch as Russia at that very moment

threw Czarism overboard and announced herself a convert to democracy, this transformation assumed in Germany the potency of a political verdict. It decided the battle of ideas and convictions that had been going on under the surface. The interdict of the Scotch Presbyterian President, Stegemann insists, was more powerful and more confusing to German minds than any papal bull could have been in this century. The antiquated character of the Prussian constitution, coupled with the rigid social divisions and the political immaturity of the state that had grown out of Bismarck's federation of princes, seemed to justify the presidential anathema. Thus it happened that the forces of disintegration were hurled into Germany from two directions. From the East the fires of social revolution were carried across the border, from the West the torch of political confusion was thrown into our midst.

Prince Max had compelled the resignation of General Ludendorff by threatening to resign himself if the monarch retained the master strategist. The prince objected to Ludendorff because the latter considered further resistance feasible, in spite of his previous demand for an armistice. Hindenburg assured the Kaiser that the German troops could hold their own until the spring if withdrawn behind the valley of the Meuse, which the Emperor ordered. This order was not executed.

We know how war weary the masses were in the countries of the Entente. An appeal to the German

people for a war of national resistance would have demonstrated that we were unwilling to surrender the ship. Faced with the probable cost of a renewed attack, the Allies would have acquiesced in an honorable peace, a peace without victory, perhaps, but without humiliation. Prince Max preferred to trust to his diplomatic skill and to enemy pledges rather than to the sword of General Ludendorff.

On November 1, 1918, Prince Max, himself heir presumptive to the throne of Baden, still hoping to save monarchy as an institution, sent Minister Drews to the headquarters of His Majesty in Spa with the demand for his abdication. The Kaiser refused. The Kaiser was the symbol of national honor. The question of his abdication, General Gröner, Ludendorff's successor, declared on the first of November, did not exist for the army.

After the emissary of abdication returned to Berlin the Kaiser inspected the battlefields. He was constantly in danger from Allied fire, especially from Allied airmen. The Kaiser does not fear death. He often said to me: "We rulers are always in danger of death. If we were to worry about our lives, we would not have time for anything else."

Von Ilsemann, the Kaiser's aide-de-camp, tells me how recklessly, contrary to all military regulations, His Majesty frequently exposed his person on the eastern front. Niemann related to me how an air bomb exploded in the immediate vicinity of the imperial train near Ghent. The private dining car was

brilliantly lighted. The Kaiser and his retinue were at dinner. Suddenly another detonation. The conversation stopped. The nervousness of the civilian court functionaries was obvious. Niemann was sitting opposite the Kaiser. The corners of the Emperor's mouth twitched contemptuously. Then a look of understanding softened his steely eyes. Lost for a moment in deep contemplation, he forgot his environment. He was searching for a phrase to summarize the situation. The Emperor's memory never deserts him. A third detonation shook the heavens and the earth.

The Kaiser, unmoved by the commotion, quoted the words of Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar, and quietly said:

"Cowards die many times before their death,
The valiant never taste of death but once,
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death a necessary end
Will come when it will come."

Bulgaria, Austria and Turkey had thrown down their arms. The German Government floundered. Everywhere, restlessness and confusion. On November fifth a note from President Wilson announced that General Foch was ready to discuss the terms of the Armistice. The Emperor had designated General von Guendell as the German plenipotentiary. Prince Max sent Erzberger.

We know now from a book by Jean de Pierrefeu that the Allies had prepared two drafts of armistice terms. One, milder than the other, did not impose the occupation of the bridgeheads on the left bank of the Rhine. Foch did not expect us to accept the first draft of the terms of the Armistice. No soldier familiar with the situation would have signed such a document. Erzberger yielded. The government yielded. It yielded to the foe at the front and to the foe at home. It made no serious attempt to suppress the mutiny of the sailors at Kiel.

Intimidated by the radical wing of the party, the Socialists now presented an ultimatum to Prince Max through Secretary of State Scheidemann, demanding the abdication of the Kaiser and of the Crown Prince. That was November eighth. At the request of Prince Max, Scheidemann extended the time limit of his ultimatum twenty-four hours. The twenty-four hours elapsed without abdication.

News now reached army headquarters of mutinies in Cologne, in Coblenz and in Mainz. Munich reported the proclamation of a Socialist republic. The bridgeheads of the Rhine were said to be in the hands of the revolutionists. This constituted a grave problem. It was, if true, a catastrophe. For without those bridges it was impossible to supply the armies with reënforcements or with food.

The Emperor is convinced to-day that the news was exaggerated. The government, he thinks, deliberately refrained from interfering with the

activities of the Bolshevists in order to exert pressure upon him and upon Hindenburg. Like the magician's apprentice in Goethe's poem, our governors were unable to banish the evil spirits their spell had summoned.

After a visit to Berlin, General Gröner returned, oozing pessimism from every pore. He forgot his assurance that the abdication of the Kaiser was not even debatable for the army. In fact, he discovered, somewhat suddenly, revolutionary tendencies in the army itself. Army leaders were summoned. Their report was to be presented to the Emperor.

The Emperor realized the necessity of instant peace, not to save Germany from the Allies, because Germany was in no immediate danger, but to save all Europe, Germany included, from Bolshevism. It was not too late to restore order. All that was necessary was the energetic suppression of the mutiny at the bridgeheads and the dispatch of loyal troops to Berlin. But the government in Berlin did not want to restore order just then. Their object was to convince the Kaiser and the army command of the reality of a revolution. They colored the news. They fomented sedition.

Faced with this situation, both Hindenburg and Gröner reported to the Kaiser that no resistance to the revolutionary forces was possible. The Rhine bridgeheads over which all supply trains must pass were in the hands of the revolutionists. Gröner insisted that the army itself was infected with Bolshe-

vism. Any attempt to employ the troops to restore order, General Gröner declared, would lead to bloodshed within the army itself. The Emperor did not wish to shed German blood. He resolved to await the conclusion of the Armistice, then to lead his troops in orderly formation back home.

General Gröner replied, "The army will return home peacefully and in orderly formation under its generals, but not under the command of Your Majesty."

"Your Excellency," the Kaiser retorted, "I demand this declaration in writing. I demand a declaration in black and white from every general that the army no longer stands behind its commander in chief. Have the troops not taken an oath of allegiance to me?"

"An oath of allegiance," General Gröner rejoined, "is a legal fiction under the circumstances."

Hindenburg added that in view of the news from home and from the various army commands he could no longer assume responsibility for the loyalty of the army. At that crushing announcement from the most trusted of all his chiefs, the Kaiser grew pale. His universe seemed to crumble about him.

Count Schulenberg warned: "Shall we sacrifice the glorious achievements of centuries to an hour's confusion?"

Prince Max was announced at the telephone. "The situation in Berlin," he reported, "admits of no delay. The workers are in rebellion. The

A Picture of the Kaiser Taken in 1925

soldiers are fraternizing with the rebels. Bloody riots are sure to ensue. Only immediate abdication can prevent civil war and preserve monarchical institutions."

The mouth of the telephone sputtered forth one calamity after the other. The pavements run with blood, reported the office of the Chancellor from Berlin. The army will protect with their lives the person of the monarch, but they will not march against their kinsmen, the Emperor was told. Even if the army were willing, should he attempt to march against Berlin, against the government headed by Prince Max, whom he himself had appointed? Could Germany wage war simultaneously at the front and at home? President Wilson had declared that the Allies would make peace only with a popular government. Any move on the part of the Kaiser to oust the government would serve as an excuse to prolong the war.

With a heavy heart, the Kaiser decided to abdicate as German Emperor. A regent could conduct the affairs of the empire until the situation was clarified. Never would he abdicate as King of Prussia.

Meanwhile, in Berlin, demonstrations of workers overawed Prince Max. Forbidden to resist the revolutionists, the troops made common cause with them. Max waited for the abdication. Finally, in a panic, he proclaimed the abdication of William II as German Emperor and as King of Prussia. He made a similar statement on behalf of the Crown

Prince. Both statements were false. The determining cause of the action of Prince Max was undoubtedly an official telephone message from army headquarters at 9:15 in the morning of November ninth stating that the army was no longer loyal to the Emperor and could not be used to quell a rebellion at home. From this telephone communication, which he believed to be true, Prince Max drew the not unwarranted conclusion that His Majesty would abdicate as a matter of fact.

Leaderless, headless, Germany entered the Armistice negotiations. The Kaiser was still wrestling with himself. He had not yet signed the decree of his abdication. Suddenly he was stunned by the news of the *coup d'état* of Prince Max of Baden, followed by the proclamation of the German Republic.

Treason!

The Emperor grasped for a telegraph blank to deny the falsehood of his abdication. He was still Emperor and King. However, denials were futile. The revolutionary government controlled the wires. It would not promulgate the denial. Chaos reigned. Mutinies were reported among the troops. Field Marshal von Hindenburg, with General Gröner and other army leaders, asked the Emperor to cross the border.

"I cannot," remarked the venerable field marshal, "assume the responsibility of seeing Your Majesty dragged to Berlin by mutinous troops to be delivered

as prisoner into the hands of the revolutionary government."

I have the assurance from Hindenburg's own mouth that he believed the Kaiser's sojourn in Holland would be only temporary; that within a few weeks he would be recalled to Berlin. The field marshal remembered that, under similar circumstances—in 1848—Emperor William I, then Prince William, had temporarily left German soil until tranquillity was restored. Once, twice, three times in succession, the faithful Hindenburg entreated the Kaiser to depart for Holland. Again and again the Emperor refused.

At ten o'clock at night, Admiral von Hintze appealed once more to the monarch in the name of Field Marshal von Hindenburg to depart for Holland. Rebellious troops were marching on Spa. The Emperor could neither join the army of the Crown Prince at the front, nor, bearding the revolutionary lion in his den, could he return to the capital. Both paths were barred, as the bridges across the Rhine were in the hands of the rebels. Unutterable chaos and ghastly shambles were sure to ensue if the Emperor refused to go. If the Emperor remained he would jeopardize the peace negotiations.

At last William consented. Accompanied by a small retinue, the Emperor arrived at the Dutch border in an automobile.

Checkmate! The monarch was swept from the

board. Fools in Berlin and elsewhere congratulated themselves. Disaster began! Who can win a game of chess or a game of war after he forfeits the King?

The answer to this question is—Versailles. After the departure of the Emperor—the deluge!

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"What should I have done? What could I do?" the Emperor remarked to me at Doorn when we discussed the events of the ninth of November. "All cards were stacked against me. I did not know that the government had secured no guaranties assuring adequate compensation to my unfortunate country, for my sacrifice and for the surrender of a king's ransom in territory.

"I have been taunted with the fact that my great ancestor Frederick carried a bottle of poison with him to take his own life in case of defeat. I am a Christian. I reject the doctrine that man has the right to escape a trial imposed upon him by God through the short alley of suicide. If, in spite of my religious convictions, I had laid hands upon myself, I would have been a deserter indeed, deserting alike my family and my country. For the suicide of the German Emperor would be construed as a plea of guilty. It would have been regarded throughout the world as a confirmation of Germany's guilt.

"Death was the easiest way out. I chose to live. I bear my cross, in the hope of destroying with my pen the cruel fiction that Germany was responsible for the war. I have not employed the years of my

exile unprofitably. Dawn is breaking. The truth is marching on."

"Your enemies say that you should have chosen death in battle?" I remarked.

"That," the Kaiser replied, "would have been merely another way of committing suicide, without accepting responsibility for the deed. Even had I desired to choose this path, you know that even the rear of a modern battle front is riddled for kilometers with shell holes, that it takes miles before anyone can reach the front lines. I might have broken my leg in a shell hole, but I could not possibly have established contact with the enemy.

"Moreover, the Armistice was being negotiated. I might have dragged some troops after me in the silly attempt to fight after fighting was over; perhaps we would have been lucky enough to be killed, but such an act would have been theatrical claptrap. A king has no right to send his men to death to assuage his personal vanity. It would have meant the sacrifice of valuable lives, merely to provide me with a spectacular exit. The attempt would have ended in a preposterous mess, completing the step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

"If you had stayed——"

"If I had stayed, the German people might have been forced to shameful compliance with the Allied demand for my surrender. I am responsible to God; I am responsible to my country; but I am not, and was not, responsible to my country's foes.

"Death is never a thing to be feared. But what of the humiliation imposed upon the Czar and his family, which leave upon the Russian people a stain that time cannot erase?

"To-day I know that the revolution could have been squelched. The majority of the people and of the army were loyal. Some of my advisers were traitors. Others had lost their heads. The *coup d'état* of Prince Max left me no choice. I could not undo the damage without an army; and the army, Hindenburg himself assured me, was a broken reed. It was no longer loyal!

"To stay meant civil war at home and slaughter on every front. To go meant tranquillity in the empire and an honorable peace, based on the Fourteen Points, with our enemies.

"I had to choose between sacrificing myself and sacrificing my country. I sacrificed myself. It is not my fault that the sacrifice was in vain."

Vice Chancellor von Payer, a rabid Democrat, admits in his memoirs that the Kaiser rendered a great service to Germany when he chose exile in Holland. Historians more competent than I will elucidate these facts in the future. I only knew that we had lost our Emperor. A rulerless, a terrible, time was at hand. Every man's hand was raised against every other man. There was no security. There was no order. Every tie was severed. These were black days of ruin. Many lost faith in their country. Many sought other lands. The beast in

man was able to sate itself to its heart's content.

How the Emperor suffered, alone, as the guest of Count Bentinck in Amerongen! Later, as soon as it was possible, Empress Augusta Victoria followed. She was saddened beyond measure by the injury done by her beloved people to the man she loved. It was too much for any heart to bear. It was too much for her.

Many who escaped the bullets of war were killed by the peace, for our compliance with the terms of Mr. Wilson did not terminate the blockade. Hunger was still with us. Inflation was still before us.

The ignominy of the peace, added to our other troubles, weighed heavily on my husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath. Again our pilgrimages to sanitariums began. In vain we traveled to the Black Forest and the mountains. He knew that his case was hopeless. He sought no longer recovery, but only an anodyne for his pain. The last eight months of his life he was chained to the mattress. Racked by coughs, plagued by sleeplessness and a nervous collapse, life became a torture. He died two years after the collapse of the empire, one year and four days before death released Her Majesty Empress Augusta Victoria from similar torture.

When the doctors told me that recovery was out of the question, I devoted myself entirely to him for one year, assisted by his two nurses. The children remained in Saabor under the protecting wings of their grandmother, the Dowager Princess of Schön-

aich-Carolath, and faithful, competent nurses. For a little while, in August, 1919, the children lived at a hotel adjoining the sanitarium, but they were not permitted to approach their father except from afar. For, especially in the final stage of his illness, the danger of carrying the death germs to their little lungs was too ominous not to be heeded. He himself, conscious of their peril, insisted upon the utmost precaution. His extreme kindness and consideration, aided by the marvels of disinfection that modern science contrives, saved me from sharing his fate. My children, thank God, have not inherited the malady of their father. Unknown to them, they were subjected periodically to medical tests to verify their condition. For two years and a half I was a widow—years of anxiety and of labor.

There was much to rebuild. That is a difficult task under normal conditions. It was doubly trying under the circumstances. Everything was in flux. The moral as well as the economic foundations of life were shaken. The old order had fallen. No new order had as yet sprung out of chaos.

My five children had been without my guidance for nearly a year. After such a lapse of time it takes effort and patience to regain complete control. I had to select schools for my boys. I must create an environment most conducive to their physical health and to their mental development. Children must rear their own lives. We can only give them the groundwork upon which they themselves must build.

I had suffered too much from the illness of others not to realize that any structure raised upon inadequate foundations must fall. Cleanliness—or rather hygiene—I fancy comes even before godliness. Physical development, without godliness, without a sense of reverence for spiritual values, is equally futile.

Times in which so many ancient beacons of conduct waver and disappear in the dark enhance the moral responsibility of parenthood. They compel us to steer the little vessels intrusted to us, without guidance—often against the stream. Navigation is simpler when all currents sweep in the same direction.

An age of transition makes it incumbent upon the educator to preserve the values of the past without compromising the future. For no education is adequate that fails to adapt the child to the needs of his own time. We live, after all, not in the past but in the present. Our children are denizens of the future. My boys are still in the period where storm and stress—*Sturm und Drang*—will toss them hither and thither until they discover themselves. They are inexpressibly dear to me. God grant that I may have dealt wisely with them.

The management of Saabor made heavy demands upon me. My problem was to make the estate support itself in a period of economic anarchy. My success, in spite of heavy odds, gave me new confidence in myself. My sense of order, inherited from

my father, enabled me to systematize my affairs. Our foresters and our laborers learned that a woman's hand, however light, need not necessarily lack strength in holding the reins. I taught business men, who counted upon my inexperience in calculations, that arithmetic is sexless. I respected labor according to its merit, but I had no patience with Bolshevist nonsense. The red flag was never hoisted at Saabor.

In the winter of 1921 I visited my two eldest sisters. Emma, Countess Künigle, lives harmoniously with her husband and her three children in a beautiful castle commanding the Puster Valley in Tyrol. My sister Marie, Baroness of Guignoni, owns a delightful château overlooking the mountains, not far from Klagenfurt in Austria. She, too, is happy with her husband.

My brother's condition remained unchanged. He was still a human automaton, unable to move or act by his own volition. My sister Caroline, being dead, was at least not unhappy. My youngest sister, Ida, married in 1911 Prince Christoph Stolberg-Rossla. Like all my sisters, she has managed to adjust herself to the new era. Her castle, to which I have already referred, lies at the foot of the Kyffhäuser Mountain, where, according to legend, the Emperor Barbarossa waits to restore the splendor of the realm.

When Ida accepted the prince, I asked myself, "Will she be happy?" For, being the youngest, she had been spoiled by us all. We sisters and the ladies

of the court were at her beck and call at the slightest pout. Such excessive care is rarely conducive to ultimate happiness. Fortunately, the sweetness of my sister's temperament overcame the faults of her education. She, too, found happiness.

Marriage, in any case, is a hazardous game. I often marvel at the slipshod ease with which men and women tie the knot that is to unite them forever. However, even with the utmost caution, the element of chance cannot be eliminated. I, thank God, was lucky in my first and in my second marriage.

CHAPTER VIII

GERMANY IN THE BREAD LINE

NEVER, not even in the dark days of the Middle Ages, when the powers of the German emperors had declined to a shadow, were conditions in Germany more depressing than in the years immediately following the revolution.

There was no ray of light, not a silver lining appeared in the clouds. In vain we hoped for a hero with a tall hat or with spurs to rise in response to the extremities of our need. No silk-hatted statesman and no man on horseback appeared. Barbarossa still slept in his Kyffhäuser Mountain. William II was barred from Germany not merely by the decree of the Allies but by the division existing among the people themselves.

Barbarossa, the legend tells us, will sleep while the ravens circle over the mountain wherein he slumbers. William II will not return, except in response to the demand of his people.

How often our unhappy country is torn by internal dissensions! German history is largely the story of German quarrels. There is one anecdote bearing

upon this point which the Kaiser loves to impress upon his hearers.

"Once upon a time," he remarks quizzically, "the Romans and the Germans were at war. The Roman commander, discouraged by the ferocious assaults of the blond Barbarians, had asked for an audience with the imperator to discuss ways and means of retreat. Suddenly there rose a terrific din from the German lines.

" 'We are lost, oh, imperator!' the leader of the centurions exclaimed. 'The dreadful din indicates an overwhelming number of the enemy and the furor of their attack.'

" 'On the contrary,' Cæsar replied, a smile spreading slowly over his pallid features, 'the clamor means we have won. The Germans are quarreling among themselves.' "

What was true in the Roman days is still true to-day. The Germans are always divided by internal dissensions. Internal dissensions prevented Germany from exerting the last saving ounce of pressure in the World War.

Leaderless and divided into hostile camps, Germany, after the war, was headed straight for disaster. There is no page in her history more glorious than the sturdiness with which she succeeded in extricating herself from uttermost perdition. Even partial recovery, under such conditions, savors of the supernatural.

Many who did not sympathize with the new era

gritted their teeth and imperiled their lives to restore order. For whatever happens to the individual, the country must live. How many brave soldiers and officers, how many Germans in every walk of life, offered their services to the republic without abandoning their inmost convictions!

Others, unable to conceal their discontent with the new order, sought new homes under alien stars. More precious human material was thus lost to the Fatherland, already bled white by a disastrous war and a disastrous peace. In spite of all, Germany today is industrious and at heart wholesome. Such a nation cannot go under.

Young Germany was forced to adapt itself to novel conditions. The boys who came back from the front had forfeited a large share of their education. In many cases the loss was irretrievable. Some had the courage to return to the schoolroom, after gazing for so long into the ghastly countenance of Death. They absorbed new knowledge and the new ideal on the same benches with younger comrades to whom war was a myth.

The estrangement of large slices of German territory by the Peace Treaty limits their possibilities of employment. The battle for existence, hard at all times, is even more strenuous in Germany. Big business is compelled to curtail its employees. We have no colonies where young men, eager to wrest new wealth from tropic soil for the Fatherland, can prove their mettle. The army, which offered so many op-

portunities, upon which so many businesses thrived, is disbanded.

The harshness of the times breeds a new type of German. Youth has more freedom, more pleasure perhaps. Many prefer not to turn their eyes backward. They would not, perhaps, if they could, reverse the wheel of time. However, they pay for their new privileges a heavy toll in suffering and in toil.

Woman, too, has lost many of her ancient shackles. The postwar period gave her the vote. With the new rights came new responsibilities. German women, with splendid courage, took up the new tasks. Our women have demonstrated the ability of our sex to cope with men in politics, in sociology and in science.

My childhood was dominated by the incurable malady of my brother, which deprived him of the power of volition and motion. My youth was darkened by the death of my sister Caroline, Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. My young womanhood was overcast by the war and by the illness of my husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath. Almost throughout my marriage I was fettered to his bedside. My chains were pleasant, because they were wrought by the hands of love; nevertheless, they restricted my development and my freedom. My five children and the Saabor estate were a responsibility. I was handicapped by postwar conditions. The inflation, which destroyed perhaps more wealth than the war,

made heavy inroads upon my exchequer. But, at least, I was my own master. I was able to indulge freely in my passion for travel. I traveled, visited towns, exhibitions, theaters, concerts. I renewed my acquaintance with artists and poets. My new freedom enabled me to complete my education and to permit free play to my own personality. I was strongly determined never to marry again, never to surrender the precious right to be the master of my soul. Love hears such vows and laughs!

However, for two and one half years I was secure in my independence. When finally I married again I had gained enough strength to preserve my individuality.

I have traversed every part of Germany. My voyages of discovery began when I was a girl. I know Germany's picturesque towns; I know the castles that live in legend, the museums that store the treasures of the past. After I was sixteen I traveled without a guide, accompanied only by my old chief lady in waiting, Frau von Dithfurth. Occasionally my companion was Miss von Wolf, who helped me to perfect my knowledge of foreign tongues.

Klinger's Beethoven in the museum at Leipsic, a statue which, for some reason or other, never appealed to the Kaiser, inspired me with admiration and awe. Unwilling to monopolize such delights, I initiated my children into the mystery of Klinger's art. I sought out the art treasures of Dresden. Alone, I sallied forth into the almost unknown

ancient quarters of that picturesque town. I remember especially the refectory in the Church of St. Thomas.

My thirst for art embraced every human activity from copper prints to cathedrals. I spent glorious days in the museums and castles of Berlin and of Potsdam, hallowed by memories of Frederick the Great.

Berchtesgaden in the Bavarian Alps is the land I love best after my own little Greiz, nestling among the Thuringian Mountains, where my father ruled and where I was born. I spend a few weeks every summer in Berchtesgaden, the most lovely spot in Bavaria. It is a spot loved by the Wittelsbachs, the royal house of Bavaria. Berchtesgaden, with the blue glory of its lake, weaves a spell that few can resist.

I love Baden with its Black Forest. And I love Sigmaringen, the ancestral home of the Hohenzollern family, in the beautiful valley of the Danube. Prince of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen, a cousin of the Kaiser, and his amiable consort were delightful hosts. The artistic and historical traditions of his household, combined with the worldly wisdom and farsighted vision of the prince, are a precious memory in the treasure house of my mind.

I haunted the art museums of the ancient Hansa towns, the free cities of Hamburg, Bremen and Lübeck, which had retained their privileges and their republican government even under the empire.

I saw Nuremberg, Munich and Nördlingen, one of the most beautiful of our ancient towns. The pointed gables of Breslau, with its cathedral, its university and its city hall, remind us how close we are still to the Middle Ages.

I gloried in the magnificence of Danzig, that citadel of Germanism for a thousand years—Danzig, that remains German in spite of Versailles. I visited the Marienburg preserved in its architectural beauty by the Kaiser, and saved from the Poles by my ancestor, Henry of Plauen, grand master of the Knights of the Temple. The Cologne Cathedral, the many churches which the Rhine wears like jewels, are beads in the rosary of my recollection.

In Posen I saw the romantic palace built by the Kaiser. As I gazed through its high windows and walked through its marble halls, I felt again the thrill of my old infatuation. It seemed as if the beauty of the structure somehow conveyed a spirit message from its builder to me.

The memory of the beautiful things I have seen sustains my courage and stimulates my imagination in the long winters at Doorn.

Twice, in 1906 and in 1908, I worshiped at Wagner's shrine in Bayreuth. My hospitable reception in Villa Wahnfried, where Wagner's widow lives with her gifted son, and three clever and charming daughters, established many delightful contacts with peers in the realm of opera and of the arts. What jolly suppers we had with Frau Cosima! And, oh,

the unforgettable hours when all the world was drowned in music! On the occasion of my second visit, I did not meet Frau Cosima, but Siegfried Wagner and his sisters did the honors in exemplary fashion. I did not revisit Bayreuth after the war.

My interest in the past makes it a delight to meet our famous historians and scholars. I shall not recite names which, however significant to us, mean comparatively little to the American reader. I will only mention that intrepid explorer, Frobenius, who frequently visits us at Doorn, and whose views on race questions are strikingly vindicated by his archæological discoveries in Africa; and Oswald Spengler, whose "Decline of Western Civilization" has revolutionized German thought.

The Kaiser agrees in the main with Spengler, whose book is now available in an English translation. However, the Kaiser excepts the German people from the general doom predicted by Spengler, because he regards the Germans as an Eastern nation. This view is predicated largely upon the studies of his friend Frobenius.

"Germany," the Kaiser insists, "is the face of the East turned toward the West."

Among the painters, too, I have many friends. Wilhelm Beckmann visits me every year. Alfred Schwarz and Rabes and the old Austrian painter Pirsch have painted many striking pictures both of the Kaiser and of myself. But no purpose is served by littering this page with names of artists, unknown

in America, without minute descriptions of their work and adequate reproductions. The fountain pen cannot compete with the brush.

I will only cite here the name of Rolf Schott, the author of my favorite book, "A Trip to Italy," illustrated with many sketches and pictures which recall to my mind the glories of my Italian winters.

My travels taught me to apply new standards in my judgment of people. When I first exchanged my home in Thuringia for Silesia, I was stunned by the contrast. The comparatively small geographical compass of Germany furnishes astonishing variations of type. Environment and climate predetermine our disposition to a surprising degree. The amount of sunshine, the contents of the air, an indefinable something arising from the soil, mysteriously influence the character of the population. These influences make us gay, kindly and enterprising, or suspicious, distrustful and sullen. They lend wings to our thoughts, or they make us lazily charming, without depth.

The Emperor agrees with me. In his opinion, not only the character of individuals but the history of a race, in fact, civilization itself, is largely a result of its climate. One type of civilization flourishes in the heights, another in the valleys. Even the social question is governed to large extent by climate and habitation. Mussolini, I hear, takes the people from the slums and forces them into the sunshine, under

the slogan of "Lungs for Italy." Sunshine is the best antidote against Bolshevism.

A similar movement to give lungs to Germany would aid immeasurably in solving our social problem. But the cruel mutilation of Germany and the seizure of our colonies, coupled with insupportable reparations, condemn the German masses to many years of servitude in ill-lighted tenements.

The climate at Doorn, which contributed to the illness of Empress Augusta Victoria, sometimes depresses me in spite of the exuberance of my vitality. I conquer my melancholy moods, induced by fogs and rain, aided by my memories and by the radiant personality of the Emperor.

If, in spite of all, my depression increases and my old malady—a reminder of the *Ersatz* food of war days—plagues me, the German border is always open to me. It is closed to my unfortunate husband, the Kaiser. It seems strange, indeed, that the right to sojourn in Germany should be denied to the man who ruled the country for thirty years!

CHAPTER IX

ALL GERMANY MOURNS

POSTWAR Germany deliberately ignored the exile in Doorn. We who loved the Emperor were completely paralyzed by the blow that had turned our world topsy-turvy. Mindful of the example of Russia, we feared that Germany would pass through the last inferno of Bolshevism before achieving economic or political stabilization. With the ghastly fate of the Romanoffs still vivid in our memory, we were glad to see the Emperor and his consort, Empress Augusta Victoria, safely installed at Amerongen, in Count Bentinck's picturesque castle overlooking the Rhine. The ancient double moat of the castle, antiquated for purpose of defense, still barred unwelcome intruders. Our good wishes followed the Emperor when, unwilling to trespass indefinitely upon the hospitality of Count Bentinck, he purchased House Doorn, a few miles from Amerongen.

Holland, we were convinced, would never surrender the Kaiser to his enemies. We know to-day that Lloyd George would have been dreadfully embarrassed if he had been compelled to conduct a

trial to hang the Kaiser. Although the skeletons of the secret treaties and prewar agreements of the entente had not yet walked out of their closets, no case against the Kaiser could have been conducted without rattling their bones.

An American journalist, desiring a "scoop" for his paper and many well-intentioned people in different countries, made strenuous efforts to obtain the consent of His Majesty the Emperor to accept the challenge of Lloyd George and submit to trial at the hands of the Allies.

The Emperor justly felt that no court of his foes was competent to try him. To accept trial under such circumstances would have been an offense against the dignity and the sovereignty of his people.

"I cannot conceive," he recently remarked to an American visitor, "that any American President would permit any court composed of the enemies of his country to pass upon his official acts. If the shoe had been on the other foot would the American people have allowed their President to accept trial at the hands of a court conducted in Berlin, under the auspices of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria? If I am not mistaken, America rejects even the competence of the World Court, established under the auspices of Woodrow Wilson's own League of Nations, in any matter affecting her sovereignty."

I often thought of Emperor William in the black

days that followed the revolution, but I did not write to him. I had no message of cheer. To condole with him would have seemed at best an impertinence. We all dwelt in a fog of uncertainty. Life was a nightmare. Sometimes, when I saw the grotesque antics of our new rulers, I pinched myself to see if I were awake.

"Surely," I asked myself, "I shall wake up from this dream?"

Holland and the Emperor seemed far away, almost as far as Barbarossa in his mythical cavern. Then something happened that completely altered the situation. On April 11, 1921, all Germany was shaken by the news that Her Imperial Majesty, the Empress Augusta Victoria, had passed away at House Doorn. The death of the Empress pierced the cloak of inertia that concealed our wounds. The tragedy of the Kaiser became once more our tragedy.

The disaster of his fall and betrayal was too great to be grasped by lesser men; it still left him an exalted figure towering on Olympian heights. The death of his wife made him one of us, sharing with us the afflictions of all mankind. He was no longer merely the monarch deprived of his throne but a man, gray-haired and lonesome, bereft by a cruel and incomprehensible fate, of the most faithful, the most beloved of wives. The people had been poisoned against the Emperor, but they revered the Empress almost as a national saint. Sympathy now

turned to her bereaved husband. Sorrow and sympathy, rising like a tidal wave, swept the country from border to border. On the crest of this tide William II could have ridden back to power.

Even Lloyd George calls the Emperor a gentleman. To my mind, he is the first gentleman of Europe. "Feeling that my people have wronged me, I would not," he remarked to me, "return to the throne unless my people asked for me."

The Dutch climate, the uncouth campaign of Lloyd George to hang the Kaiser, the shock of the revolution, solicitude for her children, pitilessly combined to assail the ailing heart of Empress Augusta Victoria. Possibly a visit to Nauheim would have saved her life. Such relief was denied her. A proud woman, as well as a loving wife, she suffered intensely under the humiliations to which her husband had been subjected. The Emperor manifested the tenderness of his affection for Augusta Victoria in every possible manner. Her children adored her. Her ladies in waiting would have gone through hell-fire for her. She was surrounded by love.

Toward the end of her life Empress Augusta Victoria was confined to a wheel chair. She accompanied the Kaiser on his walks through the park of House Doorn, whenever possible, in her chair. I wonder if she expected to see the roses in the rose garden named in her honor bear blossom once more. If so, her hope was vain. Although she realized

the imminence of her death, she did not speak of it to the Kaiser, fearful of increasing his melancholy. But with her ladies in waiting she often discussed the future. She was especially frank with her mistress of the robes, Countess Brockdorff. She never gave a thought to herself. The only thing that pinioned her brave soul to her frail body was love—love for her children and for her husband. The fate of the Kaiser and of her eldest son worried her most of all.

The children were mature and married. They had households of their own. Confronted with economic difficulties, harassed by many annoyances, they at least breathed the air of their own country. The Crown Prince alone, like his father, was living in exile. He vegetated in Wieringen, in a wretched little hut, but his wife Cecilie was waiting for him at home. The Kaiser had no one to whom he could turn after the death of the Empress. The Kaiser, she knew, needed some one to mother him. All men after all, are children to their wives. The strongest man, in certain moods, is only an overgrown boy. Emperors are no exception.

Augusta Victoria was the incarnation of motherhood. Proudly as she had worn the crown, she missed the pomp of the empire less than the privilege of being a mother to all her people. This sublimation of motherhood, stronger than the jealousy sprouting in every feminine heart, prompted her to urge the Kaiser's remarriage. Without bitterness

she envisaged another woman at the side of her husband. Greater love hath no woman. Few daughters of Eve can rise to such heights of posthumous unselfishness.

It was in 1918, a few months before the fall of the empire, when her heart trouble became acute, that the Empress confided to Countess Brockdorff her wish for the Kaiser to marry as soon as possible after her death. "He must not be alone," she said to the countess.

This conversation took place at Wilhelmshöhe, the castle at Cassel in Hesse, where the Kaiser had gone to school as a boy. Wilhelmshöhe, by the way, is known to history as the residence designated by the Germans for Napoleon III after his surrender.

Countess Brockdorff reported the last wish of Augusta Victoria to the Kaiser after our engagement. At that time indignation in Germany was running high. Empress Augusta Victoria, it seems, reiterated the suggestion in several conversations.

"I am very sick," the Empress said. "I fear I may not be permitted to remain at the side of the Kaiser much longer. The thought of leaving him alone tortures me. It is dreadful. Will you, my dearest friend, see to it that he marries again soon after I close my eyes?"

The dead Empress could not forsee the objurgations heaped upon the poor Emperor when he carried out her injunction. Having robbed the Kaiser of everything, the world nevertheless assumed to tell

him that he must carry his cross alone. It is convenient to be heroic at the expense of others. The very men who never raised a hand to defend their Emperor clamored for the opportunity to sun themselves in his martyrdom. Comfortably installed in their pleasant houses, the suffering of their imperial master supplied them vicarious thrills and provided sentimental slogans for local elections.

Anyone who knows the Emperor and his reverence for Augusta Victoria knows that his second marriage in no way violates her memory or his love.

I met Empress Augusta Victoria only a few times in my life. I was not an intimate of this remarkable woman, but certain ties of sympathy existed between us, which were accentuated by those letters which I had read to my good foster mother, the Grand Duchess Louise.

It is difficult to summarize in a few words the extraordinary affection which Empress Augusta Victoria inspired in those who knew her, and even in those who, like myself, did not belong to her more intimate circle. The intensity of her maternal devotion, extending from her children to all her subjects, made her an ideal monarch. Love and solicitude for others glorified her daily toil. Few women in lesser walks of life have a more crowded day.

The duties of a monarch are lightened considerably if his consort assumes some of his social responsibilities. In this respect the late Empress Augusta Victoria was an ideal mate. She accompanied the

Emperor on all journeys of state, enlisting at times the aid of her daughter-in-law. The Empress inspected charitable institutions, children's homes, hospitals, and the like, personally, in spite of her precarious health. She did not relegate these visits as disagreeable duties to the foot of her program. Literally a mother to her people, her attitude toward the state was that of a conscientious and competent housewife. Glowing faces greeted the Empress wherever she appeared. That was the reward she most treasured.

Her life at the side of the Emperor, in spite of its tragic climax, was happy, because no woman can be unhappy with the man she loves if, as in this case, he reciprocates her affections. The Kaiser not only loved but revered his faithful spouse. Her family life, her relations with her husband and with her children, set an example much needed in these days when ancient ethical concepts are constantly subjected to new evaluations—an age when, in the phrase of the Greek philosopher, "everything flows."

Empress Augusta Victoria was exceedingly fortunate in the choice of her immediate circle. Three ladies, Countess Brockdorff, the mistress of the robes, Countess Keller and Fräulein von Gersdorff, were her inseparable companions from the day of her marriage to the day of her death. These ladies aided the Empress effectively in her duties. Her private councilor, Von Knesebeck, a highly cul-

tured and far-sighted nobleman who had served the Empress Augusta, wife of Emperor William I, in a similar capacity, was a competent and congenial collaborator. Without such aids the business of governing would be too strenuous for human endurance.

The late Empress, like the Emperor, was deeply religious. Religion with her was not a conventional garment for Sunday wear. It inspired every hour, it colored every thought of her life. She coöperated enthusiastically with leading church workers. Practical rather than theoretical, her activities were always creative and constructive. She lent her support to the building of houses of worship. She was equally interested in homes for infants, in hospitals and in places of refuge for aged men and women left destitute on the shores of life.

The word of the Empress carried far. Augusta Victoria's imperial authority backed every movement for improving the sanitary conditions of the people; she was especially interested in the campaign to combat man's deadliest enemy—tuberculosis. Her participation in the battle waged by science against this disease was one reason for the keen interest of the Empress in the health of my late husband Prince Schönaich-Carolath. When she was unable to attend conferences and discussions on important questions of social welfare, Her Majesty intrusted her faithful ladies with the task of representing their mistress.

The acid test of war revealed in Augusta Victoria hidden sources of strength and endurance that astonished us all. When the gigantic conflict of 1914 embattled Germany's host, Augusta Victoria redoubled all her activities. The war transfigured and transformed her. She was no longer merely an Empress. She became a radiant emblem of German womanhood. Most royal women consider it at once a privilege and an obligation to visit the sick. But I know of no woman, commoner or queen, who spent her own vitality with the abandon of Empress Augusta Victoria. Almost at the point of collapse herself, she acted the good Samaritan in a thousand clinics. She was no automaton. Every visit took something out of her. At every cot she left something of herself. The kindness of Augusta Victoria was never mechanical. Her smile lacked the stereotyped quality which robs graciousness of its blessing.

There was one private whose face had been half torn away by a shell. The doctors despaired of saving his life. Every known stimulant had failed until the Empress entered the ward. The physician told her of the condition of the patient. Though other duties, including an important court function, were calling her to the palace, she sat at his bed for half an hour. That half hour with his Empress probably saved his life. It brought back his failing spirit almost from beyond the grave. The man lives to-day, his face restored by plastic surgery. He did

not know that after she left his bedside the Empress had a fainting spell, during which her heart almost ceased to beat. Yet immediately afterward powerful heart stimulants enabled Augusta Victoria to preside over a formal reception at the side of her imperial husband.

The Empress had certain funds for charitable purposes. These funds were always overdrawn. How often Augusta Victoria made up the deficit from her own allowance! She practiced incredible economies, especially during the war, in order to aid the needy. Love for her is deeply anchored in the soul of her people. Her memory will dwell in their hearts and in their legends side by side with the glorious image of Queen Louise.

Weary unto death, she spurred her failing heart. By every possible device she concealed her fatigue and the initial stages of her malady from others, especially from her husband the Emperor. In peace and in war, she faithfully and cheerfully bore every task imposed upon her by her position and by her love for her people. The reward for all her labor was the unspeakable disappointment of seeing the red flag rise over the palace in Berlin while the Emperor was with his troops at the front.

Compelled to witness the violation of her privacy, the loot and plunder of her intimate possessions, the desecration of all she held dear, Empress Augusta Victoria bore herself with a dignity that impressed even revolutionary Berlin. She re-

mained an Empress to the last. Proudly she followed her husband into his banishment. No tears betrayed her sorrow to smirking and gaping crowds. Imprisoning her grief in her bosom, she crossed the border to join the Emperor. How her heart must have suffered and fluttered! Any heart would break under such punishment. Sheer will power impelled her spirit to remain in its fragile dwelling. She held death at bay because the Emperor needed her.

To the Emperor, throughout his stormy and ungrateful reign, Augusta Victoria was a solace and an inspiration. The flame of her love imparted warmth to the cold splendor of the imperial court. With womanly intuition she always found the right word to set the Emperor's mind and his heart at rest. Notwithstanding the heavy demands made upon her by her position and by her husband, the Empress never neglected her children. No bourgeois mother could supervise with greater exactness every detail of their lives from their baths to their lessons. How she worried over their small derelictions!

My personal encounters with the Empress Augusta Victoria were four. Whenever I was privileged to meet her I was deeply impressed by her personality and by her incomparable kindness of heart. I have already described my first meeting with Her Majesty on January 8, 1908, shortly before the severe attack of my husband, Prince Schon-

aich-Carolath. The occasion was a luncheon at the imperial palace. I remember how warmly the Empress inquired after the health of my eldest son. Hans George was rounding out the sixth week of his existence. Her simple words built a bridge between her and me. They conveyed to me something of the love of the Empress for her own children. Every afternoon she managed to wring from fate a few hours, which she devoted exclusively to her children and grandchildren.

Busier than the busiest club woman, loaded with unescapable duties of representation, not to speak of her church work and her charities, she refused to surrender those precious hours. She maintained the daily intercourse with her children at the expense of her fast-ebbing strength. Even for an empress, the day, unfortunately, has only twenty-four hours. At once an empress and a mother, a wife and a social worker, Augusta Victoria was compelled to crowd two days into one.

After my first visit to the Empress, my husband, Prince Schönaich-Carolath, hovered for years between life and death. On many occasions Her Majesty asked for a report on his health. Repeatedly she commissioned her ladies to convey to me a word of encouragement. A few years later, when the condition of the prince enabled me to participate again, to a limited extent, in the social life of the court, the Empress asked me to tea in her delightful salon. This was our second meeting. How

can I describe this salon? I can characterize it only by a word for which there is no English equivalent —*gemütlich*. The atmosphere was jolly; it was congenial; it lacked the stiffness and formality associated with an imperial court. It was an intimate private sitting room, alive with personal reminiscences. Family pictures predominated. Her Majesty's children at various ages seemed to leap from the walls. There were realistic photographic reproductions of her many homes.

The average housewife is kept busy by one home. An Empress must play the *Hausfrau* in a dozen castles. To every dwelling she must give something of the atmosphere of a home. That is a career in itself. No woman, empress or peasant, if she wants to create a home atmosphere for her husband and for her children, can rely on her servants.

I met the Empress for the third time at a formal court ball—my only one. The illness of my husband, coupled with the war and the revolution, robbed me of the gay life in the capital that would have been mine under ordinary conditions. Having missed so much fun as a girl, I want my children to enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. The palace was flooded with lights. The most dashing cavaliers of the capital and its prettiest women made their bows before both Their Majesties in the stately fashion prescribed by court etiquette.

Princess Victoria Louise, the only daughter of the imperial couple, was at her best. The apple of her

father's eye was this princess. I betray no secret if I reveal that for many years, until the princess was quite grown up, the Emperor excused himself from affairs of state and weighty conferences with august visitors to hold the hand of his daughter before she would consent to go to sleep! I danced deliriously that night. Something seemed to tell me to pluck the hour—*carpe diem*. That was 1912—two years before Death, the Grim Fiddler, beckoned all Europe to partake in his ghastly dance.

My last meeting with Augusta Victoria was one year later during the imperial maneuvers at Breslau in 1913. The occasion was a dinner given by the notables of the province of Silesia to Their Majesties, followed by a grand reception in the palace at Breslau. Here I renewed my acquaintance with the Crown Princess Cecilie, now my daughter-in-law. We had not met since we had played together as children in a small summer resort on the coast of the Baltic Sea.

. . . . . .

I have already referred to this as the last maneuver under the Emperor. Shortly afterward stark realities took the place of war games. It was also my last meeting with the Kaiser until after the war. I did not meet William II again under the German flag. Our next meeting, so memorable in its consequences for both of us, took place on Dutch soil in Doorn. The Emperor's mustache was turning gray. Nevertheless, he looked as young as ever. He re-

mained the young Emperor to the world until the war. The Empress looked well preserved in spite of her ailment. Only intimates knew the agonies of self-control which enabled her to play the gracious hostess to so large a circle. Her placid smile, her benign countenance, betrayed to no one the strain under which her heart was laboring even in those days. In spite of her suffering, she had a kind word for all.

The idea of holding grand maneuvers in the provinces was based on an old Prussian tradition, sedulously fostered by the Emperor, to establish the closest possible contact between monarch and people. These visits enabled the heads of the local governments and many inhabitants of the provinces to meet the sovereign and to place their wishes before him. It was an attempt to diminish the distance between Berlin and the hinterland. Theoretically, at least, it afforded an opportunity to gain the ear of the Kaiser. Unfortunately these plans, however well laid, went sometimes awry, leaving heartbreak and dissatisfaction in their trail. Though the Kaiser was not to blame for such failures they nevertheless accumulated resentments against him. Intrigue, accident or the awkwardness of others often thwarted his best intentions.

It is curious how difficult it seems to be for many people to converse with royalty. Etiquette paralyzes their efforts. Some people fawn upon royalty. They are what we call in German *hermelins-*

toll. They have a craze for the ermine. They suffer from ermine mania. Such people force their attentions upon royalty at all times. Their apparent modesty conceals an enormous conceit. They desire constantly to bask in the reflected glory of the throne.

Others, often men of eminence and distinction, withdraw from the presence of princes sullenly. Fear of compromising their self-respect incapacitates them from adopting an easy conversational tone. Their inferiority complex makes them churlish. They become boors or bores.

Still others fail to observe the proprieties. If the monarch meets them graciously and informally, they immediately reveal their bad manners and overstep the boundaries of good taste. The prince may not care personally; nevertheless, he is compelled in justice to his position to insist upon a certain distance. He can no more afford to make himself common than the judge or the priest.

Occasionally modest folk are hampered in their intercourse with royalty because they are ignorant of etiquette. Unfortunately books of etiquette do not contain reliable precepts concerning intercourse with princes. Ignorance, however, is never offensive if it is coupled with native politeness, a quality we Germans call *Herzenstakt*—tact of the heart.

Apparently it is painful for many good people to comply with the conventions with which custom environs thrones—conventions evolved by the cen-

turies and by the wisdom of ages, differing in no respect from the reverence which men show to the clergyman or to the judge. The titles, the ceremonial, surrounding a ruling prince are not a tribute to him, but to the authority of the state.

No gentleman fails to remove his hat in a drawing room or in a church. He would not refuse to address a judge as "Your Honor" or to rise when the judge enters the court room. Why is it more difficult, then, to address a King as "Your Majesty" and to comply with the few rules established by custom to regulate intercourse with crowned heads?

There seems to be something about royalty that makes it difficult to behave in its presence like a human being. Yet how royalty craves for the human touch! It is possible to combine simplicity with decorum. Unfortunately the combination is rare. This explains some of the psychological difficulties which raise almost insurmountable obstacles between a prince and his people. The situation is complicated at times by deliberate intrigue and plotting on the part of courtiers desiring to monopolize the ruler's favors and his attention. Thus a double wall often interposes itself between the most well-meaning ruler and his subjects. If, in addition to that, the ruler himself is shy, and hides his bashfulness behind court ceremonial, another barrier is reared.

Monarchs who try to surmount these barriers are apt to suffer for their impetuosity. They may lose

their crowns or their heads. They are sure to lose their faith in human nature. Informality in a king is often resented. The people expect him to wear his crown all day and to take it to bed with him at night. Yet crowns are, after all, only symbols. They are not usually worn except on special occasions. Although William II ruled the German Empire for thirty years, he was never officially coronated.

. . . . . .

The death of the Empress in exile was like a personal blow to me. I have seen enough of death to recognize its inevitability. But the circumstances under which Augusta Victoria died invested her death with the starkness of tragedy. The state of Germany was so dismal that death may have brought to her heart a not unwelcome relief. But how solitary the figure of the Emperor now seemed, alone in a foreign land! All my old affection for him welled up in me. I wept for him and for my country. I could visualize the deathbed of the Empress. I could picture the tall gray figure of the Emperor, standing with bowed head as the coffin bearing the one human being whose faith was beyond all doubt was carried mournfully down the stairs of House Doorn. I beheld the Crown Prince, who had arrived from his desolate island home in the little village of Wieringen, walking with his father behind the funeral cortège.

The Emperor and his son were not permitted to

accompany the mortal remains of Augusta Victoria. Even to follow her coffin to the border was a privilege denied to father and son. Men like William II rarely cry. On this occasion the Emperor surrendered to his grief. Would, I asked myself, the Kaiser insist on accompanying his beloved mate to her last resting place amid the trees of Potsdam, where the spirit of Frederick the Great still seems to move the leaves? Would he fling down the gauntlet to the German Republic and to the Allies? Would anyone dare to prevent the Emperor or the Crown Prince from paying death's last sad rite to Augusta Victoria?

What would have happened if the Emperor had followed the coffin of the Empress across the border? Would an assassin's bullet have stopped him? Would the government have dared to desecrate the funeral of the Empress? The Republican government trembled at the possibility of a *coup d'état.* The Emperor's return under such conditions would have created new complications with the Allies, increasing the burdens which were grinding the Fatherland in the dust. Solicitous to spare his country further afflictions, the Emperor restrained the deepest, the most natural impulse of his heart and forfeited the opportunity to return to Berlin.

Bent, gray, alone, he went back to the forlorn house that had harbored the one being he loved most in the world. The farewell to Augusta Victoria added years to his age.

Meanwhile the melancholy train sped toward its destination, loaded with flowers. There were wreaths at every station, and faces bedewed with tears—tributes of the German people to their dead Empress. Many a fist was clenched at the thought that the poor Empress must make her last trip alone, unaccompanied by her husband and by her eldest son.

The other children met the train carrying their mother's body. They were not alone in their grief. The revolution was obliterated. All Germany mourned with them. A common sorrow united the imperial family and the people. The funeral of Augusta Victoria was a testimonial to the love which, in spite of the revolution, still dwelt in German hearts. Once more, if only for a day, the glory of the empire was restored. Imperial uniforms and imperial colors reappeared on the streets to salute a great woman and a great Empress. The demonstration was all the more moving because it was silent. No bell tolled, no chime was sounded at the funeral. The government, fearing a popular outburst, had silenced all bells. Unknelled, though not unhonored and unsung, the dead Empress passed.

Every year, on the anniversary of her death, the sarcophagus of the Empress is buried under an avalanche of flowers and wreaths from every part of the country. One of these wreaths is a tribute from the Emperor, one is a tribute from me. Every

year I hurry back to Doorn, wherever I may be, to be with the Emperor on this tragic day.

When I became the betrothed of the Kaiser he honored me with the photograph of the late Empress that always stands on my desk. In simple affectionate words he told me of the beautiful relationship which had made his marriage a consecration. The Kaiser's confession to me in the sacred hour of our engagement confirmed the impression I had gained from the intimate letters of the Empress to my maternal friend, the Kaiser's aunt, Grand Duchess Louise of Baden. William and Augusta Victoria had worshiped each other.

The room of the departed Empress remains as it was when she died. Not a picture is changed, not a chair is moved. It is the largest and sunniest room in House Doorn. Like the rose garden, named in her honor, it remains dedicated to the memory of Augusta Victoria. Fresh flowers, constantly renewed, bear witness to the Emperor's undying love for Augusta Victoria. At least once every week the Emperor visits the room where her faithful heart ceased to beat, reverently and alone, to commune with his memories. I conduct the most faithful among those who make a pilgrimage to House Doorn, no less reverently than the Emperor himself, to the shrine of the martyred Empress. Deprived of her crown, Augusta Victoria still wears a halo. No one can enter the room that has seen so much sorrow and suffering without being visibly moved.

It was shortly before Easter, 1922. A year had passed since the German people had accorded to their dead Empress greater honors than they had paid to her living. Every day brought a new catastrophe. If nothing else happened, the mark took a tumble, although we had not yet reached the point where the value of German paper currency could be expressed only in figures suggesting the distance from the planet Mars to the moon. I was seated in my study at Saabor Castle, going over my accounts. This may seem an unfitting occupation to those who expect princesses to spend the day trying on coronets before a gilded mirror when they are not occupied in the experiment of testing through how many thicknesses of blankets and mattresses they can feel the presence of a pea.

There were many princesses in those days who had neither mattress nor pillow to lay their head. There were many princes who kept no accounts because there were no accounts to keep. Prince Eitel Friedrich, one of the Kaiser's sons, though living in a pleasant villa in Potsdam, could hardly scrape enough together to pay for one maid of all work. Prince Oscar, another son of the Kaiser, living in a villa, even more stately, could not buy enough fuel to keep the house warm for his ailing wife and his small children. Prince August William took to painting under the guidance of Arthur Kampf, president of the Academy of Arts in Berlin. With great energy and no little skill he paints still life,

flowers and landscapes. The financial reward of his art enables him to indulge now and then in some little extra pleasure.

Trained only for the army, it was even more difficult for members of royal families than for their colleagues of less exalted rank to carve out a new career for themselves. They could hardly start as clerks in some commercial establishment. No one —except the newly rich, desiring to exploit the connection—wants a clerk or an apprentice who is a Royal Highness! Yet to surrender their title would have been a confession that they had abandoned all hope for the restoration of monarchy. It would have implied treason to their families and to their past. Moreover, even had they been willing to forgo their claims, their incognito would not have been respected.

Although the government had seized the Kaiser's personal fortune, his legal representative succeeded in obtaining for his master a substantial payment on account against future settlements, amounting to several million marks. The mark, sick at that time, was still a respectable currency. The Kaiser left the bulk of the money in marks to affirm his faith in his country. Havenstein, President of the Reichsbank, approved of this policy as sound patriotism and sound business. However, when the Saint Vitus' dance of the mark had ended, the entire amount hardly sufficed to pay for a postage stamp!

CHAPTER X

AN INVITATION FROM HOUSE DOORN

MANY formerly reigning families felt, and still feel, the pinch of want. My fortune, too, was shrinking daily; but Saabor, with its acres of land and its forests, represented real values that defy deflation. Nevertheless, I could not make ends meet without close figuring.

"Mamma."

"Please don't disturb me. I am working."

But something in the child's tone made me look up from my papers. It was George William, my second boy. The expression of his face alarmed me. The woe of all the ages stared at me out of his countenance. George William had been crying. His little face was still bathed in tears, which he tried to rub away with a handkerchief of dubious color.

"What is it, dear?" I said, taking his little head between my hands.

"Mamma, I'm so sorry for the poor Kaiser. He must be so dreadfully lonely."

Accustomed to discuss all things with my children, I had dwelt repeatedly on the unmerited

harshness of the Emperor's fate. I had given to each of my children a picture of the late Empress immediately after her death, to remind them forever of the great and gracious lady who had so devotedly mothered her people. These pictures still hang over their beds in Saabor, where we spend at least one vacation every year. The Emperor's solitude in a foreign land, after the death of the Empress, had moved me to tears; but I had hardly expected that George William, the sturdiest of my children, would brood over the tragic exile of his Emperor with such passionate intensity.

"Mamma, when I grow up I want to fight for the Emperor."

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, may I write him a letter?"

"Certainly you may, my child."

It seemed strange to me that I had resisted my own impulse to write to my banished King. The very depth of my sorrow was the reason for my silence. Some feelings are too deep for words.

My permission pleased the little fellow immensely. He immediately fetched pen and ink and laboriously indited his letter to the Kaiser. I gazed musingly out of the window. I saw, as in a dream, the pictures of the Kaiser that had decorated my study in Greiz. I saw him again, talking like a father to my sister Caroline at her wedding to the Grand Duke of Weimar. My ears caught the echo of his jolly laughter at the luncheon in the imperial

The Emperor Ready for His Daily Wood-chopping Exercises

palace, where I had met for the first time the revered Empress, now slumbering so peacefully in her mausoleum at Potsdam.

No one knows the Kaiser who has not heard him laugh. I saw the Emperor's worried expression at the Grand Court Ball in 1912. I saw him riding on his charger at the imperial maneuvers in Breslau. I saw him stand on the balcony of the palace amid the shouts of the multitudes, in his field-gray uniform, in July, 1914. I lived once more through that dreadful November when Henrietta was born, amid the shouts and shots of revolutionary Berlin.

"Mamma"—George William's voice interrupted my reverie—"is this right?"

He read his letter to me. The address was correct: "To His Majesty the Emperor."

Then, however, George William adopted an informal tone, more natural to his years:

"Dear Kaiser:

"I am only a little boy, but I want to fight for you when I am a man.

"I am sorry because you are so terribly lonely.

"Easter is coming. Mama will give us cake and colored eggs.

"But I would gladly give up the cakes and the eggs, if I could only bring you back.

"There are many little boys like me who love you."

He signed the letter "George William," adding, with a proud flourish, "Prince of Schönaich-Carolath."

Unfortunately, his grief mingling with his ink had made an unsightly blot on the paper. I gave him another sheet to copy the letter. I did not suggest any change in the wording. It came straight from the heart of a child. To tamper with it would be to rob it of its spontaneous appeal. With slow boyish hands he addressed the envelope himself and insisted upon seeing it mailed at once.

Little did George William dream that he was playing the part of Cupid and of fate!

The Kaiser's mail is always heavy. Every day brings hundreds of letters, tributes, clippings and requests for aid. The mail is sorted in the entrance lodge, where the office of the master of the household is situated. Every letter that has the slightest merit or the slightest claim upon the Emperor's attention is submitted to him. He places his "W" and the date in a corner of the missive to denote the fact that he has read it. To this he adds sometimes a remark. If the letter is silly it may provoke caustic comment such as: "What a confounded ass!" If a letter pleases the Emperor he records his impression on the margin. Important letters are preserved in the archives, and they are sometimes duplicated for distribution among intimate friends.

When my boy's letter arrived the Emperor's soul

dwelt among shadows. Life had forced to his reluctant lips the bitter dregs of its cup. Into the bleak despair of the Emperor, George William's letter fell like a ray of sunshine. It touched his heart profoundly. He had asked God for a token in the depth of his sorrow. Somehow my boy's simple letter seemed the answer to his prayer.

A few days later "Mama, Mama!" George William cried jubilantly. "A letter from the Kaiser!"

He held aloft a large envelope with the imperial crest. It was a message in the Emperor's own handwriting, thanking my boy and inclosing a photograph of the Master of Doorn. The envelope contained another inclosure—a letter from His Majesty to me. It was the first letter that I had ever received from the Kaiser. The Emperor thanked me for George William's letter and extended a cordial invitation to me and my children to visit him at House Doorn. I was speechless, thrilled. To meet again the idol of my youth, my Emperor, alone in exile! To hear from his own mouth all those things which somehow no visitor to Doorn had been able to tell me! To know at last what he thought and felt and suffered!

Everyone, even among the initiated, who returned from Holland told a different story. Some were discreet to the point of absolute silence. Some were indifferent. Some were unfaithful. Incredible tales were bruited about, mysterious hints of reli-

gious mania, violent explosions of temper. Evil tongues and scandalmongers, vindictive liars all, positively affirmed that grief had unhinged the Kaiser's mind. Could it be true?

I had been reading Edgar Allan Poe, that troubadour of beauty and of pain.

Was the Emperor's brain a Haunted Palace, haunted by the horrors of the war and the horrors of peace?

And travelers now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

Was this, perchance, a forecast of what awaited me in Doorn? Should I accept the invitation?

For myself, yes. It was my privilege. It was my duty. I must go, irrespective of what awaited me, if I could bring even a crumb of comfort to my exiled Emperor. I could not take my boys without seriously interfering with my plans for their schooling. But the girls? Should I take Carmo and Henrietta?

I did not, in my heart of hearts, believe the sinister rumors of the Emperor's mental derangement, but I would not have been a woman and a mother if

I had not been alarmed. I was accustomed to live and walk with tragedy all my life. I was not afraid for myself. But I wanted to spare my children the possibility, however remote, of a shock shattering all their illusions.

I made up my mind to go, but to go alone.

CHAPTER XI

A SURPRISE PROPOSAL

THE sun poured liquid gold through the windows of the fast-moving train carrying me to the little Dutch village that was destined to be my home. On June 7, 1922, I had embarked for Holland from my home at Saabor in Silesia in response to a gracious invitation from the Master of Doorn.

After a brief delay at Bentheim, the last German outpost, we were approaching the frontier of Holland. When the Dutch conductor examined my ticket and noticed my destination, he pricked up his ears and said in a low tone of voice, "Are you going to see the Kaiser?"

I looked at him. His face, flushed by the sun, seemed friendly, I answered, "Yes."

"That's right," he replied. "The poor Kaiser must be lonesome."

This expression of sympathy from a foreigner touched me deeply. Suddenly the sun seemed to shine even more brightly. The June day put on a more brilliant dress.

"Not long ago," the conductor confided to me,

"one of the Emperor's sons was in this train. He was very pleasant, and helped me with the baggage."

It seemed strange that I was really on my way to the Kaiser!

In 1896, when I was nine years old, I had begun to collect the Emperor's pictures. This was the beginning of my infatuation. There were few people in Germany at that time who did not share my enthusiasm for my hero.

My present mood was not unmixed with fear. What if the evil rumors were true—if the Emperor's sanity had not withstood the triple shock of losing the war, his throne and his wife? While my conscious mind revolved these matters something deeper than logic told me that the story of the Emperor's mental unbalance was an invention disseminated by foes who feared his return and by cowards seeking to justify their desertion. They had succeeded in destroying his popularity.

The world lay at the feet of Emperor William in 1913 when he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign. An American college president, Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler—I remember his name, though not his exact phraseology—expressed the idea that if the monarchy were elective William II would be chosen as the head of the nation by the vote of his people. This statement was no exaggeration. But now—many a blundering politician, many a general or admiral, writing his reminiscences, sought to place the blame for his own ineptitude

upon the shoulders of his imperial master. The masses, poisoned by a deliberate propaganda from above and below, were asked to behold in him the architect of their misfortune. When the German people realize the injustice of this attitude of the demagogues who captured their allegiance temporarily, the reaction in the Emperor's favor will be violent.

The trip from Saabor to Doorn takes about eighteen hours. I stopped over in the city of Hanover, where I spent the night. I was occupied with my thoughts. The time passed quickly, until the end of my journey.

"Only a few more stations," the friendly conductor assured me. The last half hour, as usual, was the longest. Minutes seemed to stretch into hours. At last the conductor, politely tipping his hat, called out, "Amersfoort!"

Trains do not stop in Doorn. Guests usually alight either at Amersfoort or at Utrecht. At the station, General von Dommes, formerly commander of the Hussars of the Guard, welcomed me on behalf of His Majesty. One of the most faithful of His Majesty's aides, von Dommes acts several months every year as master of the imperial household at Doorn. His sympathetic face was wreathed in smiles. He hoped my arrival would help to dispel the gloom that rested over House Doorn since the death of its mistress.

Von Dommes conducted me to the motor that was

waiting for me outside. The chauffeur's face seemed familiar. He had been with His Majesty for twenty years. But the horn of the automobile no longer sounded the pleasing "Hali-Halo" which had invariably announced the Emperor's car. Whenever that motive was sounded the waves of the traffic parted, leaving a swath through which the chauffeur conducted his imperial master, like Moses leading the children of Israel through the Red Sea.

We drove half an hour through the pleasant Dutch countryside, past numerous summer residences, with here and there a baronial manor. Then from a signpost I saw that we had reached the village of Doorn.

We pass two inns—the pride of Doorn. Another turn. Half a minute more and we have reached our destination. The gates of House Doorn fly open.

The Dutch guards, stationed to protect the privacy of the Emperor, salute. We enter Park Doorn —his realm!

A sting of pain pierces me when I think that this is all that remains to the Kaiser—a little park surrounded by a Dutch wire fence! At the end of the road gleams the castle. The Kaiser stands on the stairs to the entrance.

It is my first personal encounter with my Emperor in nine years. We had last exchanged greetings and conversed in Breslau, at the imperial maneuvers in 1913. How vividly I remembered our first meeting

in the presence of Queen Wilhelmina in Bückeburg, at the wedding of my sister Caroline to the Grand Duke of Weimar. Now we faced each other under the protection of Queen Wilhelmina in the Netherlands.

Stabbed in the back, the Empire had fallen. Caroline was dead. The Emperor was grieving in exile.

The Emperor's hair is snowy white. It was beginning to turn gray when I saw him last. How changed he looks with his beard! The white frame accentuates the spirituality of his features. His carriage is firm and youthful. He does not look like a man who permits fate to bend his back.

His Majesty stands before me in his simple field-gray uniform. With native chivalry he helps me out of the car. Gallantly he kisses my hand and conducts me with elastic steps into his home under alien stars. His Majesty insists on taking me to my room. He converses affably with my maid, a married woman. Frau Sturm is a native of Reuss-Greiz. She was my personal attendant when I was a girl, and she had followed me to Saabor. She worked for me until she got married. By special dispensation of her husband she had accompanied me on my trip to Doorn.

The Emperor departs. I freshen up a bit. A simple but dainty little supper brings us together once more in the dining room. The table blossoms with the most beautiful roses from the Emperor's park.

I am struck by the simple and natural bearing of the Emperor. Scattered, blown away, are the alarms implanted in my soul by poisonous tongues. The grandeur of his soul, the heroic patience with which he bears his afflictions, enthrall me. His eyes, eyes of heavenly blue that had impressed me when I first saw him, have not lost their radiance. But the expression has changed. They bespeak nameless woe, but also unflinching fortitude. He asks about my children and reiterates how deeply my boy's simple letter had moved him.

The Kaiser is a sparkling conversationalist. One listens to him not because he is an emperor, but one forgets that he is an emperor while he speaks. His mind is a house of many mansions, each filled with treasures. At times, when he warms up to his subject, his eyes almost pierce the listener. Spirited, witty, often sarcastic, he sounds every note in the gamut of conversation. He discusses many subjects. He touches upon no theme without illuminating it by some remark, revealing both profound thought and unusual sources of information. In the wilderness of Doorn, William II still has his hand on the pulse of civilization.

The conversation inevitably drifts to conditions at home. His knowledge of currents and cross currents in the Fatherland and in the realm of world politics is positively uncanny. He is deeply stirred and distressed over the course of events in Germany, the land he has always loved and continues to love. I

forget my weariness after the two days of travel. The Kaiser's conversation electrifies. His voice, clear as a bell, charms me.

How cruelly this man has been misrepresented, how wantonly he has been vilified!

"What did Your Highness dream last night?" asks my maid, Frau Sturm, as she prepares my bath. "One should always remember one's dreams in a strange house."

"But I didn't dream. My sleep was perfectly dreamless." Frau Sturm shakes her head. Why should I dream in my sleep? Dreams are wish fulfillments. My wish is being fulfilled. I am living my dream—the dream of my girlhood days.

Looking out of the window, I see the Kaiser walking up and down in the park. He is waiting to take his pre-breakfast constitutional with me. He waves to me with a bunch of glorious freshly cut roses. He presents the flowers to me when I join him, after kissing my hand with customary politeness. Arm in arm we inspect the park with its tall alleys of oaks. The branches of the gigantic trees form high arches above us, like the aisles of a cathedral. The Kaiser knows and loves every flower. Many trees he has planted himself. Each bears a "W" and a date.

We feed the wild ducks living in the water of what once was a moat. We throw little squares of bread to the birds darting noisily hither and thither among water lilies.

The rose garden of the Empress Augusta Victoria is in bloom. "Never," the Emperor says, "have the roses bloomed with such a riot of perfume and colors. The Empress," he wistfully adds, "is dead, but her roses still live. She loved them so. Every bush was dear to her. She could sit for hours in her chair in the little summerhouse, watching her roses."

His Majesty conducts me through the house. It seems small to anyone accustomed to live in a castle or in a palace, but it is furnished with exquisite taste. Every room is alive with memories of Prussia and of Germany's happy days. We enter the room of the martyred Empress—then, as now, the most precious shrine of House Doorn, its holy of holies. The spirit of the dead Empress, William's faithful companion for forty years, still clings to the room. Her personality impressed itself ineradicably upon the things she loved. For forty years William II was married to Augusta Victoria; for thirty years he shared the throne with her. Such companionship creates ties that death cannot sever.

Last night he had been flushed by excitement. This morning he looks more pale and more forlorn. My admiration is intensified by compassion. I am deeply, genuinely, passionately sorry for him!

Every day we walk under the oak trees. Every day we inhale the incense of the roses. There are many gay interludes in our conversation. The

Kaiser still laughs, but his merriment is subdued. Even when his eyes twinkle, one still sees on looking closely something of the anguish that slumbers in the gaze of a caged eagle. He forgets his own sorrow when we discuss politics. I am amazed by the boldness of his conceptions, the unerring logic of his elucidations. His imagination soars high, fancy embroiders his prophecies. But the basic common sense of his hypotheses is incontestable. I am surprised how little bitterness he harbors, how ready he is to forgive offenses against himself, except deliberate unkindness and deliberate treason.

Our conversation turns to religion. "How do you reconcile your own faith with your fate?" I ask.

"I look upon my fate," the Emperor replies, "as a tribulation, a trial, imposed upon me by God, which I must bear like a Christian and a gentleman."

Every now and then some laborer passes, lifting his hat. The Kaiser returns the greeting with punctilious courtesy, even if it interrupts the most animated discussion.

"I have always," he remarks, "respected labor. My first conflict with Bismarck rose from my desire to protect the workers. I believe in the divine mission of kings. I believe no less in the divine mission of labor. Every labor is God-imposed. This morning I read the story of a traveler in Turkey who saw a poor fellow fashioning a shepherd's crook out of the wood of a tree.

" 'Why are you working so hard?' the traveler asked.

" 'Because,' the man replied, 'the angel Gabriel commanded me to carve this crook.'

"The man was too modest to claim that his task was imposed directly by God, but realizing the divine origin of the command, he attributed it to Allah's intermediary, the archangel Gabriel. Christians," the Emperor adds, "can profit by this story."

Common interests and mutual friends furnish other topics of conversation. The Emperor's revelations of recent events amaze me. They enable me to decipher the palimpsest of the immediate past. His knowledge is as wide as the horizon, yet some simple facts elude him or have been purposely withheld from him. His mind, incapable of meanness and conceit, shrinks from accepting information discreditable to his advisers. He is unacquainted with rumors that have been common property for a long time—rumors chirped from the roofs by the very sparrows of Berlin. The Emperor is so genuine, so honorable, that he cannot comprehend intrigue and double-dealing.

We discuss education and are astounded to discover our complete agreement on many fundamentals. Every hour we spend together brings new proofs of our affinity. We frankly examine the problem of love and marriage. Again our views coincide. The Emperor speaks of his loneliness and of the long winters at Doorn. The summer,

with its roses and rhododendrons, is lovely, but soon autumn will scatter their glory. I can imagine nothing more dreary than the winter in Doorn. Yet the poor Emperor, who loves travel, who draws inspiration and knowledge from every change of scene, is chained to Doorn as securely as Prometheus was chained to his rock.

. . . . . .

"What has Your Highness done to His Majesty?" General Dommes, the master of the household, remarked to me a few days after my arrival. I was alarmed. Had I unwittingly committed some offense against the sacred traditions of Doorn? The master of the household reassured me. "The arrival of Your Highness," he said, "has completely upset the Emperor's routine. In the morning the aide-de-camp appears with newspapers and clippings to make his customary report to His Majesty. But His Majesty has no time to listen. In the forenoon I usually make my report, but I cannot gain the ear of His Majesty. I have no chance to speak to the Emperor except at dinner. Whenever I look for an audience His Majesty is walking with you in the park.

"His Majesty's secretaries have an unexpected vacation. The Emperor has not written a letter in three days. Even his daily task in the garden has come to an abrupt end. No trees are felled. No wood is sawed. The Emperor always delighted in pouring huge buckets of water upon his favorite

plants, with the assistance of two or three of his gentlemen. Even this diversion has ceased to interest him."

"But, general," I interposed, "is His Majesty's routine not interrupted in a similar manner whenever a visitor arrives in Doorn?"

"Never! Our day resembles clockwork. Until Your Highness so graciously accepted the Emperor's invitation, no visitor, however distinguished, caused the slightest deviation in the ritual of His Majesty's day. Your Highness," he added with a smile, "is the first guest permitted to feed His Majesty's ducks, the one little pleasure he reserves for himself!"

In spite of my tampering with his schedule, the master of the household did not seem wroth. "Since Your Highness is here," he remarked, "the black clouds have disappeared for the first time from His Majesty's forehead. You have restored his human contacts. There is a new light in his eyes, new hope in his carriage. Permit me to thank you for all you have done for my august master."

In the afternoon I had tea with the Emperor in the tower. Suddenly, without any warning, he asked me point-blank if I would consent to be his wife. I was thunderstruck. Although we had learned to understand each other perfectly in the few days of my sojourn in Doorn, although we had developed an extraordinary sense of intimacy and of kinship, I was stunned by the unexpectedness of

the proposal. I cannot deny that I was pleased, but consternation was mixed with my pleasure. The old fascination still held. I was infatuated with the Emperor, as of old. Old impressions, blending with the new, left him still a fairy prince and a hero. What happiness! But, alas, I was no longer a romantic girl, but a woman with a new sense of responsibility and of freedom.

In the two years and three months of my widowhood I had successfully battled against staggering odds for the property of my children. I enjoyed my independence. I luxuriated in the sense of being foot-free. I could spread my wings where I pleased. I could travel wherever my fancy lured me. I loved society and the clash of many minds. After being chained to the sick bed of my late husband for so many years, I was unwilling to consider a second marriage, to surrender the precious right to regulate my own life in my own fashion.

"Never! Impossible!" I said to myself.

My face must have reflected my thoughts.

The Emperor sensed the struggle within my bosom. An expression of utter hopelessness crept into his eyes. The no that had framed itself in my mind refused to cross my lips. I hedged.

"Your Majesty's proposal," I replied, "has taken me completely by surprise." Not an original answer, but it has served every daughter of Eve for five or ten thousand years, in a similar quandary. "I am not insensible to the strong cords of sympathy

which connect us; nevertheless I fear that there are temperamental differences between us that are incompatible with a harmonious marriage."

The Emperor imperiously brushed aside this argument. I then pointed out to him that I loved my children too dearly to live without them. "There is no room for them in the limited space of House Doorn. If they lived here with us there would be no facilities for entertaining Your Majesty's guests."

The Emperor quickly overruled this objection, and pointed out certain possibilities of extending the buildings, especially the orangery, to provide additional living quarters.

"Your Majesty," I finally pleaded, "I fear I cannot make you happy. I yield to none in my admiration for the late Empress, but I am a different type of woman. I am Hermine, not Augusta Victoria. Your Majesty will look in me for the qualities that endeared the Empress Augusta Victoria to you, and you will find me wanting. For forty years the Empress was Your Majesty's daily companion. Those forty years of marital felicity constitute a handicap that no successor can overcome.

"I am a mature woman, with an individuality and idiosyncracies of my own. I am independent and self-reliant. After the first romantic thrill we should probably discover that we had made a mistake. This afternoon the air is laden heavily with the perfume of roses, but how will it be in winter, when the only blossoms will be those painted by Jack

Frost upon the windows of Doorn? Sympathy, after all, is not love. How do we know that we love each other?"

I did not, of course, deliver this speech in the form of a monologue. The Emperor frequently interrupted me to disarm my scruples. However, he listened seriously to my explanation.

"I don't want you," he finally said, "to share my exile unless you know that you reciprocate my affection. I want your love, not your compassion. Don't say no! Think it over. Much is at stake for both of us. Don't decide without serious reflection."

I was convinced that I was not suited to be the Emperor's wife. Never, I said to myself, can I live in the solitude of a little Dutch village, even with my fairy prince. It was unreasonable. It was inhuman. It could not be. The marriage would surely be wrecked. The forced proximity would bring out hidden incompatibilities. What would be the attitude of his children? What would my children say? What would the world say?

"No, no! A thousand times no!" my reason cried. But my heart whispered "Yes."

Every hour the voice of reason grew fainter, the voice of the heart became more imperious. The battle had already taken place in my heart of hearts. The decision had fallen. And it was in favor of the Emperor. My heart knew. I didn't.

Leibnitz tells us that the soul has no windows; that we are monads, solitary units, whirling alone

through space. Love enables two monads to whirl in unison. It electrifies the monads. It welds them together. It gives us at least the illusion of companionship. To me it is a reality, not an illusion.

The next few days riveted our affection. Thereafter the world would not be the same to either of us. Neither would be happy without the other. Screens fell. I saw glimpses of the Emperor that I shall never forget. His desperate loneliness, his magnanimity and his strength! I glimpsed his unmeasurable goodness, the purity and the clarity of his mind. Suddenly I knew I would share his hard lot and face life with him, come what may.

When I had reached this reckoning with myself my heart sang with joy. The intuition of my childhood was right. No man in the world could be more to me, no man could surpass him. When the Emperor reiterated his question he read the answer in my eyes.

It took me three days to make up my mind. Perhaps I would not have hesitated for three days if I had not seen too many ill-adjusted matrimonial unions. As a young girl I was the confidant of my sister Caroline, the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, whose marriage was unhappy in spite of the sterling qualities of her husband. I had seen so much domestic misery, in my own family and elsewhere, I had met so many ill-assorted couples, that I realized the hazards of matrimony.

I had lived harmoniously with Prince Schönaich-

Carolath. The experience of my life with my first husband helped me to solve the more complicated problems involved in my second marriage. I did not close my eyes to these problems. Our enforced exile deprived us of many intellectual pleasures. The constant close proximity at Doorn was likely to breed irritation. The conflicting demands of children and stepchildren required tact and good will.

We had the courage to face these difficulties and to discuss them with the utmost candor before our betrothal. Mutual respect, mutual help and mutual understanding are the pillars of our union. Neither attempts to dominate the other. Each appreciates the right of the other to an independent existence. Common sufferings and common experiences serve to knit our hearts and our lives ever more closely together.

We are strangers to ostentation. The simplicities of our existence would be intolerable to many. Each gives to the other; our lives are rich. Comrades, we roam together through the realms of art. We read the same books. History, current and past, intrigues us both.

Love alone is not enough to make a marriage happy. Love is not always considerate. Where mutual consideration is lacking happiness is apt to take flight. There must be a clear definition of reciprocal obligations and reciprocal rights. I made certain conditions to assure our mutual happiness.

Being a mother I could not accept another husband except in accord with my children. I was not willing to buy my happiness at the price of theirs. The Emperor agreed joyfully to permit my three youngest children to live with us in Doorn. My oldest boys, Hans George and George William, being both at school, were to spend their vacations with us.

I stipulated the right for myself to spend sixteen weeks in Germany every year to preserve my children's homestead and to maintain home contacts. I could not transfer Saabor Castle on a magic carpet to Doorn. My frequent absences from Doorn in accordance with this stipulation have given rise at various times to fantastic rumors of marital difficulties. It happened once that I spent sixteen weeks away from Doorn in one year, in order to take a cure and to enjoy a holiday with my dear children in Saabor and in Greiz. I cannot bring myself to leave the Emperor very long, in spite of our pre-nuptial agreement. I always try to return sooner than he expects me. Doorn—with him—is a real home to me now. The Dutch society we know, the Dutch people we often see in our house and whom we visit, are kind. But nevertheless, life in Doorn is life in exile. This weighs heavily upon us. Besides the climate does not suit me at all.

Finally I insisted: "I want no court and no ladies in waiting. I must think my own thoughts and choose my own friends. I cannot bear to be enslaved or trodden down. I resent inhibitions. I

must be myself. Like yourself, I can brook no restraint."

The Emperor agreed magnanimously to all my conditions. He violates neither the spirit nor the letter of our covenant. Never, not for a moment, have I had reason to regret my consent. The character of the Emperor compensates me for my sacrifice in sharing his exile. His love outweighs all injuries inflicted upon me by others. If I have been persecuted and reviled for his sake, his love is worth the price. The Emperor is a father to my children. He understands them and returns their affection. My relations with his children are equally satisfactory.

CHAPTER XII

THE CROWN PRINCE

A TALL, somewhat lanky young man with premature gray hair leaps from a small runabout and embraces the Emperor. The young man's face is browned by the sun. He is a sportsman from head to foot. Easy grace characterizes his movements. Cordially he salutes me. The new arrival is Crown Prince Wilhelm, once the heir to the imperial throne, now an exile like his father, summoned at my request from his island prison at Wieringen.

The Crown Prince was not literally a prisoner. He was permitted to travel through Holland in his automobile, whereas the Kaiser was forced to confine himself to the vicinity of the little village of Doorn. An understanding with the Dutch Government restricted his movements to the narrow sphere between Doorn, Amerongen and Amersfoort.

I had insisted upon acquainting the Crown Prince with the situation. The acquiescence of the Kaiser's children seemed to me essential to assure the success of our union. It was not possible to ask all the Emperor's children to Doorn. Such a step, even if

feasible, under the circumstances, would have aroused too much talk. But the Crown Prince, being in Holland, was a frequent visitor. His presence would not be misconstrued.

The Crown Prince, whose life was as lonely as his father's, grasped the situation at once. He could understand better than his brothers the agonies of solitary confinement in a foreign land. Like a knight of old, the Crown Prince immediately pledged himself to take up the cudgels for me. I had asked for no such pledge. It is not my habit to ask for favors. With spontaneous generosity he gave me his word as a gentleman to explain my delicate position to his brothers and to his sister.

Children instinctively resent a parent's remarriage. In my case political considerations and the element of surprise increased the complexities of the problem. The Crown Prince assured me that his worldly-wise and experienced wife, Crown Princess Cecilie, would graciously accept the new situation.

The late Empress had never permitted the shadow of the throne to come between her and her progeny. The affection between mother and children had been exceptionally deep-rooted. Human nature is the same in cottage and palace. It was only natural that the children should look with anxiety upon the appearance of a stepmother. They feared the new match would make their father unhappy. I hon-

ored this feeling, which, fortunately, no longer exists.

The Crown Prince and I were friends from the first. We are friends still. The fact that we frequently disagree in no way perturbs the relationship established by our encounter in Doorn. The attitude of his eldest son pleased the Kaiser immensely. There are naturally often disagreements between father and son, representing the clash of two irreconcilable periods and temperaments. This conflict is accentuated by that peculiar ambivalence, discovered by Freud, which exists in the relations between parents and children. This conflict only conceals a deep and fundamental affection. Even if fathers and sons at times repel one another, love, charging the field with its magnetic currents, unites the two opposite poles.

When my brief visit to Doorn culminating in my engagement ended, it was the Crown Prince who accompanied me to the railroad station. I left by way of Amersfoort. It was forbidden ground for the Kaiser. His movements, as I have explained, were circumscribed. The Dutch Government, by a gentlemen's agreement, expected the Emperor to remain within a few miles of Doorn. He was not to leave the limits in question without notifying the Dutch Government. His Majesty never asked for permission to leave the bounds thus set to his freedom of movement. However, of late, these restrictions have been relaxed. To-day he can tour

Holland in his automobile if he so desires. The restrictions in question were inspired largely by the anxiety of the Dutch Government for the safety of its imperial guest.

My last look lingered upon the Kaiser, who remained behind, once more alone. He waved till the automobile disappeared from sight. The solitary figure of the Emperor on the stoop of his house wrung my heart. I made a vow to myself to brighten his life, to bring to him such happiness as a captive eagle may know.

The Crown Prince, noticing my sadness, earnestly talked to me of many things to distract my attention. He waited on the platform until the train started to move. Affectionately I bade farewell to my prospective stepson, who was five years older than I! His last words were, "If I could only go with you! If I could only return to my country!"

For an instant his blue eyes were clouded. Then he was himself again, a soldier and a prince. He saluted, squared his shoulders and briskly walked back to his car.

A few years later fate and Herr Stresemann enabled the Crown Prince to join his family and his wife.

Had I made a mistake? On the train doubts assailed me, flapping their wings like birds of ill omen. With each revolution of the wheels my anxiety grew. I was no longer under the immediate spell of the Emperor's magic. I was captivated

no longer by the irresistible persuasion of his voice, no longer fascinated by the blue lightning that leaps from his eyes. Marriage was a fateful and irrevocable step! Its effect upon me and my children would be far-reaching. It would alter completely the texture of our lives.

Would I measure up to my task? Would I be a good wife to the Emperor? Would he keep his promise to me? I had told him that I was entirely different from the adored wife of his youth. Did he realize the significance of my words? Would he appreciate my attitude after affection had lost its newness? For thirty-four years life and fate had molded my being. I was a clearly defined personality. Would he expect me to transform myself at thirty-four?

I was too old to change completely, but I was young enough to adapt myself. I had determination. I had good will. I had love. The deep affection for Emperor William, sprouting in my heart since I was nine years old, had burst into bloom at Doorn. I drew new courage and new resolution from these reflections. It was possible to be true both to myself and to the Emperor. I was resolved to make every concession reconcilable with my self-respect. Love would show me the way to adjust myself to his needs without ignoble surrender of my own personality.

The innate kindliness of his heart, his wisdom born of suffering, would be my allies.

Our engagement was a secret, escaping the spies of the Allies and the keenness of the reporters besieging Doorn. It remained a secret for three months.

I did not return immediately to Saabor. An indefinable instinct impelled me to interpose distance and time between my visit to Doorn and my return to my children. The lovely Harz Mountains tempted me to visit my youngest sister, Ida, living at the foot of the Kyffhäuser. Both she and her husband, Prince Stolberg-Rossla, immediately read in my face that some great experience had shed its radiance on my life.

Without a word from me Ida knew. She was my youngest sister. It did not seem so many years ago that I had seen her in her wedding gown. I was then the mother of several children. It seemed strange that we were to meet again with changed parts, that I was to be the bride! Both Ida and her husband were sympathetic and kind.

I traveled through the Harz region and passed the foot of Barbarossa's mountain. It would not have surprised me if the cavern where the emperor is said to dwell had opened to greet me. Was not Barbarossa the liege lord of our house? Was I not the bride of another emperor in another retreat? The red-bearded emperor in the Kyffhäuser Mountain and the white-bearded Emperor in Doorn were both emblems of Germany's hope. The blood of the one flowed in the veins of the other. For Hohen-

The Emperor and the Empress Soon after the Wedding at Doorn

zollern and Hohenstaufen are blossoms of the same tree. Somewhere in the past the roots of the two dynasties intertwine.

I was now ready to meet my children. They were astonished by the news, but they made no objection. My happiness was theirs. Carmo, my eldest daughter, was especially sweet.

I cannot resist the feeling that William II and I were predestined to meet in this or in another life. I feel that fate had wound the thread of our lives around the selfsame spool. Our love was inevitable. It was written in the stars that we were ordained for each other. We were bound to meet in infinity. But if George William had not written that letter we might not have met for a thousand years!

. . . . . .

"What is he like?"

"What does he think of Germany?"

"How has he changed?"

"Does he expect to return?"

Thus questions were fired at me with the rapidity of a repeating gun. Not one of my questioners knew that he was addressing the future wife of the Kaiser. When I portrayed the man as he really is, and the Christian fortitude with which he bears his undeserved martyrdom, my words had the effect of a revelation. Many were beatific in their transports when they realized that their instinct had not misled them, that William II had been cruelly mis-

represented. Loyalty was not dead. There were faithful hearts everywhere that had not ceased to beat for their Emperor.

On September third I visited my aunt, the Duchess Hermine of Würtemberg at Regensburg, to bid her farewell. After a brief stay in Munich I accepted the invitation of the Emperor's aunt, the Grand Duchess Louise of Baden, who had adopted me as her foster child after the demise of my sister. The venerable Grand Duchess had heard the rustling of the wings of the angel of death. She wanted to clasp me once more to her bosom before my marriage to the nephew whom she adored. I spent unforgettable days with her on the shores of the Bodensee. She spoke to me like a mother. Though myself the mother of three boys and two girls, I felt like a child in her presence. The parting was hard. I felt that I would never meet her any more.

The love and the encouragement of the Emperor's aunt were a great comfort. I needed both, for the storm of popular resentment against our marriage was already gathering. I suspect that it was not a natural storm, but the product of rain makers anxious to exploit the downpour for their political purpose.

Prince Eitel Fritz, my future stepson, and his cousin, Prince Frederick William of Prussia, joined me at Mainou castle on the Bodensee, the summer residence of the Grand Duchess Louise for a heart-to-heart talk. We parted as friends.

My next objective was my old home Greiz. Although the revolution had ended the rule of our house after eight hundred years, the people of my father's former capital were vitally interested in my fateful decision. The women with whom I had cooked coffee as a child came up to me and congratulated me heartily. The only one unable to show the slightest feeling was my unfortunate brother, still the slave of the inexplicable malady that paralyzed his will and impaired his intellectual functions. Poor Henry XXIV! He did not even know that Reuss, his father's realm, was a republic.

After a prayer at the tomb of my parents in the little forest where I had roved as a child, I paid a visit to Oels to exchange ideas with Crown Princess Cecilie, my childhood playmate. She was as amiable and as charming as ever, combining these qualities with an astuteness rare in a woman.

On October twenty-second, the birthday of my august predecessor, I sent a wreath to be placed upon her tomb in the ancient temple in Potsdam. My wedding with the Emperor was to take place the following month, November 5, 1922, one year and seven months after the death of Augusta Victoria.

CHAPTER XIII

MY GIRLHOOD DREAMS

THE announcement of my engagement to the Kaiser shook Germany like an earthquake. The news was given out on the fifteenth of September, 1922. The wedding day had been fixed —November fifth. When this detail leaked out the very people who had contrived to ignore the Kaiser now turned upon him vehemently, as if his remarriage were a crime against the German Republic. Persons who ordinarily pay no heed to any convention feigned indignation because Emperor William did not wait five months longer to complete two years of mourning for her Majesty, the late Empress Augusta Victoria.

Although William II had ruled the German Empire for thirty years, his enemies affected to look upon him as a private person. His doings, they said, were of no consequence to the German people. Yet they denied him the right to regulate his personal affairs in his own fashion. His engagement and his contemplated union with me became a matter of immense importance as soon as they saw an opportunity of exploiting both to destroy the popu-

lar reaction in his favor which had set in after the death of Augusta Victoria. They adroitly turned the very sentiment created at that time into a weapon against him. Hiding behind the shroud of a dead woman, they spat their venom upon him—that, too, at the very moment when he was carrying out her last wish!

The attitude of certain circles and individuals on the occasion of our marriage is well known. It is not necessary to delve into their motives here. Most of them never realized what they asked of their exiled Kaiser, when, contrary to the wishes of their dearly beloved late Empress, they assumed to withhold their approval from his second marriage. He was robbed of everything to which he had been attached for a lifetime, of everything for which he labored, to which he was accustomed, for which he had lived and fought. Should he be denied also the quiet happiness of married life? That was a demand exceeding human endurance.

Without the slightest appreciation of the Kaiser's sacrifice and of his suffering, they planned to prolong his torture indefinitely. He was to wear his heart on his sleeve for their political gain. Experience should have taught them that His Majesty is averse to melodramatic effects. If Emperor William had had the temperament of an actor he would have sought a more theatrical exit on the ninth of November, 1918. The Kaiser had no wish to hoist

the imperial colors on the flagstaff of his personal grief.

The tempest in the inkpot assumed threatening proportions. Our contemplated marriage became the play ball of politics. Vindictive articles appeared in every part of the world, especially in Central Europe. Anonymous letter writers plied their vile vocation. Reporters followed hot on my trail wherever I went. The village of Doorn was infested by foreign newspaper men. The peaceful countryside reëchoed the babel of many tongues. House Doorn was a besieged fortress. The Emperor could well have used the double moat of his former host's lordly castle in Amerongen to insure his protection from the Peeping Toms of the press. Fortunately, the fence around his estate, and the Dutch guards, greatly increased in number, succeeded in keeping intruders away.

One enterprising reporter hired an aeroplane to attempt a landing in Park Doorn. He was arrested by the Dutch Government before he could execute his purpose, and was hurried across the border with less politeness than expedition.

Not all voices were hostile. Both the Emperor and I received friendly letters and touching tributes. The Emperor's family rallied to his defense. My family was equally loyal. Intimate friends of the late Empress, especially her Mistress of the Robes, Countess Brockdorff, assured us that the Emperor's early remarriage merely carried out the wish of

Augusta Victoria. The Emperor, with innate delicacy, refrained from publishing this fact until five years afterward, in his interview which introduces this volume. He refused to release the letter of the Countess at a time when it might have assuaged the storm of popular indignation artificially raised by his enemies.

The Emperor did not consider it necessary to hide behind his dead wife. Having sacrificed his throne to save his people, after thirty years of unremitting devotion to their welfare he felt that he had the right to consult his own happiness in exile. No German revered the late Empress more than the Emperor. He looked upon her as a national saint, a worthy successor of Queen Louise of Prussia. The turning of those bleak years, 1920–21, when the late Empress hovered between life and death, was one long agony for her husband. The following winter, when he was forced to live without his companion of forty years, proved a nightmare. The capacity of human nature for suffering is limited. Emperor William had reached the limit. Another such winter might have broken him. It would certainly have impaired that resiliency of spirit which enables him to withstand successive blows of fortune without admitting defeat.

For a man of the Emperor's mercurial temperament it is torture to be confined to a few acres of land, and to restrain that wanderlust, so characteristic of the Teutonic race, which earned for him the

sobriquet of *der Reise-Kaiser*—the travel Emperor.

Picture a winter in Doorn! Snow covers every blossom. Dismal winds howl through the trees. Picture, alone and forlorn, except for his personal aides, a gray-haired man eating out his heart for his country. Accustomed to dwell among giants, and anxious to help in the task of reconstruction, he is fettered to a small country estate. Picture him, day after day, in the death room of his beloved wife. Every chair, every couch, every photograph reminds him of his loss—until House Doorn is no longer a home, but a mausoleum, where his spirit dwells with the dead.

If my husband had been guilty of starting the World War—an accusation no longer seriously maintained by any historical student—he could not have been punished more cruelly. No inquisition could have devised agonies more fiendish.

In the German Army war years count double. One year of war is the equivalent of two years' service in peace. One year of mourning at Doorn, under such circumstances, counts as heavily in the scales of the angel of judgment as ten years of grief at home. And Emperor William waited one year and seven months.

I refuse to worship at the shrine of convention. I certainly refused to buy exemption from criticism at the price of another lonely winter for Emperor William in Doorn, after two desolate winters, after three harassing years. Life in Doorn in the winter

season is a hardship even for the gentlemen who volunteer to spend a few months with us every year to serve their imperial master. I could spend four months of the year in Germany. But even I, in spite of the tender love of the Emperor and the ever-present inspiration of his presence, feel sometimes like a spirit out of the Thousand and One Nights imprisoned in a bottle at the bottom of the sea. I marvel at the patience with which the Emperor, who never leaves Doorn except for brief excursions in the neighborhood, endures the treadmill of his existence year in and year out. For nine years he has borne it without complaining.

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Ordinarily the prospective husband joins his beloved to celebrate their wedding in the home of the bride. Necessity forced us to disregard this convention. Since the Emperor could not leave Doorn, I was compelled to come to him. True friends and false attempted to hold me back. Knowing my temperament, but not my love for the Emperor, they predicted that I would not be able to bear the privations of exile in Doorn. I had many unpleasant experiences. But here and there a kindly word, a token of affection, pierced the clouds like sudden shocks of sunshine on a rain-sodden day.

To leave one's home and one's children behind to join a new husband in a foreign land tests the mettle of any woman. The Emperor had designated General von Dommes to conduct me to Doorn. My

heart felt the wrench of the train when it pulled out of Saabor. There is a moment in the life of every bride, maid or matron, when she hesitates for a second. My departure from the ancestral home of my children and of their father Prince Schönaich-Carolath was such a moment. Once on the train, I grew calmer. The die was cast. There was no turning back.

I left Saabor on the fourth of November. I arrived in Doorn late at night. The wedding was set for the very next day. Again the imperial automobile carried me from the station. It was the same trip, but how different from the first! A few short months ago I had arrived as a guest, anxious, uncertain, fearing the worst. To-day I arrived as the Emperor's bride to be.

I reached Doorn, eluding the reporters, now traveling in swarms, by a ruse. I do not remember how I got into my wedding dress the next morning. Reporters from many lands, with sharpened pencils and inexhaustible fountain pens, resorted to incredible tricks, disdaining not even bribery, but no uninvited guest succeeded in sneaking into the fortress. Their onslaughts failed, their stratagems were defeated.

Invitations to the wedding were restricted to members of the family and intimate friends. There was no room for the wedding guests in House Doorn. We are cramped for space even now, although the Emperor, true to his promise, has added a wing to

the building, known as the orangery, for my children. Most of the guests stayed at the two small hotels, a few minutes' walk from the entrance to House Doorn. The besieging hosts of reporters and curiosity seekers had seized every available inch of space. Our wedding brought a golden shower to Doorn. The village thrives since the Emperor's presence has put it, as Americans say, on the map.

The Crown Prince had hastened from Wieringen to attend the wedding and to refute by his presence the rumor of his disapproval. He was joined by his brother, Prince Eitel Fritz. Prince Henry of Prussia had come from his home in Kiel. Prince Henry startles one at first by his resemblance to his brother and to King George. Being a seaman, he looks more weather-beaten than his German brother or his English cousin. The Emperor's loyal sister, Landgravine Margaret of Hesse, soon appeared on the scene. An ancient friendship had brought Prince Fürstenberg from Donaueschingen, where in happier days the Kaiser occasionally forgot the cares of state.

I had deliberately left my children, except Henrietta, at home. My two older sisters, Countess Künigle and Baroness Guagnoni, were unable to come, owing to passport difficulties. One lives in German Austria, the other in that part of the Tyrol. However, my youngest sister, Ida, with her husband, Prince Stolberg-Rossla, had come from her home in the Harz Mountains. It was Ida who had read

the secret of my engagement to the Kaiser in my eyes on my return from Doorn. My cousin, Prince Henry XXVII of Reuss, Younger Line, officiated at the wedding as the head of our house in place of my disabled brother.

Queen Wilhelmina was not present in person, but both she and the Queen Mother had conveyed their congratulation with magnificent baskets of flowers. Count Bentinck, our dearest friend in Holland, had come from Amerongen; his brother arrived from his castle at Zuylestein. The senior branch of the house of Bentinck emigrated to England in the seventeenth century with William III of Orange. The Earl of Portland is regarded as the head both of the Dutch and of the English branch. The burgomaster of Doorn village, His Excellency Dr. Kan, Minister of the Interior in the Queen's cabinet, Count Lynden, Governor of the Province of Utrecht, where Doorn is situated, and Count von der Goltz, a German nobleman living in Holland, in addition to the gentlemen officiating in various capacities at Doorn, and the members of our official household, completed the roster of guests.

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Nineteen eventful years, almost two decades, had passed since the wedding of my sister Caroline to the Grand Duke of Weimar, where I first met the Kaiser. Now the Kaiser himself was the bridegroom and I was the bride. On both occasions a note of sadness crept into the nuptial festivities. In

my sister's case, the cause was personal. Hers was a loveless match. We, fortunately, were united by tender devotion, but we were separated from our country, we were wedded in exile. The thought of Germany aggrieved and enchained, a dark shrouded figure ever present in our minds, was the somber uninvited guest at the feast.

The altar where we pledged our troth was on alien soil. It was raised neither in Reuss-Greiz, where my fathers had ruled for eight hundred years, nor in Berlin, whose history is the history of the Hohenzollerns.

The Kaiser's old court chaplain, Doctor Vogel, had come from his parish, the Friedenskirche in Potsdam, to bestow upon our marriage the blessings of the church. The civil ceremony was performed by the burgomaster of Doorn.

The main entrance to House Doorn leads into a large lobby, or reception room. Large oil portraits of William of Orange and his wife, ancestors of Emperor Wilhelm, as well as of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, immediately capture the eye. One door, over which a horseshoe found by the Kaiser on one of his walks is suspended, leads into the dining room. Bronze busts, one representing Queen Louise and one representing her husband, King Frederick William III, the great-grandfather of the Emperor, stand at either side of the door. The table in the center of the room challenges attention by an exquisite reproduction of a statue of Frederick the

Great by the French sculptor Jerome. It is not equestrian like the statue presented by the Kaiser to the American people in exchange for the monument to Steuben.

One door at the right leads to the drawing-room, another gives into the smoking room. Immediately adjacent to the smoking room is the little elevator, installed for the late Empress, which leads to the upper floor. At the left, there is a staircase leading to our private rooms, and a short hall leading to the room where the master of the household and our guests dine when the Emperor and I eat alone.

It was at the extreme left, where His Majesty conducts religious services every morning, that the altar had been erected. Festive garlands hung from the ceiling and wound themselves gracefully from window to window. Care had been taken to distribute the guests in such a manner as not to create the impression of overcrowding. The Emperor appeared in a gala uniform with the insignia of a marshal. He wore his Iron Cross. The most distinguished of his many orders made a colored band across his chest. My wedding gown had a train. It was made of light mauve chiffon velvet. I wore a black and white hat. Around my neck was an emerald necklace, an ancient heirloom of the house of Reuss. I carried a fan made of plumes selected by Hagenbeck from the ostriches of his famous zoological garden. He had presented these plumes to the Kaiser many years previously.

It may seem strange that in describing the ceremony that united me to the man of my girlhood dreams I should dwell so largely on externals. However, on such occasions the externals preoccupy one's attention. This is fortunate, because it diverts the mind from itself. If we fully realized the solemn significance of such occasions it would be difficult to restrain one's emotions. There would be more weeping brides and bridesmaids at weddings. The emotional outburst would impair the ritual and the solemnity of the occasion.

At funerals as well as at weddings the mind, in self-protection, busies itself with comparatively trivial details. The full significance, the solemnity of the act, impresses itself more intensely before and after the ceremony. Such were my thoughts, when the Reverend Doctor Vogel, to whom I had listened so often in the Friedenskirche at Potsdam, aroused me from my reverie. We stepped before the altar. Like melodious thunder, the preacher's voice rose to the ceiling. The Emperor's Yes rang through the room. My Yes, though no less sincere, was in a lower key. We exchanged rings.

Suddenly my little daughter Henrietta hurtled herself into my arms with the full weight of her impetuous little body. "Mammie!" she shouted, and embraced me fiercely.

The child's embrace released the wells of emotion.

The sacrifice of my freedom seemed no longer a

matter of moment. Every woman, however strong, however independent, is happiest under the protection of a man to whom she looks up, whom she adores. Yet she loves to put her arm protectively about her man, to minister to his weakness as well as to his strength, to be the eternal mother that slumbers in every woman to the eternal boy concealed in every man.

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Our wedding rings were plain golden bands with the inscription: 5 XI 1922 Wilhelm Doorn, Hermine Doorn. My engagement ring was a platinum ring with two small pearls, one white and one gray, given to me on the evening before my wedding on my arrival. I presented him with a sapphire ring which I had inherited from my father. On my arm I wore a lovely bracelet of Roman gold, made after a design of the Emperor copied from an ancient Greek model—a flexible serpent with small ruby eyes, which had been in his possession for years.

One of my most original wedding presents is an ivory chain with an elephant charm, from the chieftain of an African tribe. In view of the seriousness of our step and in view of the conditions at home, we exchanged few presents. We specifically asked all friends, relatives and wedding guests to refrain from presenting us with gifts. However, some Dutch and American friends of the Emperor insisted upon surprising us with rare plants for our park. Many flowers and other touching tokens reached us from

home, including a large wedding cake from Greiz, my father's erstwhile capital, the town where I was born. I was most deeply touched by the gifts from my children.

Immediately after the wedding the Emperor introduced to me every member of his household, from the heads of various departments to the lowliest scullery maid. In his skillful manner he characterized each with a kindly word. Each word was a picture that impinged itself upon my brain. Thus he familiarized me at once with my new environment, my household, my little kingdom. Then His Majesty presented the various Dutch notables to me. Henrietta still stood at my side, her arms never relaxing their tender hold.

The Emperor and I held an informal reception in the adjoining salon. On the wall the picture of Queen Louise, by Tischbein, smiled benignly down upon us. A bust of the late Empress Augusta Victoria by Professor Begas, dominating the room, seemed to give us its silent blessing.

After the reception, luncheon was served. I walked into the dining room between His Majesty and Henrietta, who refused to release my hand. Happily we three passed under the horseshoe which, I trust, has not lost its old heathen magic. The dining room is of medium size. It is decorated in white and gold, with long French windows looking out into the park. The consoles bear candelabra from Sans Souci. One door from this room leads into

the salon, another leads into the entrance hall, the third door leads to the pantry. The table was aglow with red roses from the Emperor's own greenhouse.

Meals at Doorn are always simple. The wedding luncheon was no exception. The menu consisted of cold but savory dishes exquisitely prepared. The dining room seats only twenty-two people. This made it necessary to serve some of the guests in another room. The Emperor and I were seated on one side at the center of the long oval table. The Landgravine of Hesse, the Emperor's sister, and the Crown Prince faced us on the opposite side. Prince Henry XXVII of Reuss, Younger Line, was at my right, my youngest sister, Princess Stolberg-Rossla, was at the left of the Kaiser; at the right hand of the Landgravine Margaret, Prince Henry of Prussia, the only member of the imperial family who ever visited the United States; to the left of the Crown Prince, my brother-in-law, Prince Stolberg-Rossla, whose castle stands at the front of the Kyffhäuser Mountain; at my sister's left, Prince Eitel Fritz, the second son of the Kaiser.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother, rose and offered his felicitations on behalf of the royal family. His address was not stereotyped. It pulsated with the warmth of his own generous heart. Stirred by the occasion, the Sailor Prince found words of eloquence and distinction. At the conclusion of his remarks, he raised his glass. His voice rang out like a clarion call: "I drink a toast to His

Majesty the Emperor and King and to Her Majesty the Empress and Queen."

With this toast the House of Hohenzollern officially recognized me as the full-fledged consort of the Kaiser. It would be unnecessary to stress this point if my enemies had not insisted upon referring to me as the "Princess Hermine, consort of the Kaiser." My family, as the Emperor has pointed out, is as ancient as his. His wife, being of equal blood, necessarily shares his rank and his title.

After luncheon we bade adieu to our guests. Some left the same night, others postponed their departure until the following morning in order to attend a dinner given by Count Bentinck, the first host of the Kaiser after he crossed the Dutch frontier in November, 1918.

The Crown Prince stayed with us for ten days. It is difficult not to like him, with his gray hair and his young face, and his startling resemblance to his distinguished ancestor, Frederick the Great. Frederick is the chief admiration of the Crown Prince. The Kaiser, while sharing the enthusiasm of his son for the hero of the Seven Years' War, who added Silesia to the crown of Prussia, is inclined to revere even more Frederick's sturdy great-grandfather, the Great Elector, who laid the foundation of Prussia's power.

I was astonished when I saw the resemblance between the Crown Prince and Frederick in the film Fredericus Rex. The actor's make-up was perfect.

He looked like Frederick the Great in a thousand family pictures, but he also resembled my stepson, the Crown Prince. The Crown Prince admits that he himself was shocked when he beheld on the screen the figure of his progenitor, so closely resembling himself, riding at the head of his troops.

In the moving picture Fredericus presents his regiment to his father, King Frederick William I. "How often," the Crown Prince exclaimed, "have I led my own regiment past the same window to salute my father!"

The Crown Prince was our most frequent guest, spending a fortnight with us every few months. After his return to Germany some difficulties were raised about his visits to Holland. As soon as he had succeeded in demolishing these obstacles he came back to visit his father. His uncle, Prince Henry, his clever wife, the Crown Princess, and his adored sister, Princess Victoria Louise, forgather frequently under the roof of House Doorn.

Our social life in Doorn began. We called on a few Dutch friends in the neighborhood. I was impressed with their genial hospitality and their touching eagerness to learn German in order to converse with the German Emperor in his own language. Of late we have extended our visits. As the severe restrictions which hampered my husband are being relaxed he sees more of his adopted home. Holland is a land wrested from the tides. Yet the Emperor, hedged in at Doorn, had no glimpse of the

ocean for years. When at last he was vouchsafed this pleasure, his joy was no less marked than that of the Greeks when they exultingly shouted, "Thalatta!" on seeing the sea—mother of all mankind.

Two weeks after the wedding my daughter Carmo arrived with my son Ferdinand. They were warmly welcomed by the Emperor. His pleasure on seeing the children was genuine. No touch of resentment or irritation manifested itself when they claimed their share of my time. Nor did he begrudge the children my maternal attention when my two oldest boys, Hans George and George William, arrived from school for the Christmas holidays.

CHAPTER XIV

CHRISTMAS AT DOORN

WHEN the lights of the Christmas tree, a tall fir felled by the Kaiser himself, shed their kindly radiance over House Doorn, the Crown Princess Cecilie, now my step-daughter-in-law, joined us with her four sons. What a time the children had together, playing snowball and other games! The Crown Princess stayed with her children at Amerongen as the guest of Count Bentinck. The limited facilities of Doorn were unable to provide for even the most welcome of guests.

The Crown Princess paid us another visit before her oldest sons were matriculated at the University of Bonn, where the Kaiser had studied as a young man. Cecilie is an intellectual, highly educated woman, and an exemplary mother. She held her head high during the revolution. Tact, intelligence, reserve and personal courage distinguish this princess. She stood like a rock in the red sea of Bolshevism. In the hard years, when the Crown Prince languished in the desolate village of Wieringen, she was practically a widow, like myself; and like myself, she took the reins of her children's edu-

cation firmly into her own hands. May the joy her children will bring to her atone for the miseries of the heart-devouring days after the war!

Like myself, Cecilie, too, has experienced many vicissitudes since we first played together as children on her father's estate, Gelben Sande. In prewar time Cecilie was noted as a daring rider and as a remarkable tennis player. Happy, young, brilliant, she excelled at fêtes and receptions. She presided skillfully in place of her mother-in-law, the late Empress Augusta Victoria, over many conferences and congresses dealing with sociological problems. Frequently she accompanied the Crown Prince on his visits to foreign courts. How differently from the original plan fate has fashioned her life! With extraordinary energy and skill she holds the reins of the most important organization of women in Germany, the Vaterländische Frauenverein. She is present at every meeting. She invariably speaks, and invariably her suggestions reveal her competence in the conduct of public affairs. She visits us in Doorn every year, usually accompanied by some of her children, each surpassing the others in charm.

Prince Eitel Fritz was repeatedly in Doorn, at times alone, at other times in the company of his wife, now divorced. Prince Eitel Fritz, to whom fate has denied his father's slimness, seizes the occasion to reduce by assisting in his father's activities in the garden. The Kaiser's work as a gardener and

as a woodsman is so strenuous that the gentlemen who assist him find it hard to keep up with him. During his stay at Amerongen, from November, 1918, to May, 1920, His Majesty sawed seventeen thousand stems of pine. In Doorn, since May, 1920, he has felled and sawed three thousand stems. These included oak and beech trees a yard in diameter and ninety feet long.

In the summer the imperial gardener often waters flower beds, especially his beloved rhododendrons. The pails he uses to carry the water contain ten quarts of water. The Emperor has emptied as much as seven hundred pails in a single day with the help of his gentlemen. During the drought in 1921 the Emperor helped to convey or to pour out one hundred and seventy-five thousand liters of water, or about seven thousand five hundred pails. No wonder he keeps his figure! Prince Eitel Fritz loses many pounds every time he visits us, by assisting the Emperor in his garden work. Eitel Fritz is a splendid, kind-hearted, loyal son. He was a courageous and able soldier, loved by the officers and the soldiers who fought under him in the World War. Not content with these exercises, Eitel Fritz adores water sports. He loves to swim for hours with his friends in the sea at Zandvoort.

My husband's other children, including Prince and Princess Adalbert, frequently come here from Homburg, not far from Frankfort. Sometimes they bring their delightful children. Homburg is

famous for its castle. In the recent settlement with Prussia this castle is designated as a residence for His Majesty and myself. The town was famous as a fashionable watering place and as a gambling resort. From the beginning of the nineteenth century until 1860 it was under the rule of the landgraves of Homburg, who are among my ancestors. In 1866 the male issue of the house of Homburg became extinct. The last daughter of the family was my grandmother Caroline, reigning Princess of Reuss, Elder Line, who died in 1872 in Greiz. In 1866, after the war between Prussia and Austria, Prussia annexed Castle Homburg, the castle of Wilhelmhöhe, and the entire land of Hesse Nassau.

King Edward VII took the cures of Homburg year after year. Emperor Frederick lived there with his family for a while. The Kaiser and his first wife resided there a few weeks every year. He has done much to improve the park and the baths. It pleased him to watch the constant improvements, due almost entirely to his initiative. The Kaiser's greatest achievement was the excavation of the Saalburg, not far from Homburg, an accomplishment highly appreciated by scholars in every land.

Prince August Wilhelm sometimes comes to see us with his son. He has inherited the artistic vein of the family. His success as an artist is handicapped by the fact that he is a prince.

Prince and Princess Oscar, with their children, often cheer us with a visit. The illness of the prin-

cess and the delicate health of her children are due in part to the privations of the postwar period, when they were unable to keep a warm roof over their heads—or rather, to keep the roof over their heads warm. They recuperate under the oaks of House Doorn.

The weeks and week-ends of the Kaiser's only daughter Victoria Louise, the Duchess of Brunswick, with her husband, always bring sunshine to Doorn. Unspoiled, temperamental and amiable, Victoria Louise roams through the garden arm in arm with her husband. Together with him she calls on the various members of the household. She accompanies him on every motor trip in the neighborhood. The happiness beaming from her eyes communicates itself to others.

Victoria Louise is very close to the Kaiser's heart. The intimate contact existing between father and daughter when he held her hand as a little girl, to make her more receptive to the sandman's visit, continues to this day. The Kaiser has always had a special weakness for his only daughter, so dearly desired, but he does not for that reason withhold his paternal affection from his other children. Being perennially youthful himself, the Kaiser loves and understands youth. His heart goes out especially to the two oldest boys of the Crown Prince.

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Neither the distance from home nor his second marriage has estranged the Emperor from his chil-

dren. On his birthday, January twenty-seventh, every member of the immediate family hastens to Doorn if circumstances permit. The Crown Prince, Prince Henry, the Landgrave and the Landgravine of Hesse, the Duke and the Duchess of Brunswick are never absent on that occasion, once celebrated throughout the world. Even to-day it is remembered in millions of German homes, not only in the Fatherland but in the forest primeval of Brazil and in the African jungles.

Since the Kaiser cannot visit the world, the world comes to him. Among recent guests I remember the late Prince Sigismund, the celebrated gentleman rider and his consort; Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, the head of the Catholic branch of the family; the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, with his amiable wife and his charming daughter; the King of Saxony; the Prince of Waldeck; the Duke of Ratibor, whom I met many years ago at my sister Caroline's wedding; my sisters, with their husbands, and several faithful ladies and gentlemen of the old imperial court. Some come for a week-end, some stay longer. I have already mentioned that my mother's cousin, the Queen Mother of Holland, is one of the most delightful and most welcome of guests. She is by birth a Princess of Waldeck. We sometimes call on her at Castle Söstdijk, two miles from Doorn. She is a kindly and highly intelligent woman, who has many friends both in Germany and in Holland.

However, our visitors are by no means restricted to members of the old aristocracy. The Kaiser—as well as I—has always had a predilection for men whom Heine calls *Prinzen von Genieland,* men of genius, princes not of the blood but of the brain. I shall cite only a few names; together they constitute a remarkable array of colorful personalities. There is Hans Dahl, who lures the sea upon his canvas—Dahl accompanied His Majesty on his northern trips—and Alfred Schwartz, who has painted marvelous portraits of the Kaiser and of myself. There is Rudolf Herzog, who made the acquaintance of the Emperor as a war correspondent. Herzog's war poems were lyric torches. His novels made him one of Germany's most successful writers of fiction. He has lectured in America, and he is the author of a novel, The Great Yearning, which deals with the Germans in the United States. He lives in a castle of his own on the Rhine. Most poets, unfortunately, must content themselves with castles in Spain.

Nor can I forget Josef von Lauff, the Kaiser's favorite playwright, who has dramatized with remarkable skill the deeds of the Hohenzollerns; Rudolf Presber, who charms with his lyrics and taunts with his satire; the late Joseph Schwarz, the famous singer who died after an operation in November, 1926. Professor Stegeman, Professor Friedländer and Kirchoff, chamber singers and musicians; Frau Clara Remmert, the only surviving pupil

of the immortal Liszt; and Börries von Münchhausen, whose name predisposes him to be a poet. A direct descendant of the famous baron, von Münchhausen has inherited his ancestor's imagination. The bold flights of his fancy and the resonance of his verse make him the greatest living writer of ballads in the German tongue.

Then there is Frobenius, who unlocks for us the dark continents and wrests from them the secrets of perished civilizations; men like Professor Bodo Ebhardt, who reconstructed the Hohkönigsburg; Professor Dörpfeld, who conducted excavations with His Majesty in Corfu; Professor Schulte, who reports on his excavations in Spain; the two celebrated marine painters Bohrdt and Bock, Max Rabes, Professor Hergesell and many others keep us in touch with the world of science.

Nor must I forget Count Luckner, the gallant sailor who sank eighteen ships without taking a single human life, a feat that endeared him to the Kaiser.

I cannot recall here the names of the many distinguished statesmen, scholars, theologians and physicians from Germany and Holland who have paid their respects to the Kaiser in Doorn. My list is necessarily incomplete.

In the gate house, where the marshal's office is situated and where the Dutch sentries have their quarters, many who desire to call on us inscribe their names in the visitors' book.

Now and then, a German aviator drops a bouquet over the Park of House Doorn on his flight to Amsterdam. There is hardly a week that does not bring its quota of committees and delegations.

In the evening, when there are no guests, the Emperor sits with me in my room, reading. Sometimes I join him in his workroom in the tower, where he is surrounded by all the souvenirs of his life that he treasures most, including a water-color sketch of himself painted by his grandmother, Queen Victoria. This is the room where he writes his letters and his books.

The Emperor rarely dictates. He prefers to write out all manuscripts in longhand with an indelible pencil. His secretary copies his notes on the typewriter and adds the originals to the imperial archives. From one wall in the Emperor's study an Egyptian queen, the mother-in-law of Tutankhamen, gazes mysteriously at the beholder.

Outside, the Emperor's three faithful dachshunds, or snake dogs as they are called by the Swedes, keep watch. They were with the Kaiser at his palace in Berlin. They followed him through thick and thin throughout the war. More faithful than most men, they accompanied him into exile. When he takes his walks in the park or in the village of Doorn, they run noisily ahead of him. Sometimes the oldest, Senta, lags a little bit behind, but she makes every effort to keep step with the Emperor so far as her asthma permits.

My own dog, Arno, a big shepherd hound, tolerates the dachshunds, although he cannot understand why the little fellows are permitted to enter the house whereas he must remain outside and sleep at night in his kennel. The third canine member of the little community is Wai-Wai, a Chinese aristocrat. He belongs to Carmo, who takes care of him herself. An entente cordiale exists between the huge Arno and the diminutive Wai-Wai.

The most comfortable room is the smoking salon, where we repair after luncheon and after dinner, especially when we have guests. The windows look upon lily ponds in the park. The room is a shrine dedicated to Frederick, who was equally renowned as a general and as a smoker. The memory of his celebrated Tobacco Council will ever hover like ghostly smoke over Sans Souci. A famous painting of the young Frederick by Pesne hangs over the mantelpiece. A bust representing the king in a later period of his life peers at one from the corner. The curio cabinets harbor souvenirs of his battles. One contains decorations given by the great king to his generals, which were returned by their descendants to the Kaiser's collection.

The pieces of china on and above the fireplace have a romantic history. They were recovered from the bottom of the sea. They are part of a set ordered for Frederick the Great in China. They were laboriously manufactured in the imperial factories of the Celestial Empire. Each is a work of art,

Hermine and Her Five Children, Taken at Doorn, Christmas, 1926

carefully designed by a master painter. The human figures on the plates are supposedly representations of German types, but the Chinese artist looked at them with Chinese eyes. He unconsciously gave a Mongol cast to the Prussian countenances and a Mongol slant to their Teutonic eyes.

The precious cargo of porcelain was loaded on a ship and dispatched to the King of Prussia, with the compliments of the Son of Heaven. Unfortunately the winds played havoc with the vessel. It was shipwrecked somewhere in the North Sea. Neptune and his daughters are dining now on Frederick's china! Some of the most exquisite pieces, washed to the shore by the waves, probably decorate the rooms of humble fishermen. The plates which we have in Doorn were salvaged by accident twenty or thirty years ago. Emperor and Empress Frederick discovered and collected the pieces—involving years of work.

Unlike his great ancestor, the Kaiser does not smoke a pipe. He does not even indulge in cigars. Like Field Marshal von Hindenburg, he smokes an occasional cigarette. Now and then I join him in this pastime.

In the smoking room we drink our coffee. Occasionally we sip a liqueur, distilled especially for the imperial table on the Emperor's estate at Cadinen, where his famous porcelain works are situated. The Emperor himself hardly ever touches alcohol. After dinner he drinks unfermented grape juice or

lemonade. Once in a while he takes a little sparkling German Burgundy mixed with water. The Emperor is fond of tea in moderate quantities. A German admirer in Brazil regularly sends him several bags containing the most perfect beans of his coffee crop.

All the chairs in the smoking room are made for substantial comfort. One big leather chair, with a pillow, is the Emperor's; near it is mine. Here we sit at night, in animated discussions with our guests and with the gentlemen who volunteer to serve their Emperor in exile. Frequently the Emperor reads to us from some book that enlists his attention. Every night he reads aloud articles from the French and from the English press, which he translates as he goes along for the benefit of those to whom these languages are not familiar.

One book we read recently is the fascinating account of a German who explored the South American forests, where he met with amazing adventures, culminating in his marriage to a member of a cannibal tribe, a maiden named Schiggi-Schiggi. Another book that interested us immensely is an account by a Russian soldier and novelist, General Krasnov, of the fall of the Russian Empire. It is a book in three volumes, From the Eagles of the Czar to the Red Flag. For my taste, the last volume is too gruesome, with its unendurably realistic description of Bolshevist horrors.

The Emperor receives many British and Ameri-

can publications. He marks with a blue pencil or with indelible lead the passages that he regards as being of special significance. He prepares himself a digest of the news of the day, from the point of view of international relations. This digest he reads to us at night, with his interlineations and comments. They constitute a formidable collection. Each day's batch receives a number and is filed in the archives. Multigraphed copies are sent to a few persons in Germany and elsewhere, as special indications of His Majesty's favor.

The Kaiser's selections indicate a shrewd instinct for news and an infallible sense for separating the wheat from the chaff. Cold type cannot reproduce the Emperor's expressions, the satirical turns and humorous emphasis which he gives to various items. At times he interrupts his reading to make predictions. It is astonishing how frequently his prophecies are verified by events. I doubt if any foreign minister now in office has a more solid comprehension of world events than this Emperor in exile. He looks upon political developments not from the point of view of one nation or one group of nations but from the point of view of the entire planet. Like a true statesman, he thinks not in days but in decades and centuries.

However, politics by no means exclusively occupy my husband's attention. The Emperor is passionately interested in archæology and in the history of religion. Race problems have always fascinated his

imagination. His intercourse and his correspondence with Leo Frobenius intensify this interest. His old hobby, navigation, still attracts the Emperor in Doorn. He can lecture an engineer on technical details in the building of a vessel. The Emperor always astonishes, and, like that other gray-bearded perennial youth, Bernard Shaw, he enjoys it.

The Emperor does not dabble in spiritualism, but he is interested in the investigation of esoteric problems which, like the divining rod, are capable of a rational explanation. He does not believe in ghosts. He has never seen the fabled White Lady either in the palace at Berlin or at House Doorn. The clarity of his mind admits of no spooks.

At times, when the Kaiser reads, he puts on huge horn glasses of the type that, judging from French comic weeklies, seems to be so popular in the United States.

My imperial and sometimes imperious, yet always considerate, husband is an early riser. That means that he usually retires about eleven. The Emperor likes regularity. Life, Havelock Ellis tells us, is a dance. The universe itself is regulated by rhythm. There is a rhythm in the Emperor's life, strongly characteristic of his powerful personality, that imposes itself on Doorn. I, too, lead a life ordered with rhythmic regularity. Fortunately our two rhythms are not antagonistic. It did not cost me much of a struggle to make his rhythm my own.

CHAPTER XV

OUR LITTLE COURT AT DOORN

AN EARNEST little girl in a gingham apron plays housekeeping. Seriously, almost reverently, she is cooking a dinner for three lady and three gentleman dolls. The menu consists of candy saved from her own allowance, acorns gathered in the park, and a soup stirred with more love than culinary experience. It is a mixture of salt, sugar and flour, with a dash of red pepper. This diet may seem a little one-sided. I am sure it lacks in vitamines. But the doll family thrives on it.

Aside, hardly able to disguise her contempt, stands a wizened governess, sniffing. It does not seem to her that cooking, even in the play room, is an occupation befitting a princess with a long row of ancestors reaching back to the tenth century. By this time the imaginative reader has guessed the identity of the little princess.

When, somewhat later, the princess shows an active interest in her father's household, when she insists upon going to the picturesque kitchen in Castle Burgk on the River Saale, where the soot falls through the huge chimneys and the smell of cooking

offends delicate nostrils, the governess can no longer restrain herself. She forbids her ward to enter the kitchen and discourages as improper her efforts to ascertain how a household is run. When the princess, nevertheless, offends again, in spite of the injunctions, the aristocratic governess protests to the prince against the plebeian proclivities of his daughter.

The prince, Henry XXII, laughs. "Every girl," he insists, "must know how to cook. A knowledge of the homely facts of life is an asset for every woman, for a princess no less than for a chambermaid."

Thus rebuked, the governess relents, without being convinced.

The early knowledge of domestic affairs which I acquired in spite of my governesses, and the faculty for systematic work which I have inherited from my father enable me to conduct my two households successfully. I preside over my household at Doorn without relinquishing control of my household at Saabor, the Silesian home of my children.

Every household expresses the personality of its mistress. Even if she has not personally selected the furniture, an indefinable something in the arrangement betrays her touch. I can always tell when I enter a house if its mistress holds the reins in her own hands or if she intrusts the management of her household to others. The stateliest castle and the tiniest flat are lifeless if the lady of the house relegates her

duties to employees. Maid of all work, haughty housekeeper or titled lord chamberlain—no one can take the place of the mistress of the house. A woman's household is her kingdom, which she cannot neglect without peril. This applies equally to shopkeepers' wives and to queens. Housekeeping to me is not a disagreeable duty; it is a pleasure that lends both substance and color to my life.

This does not mean that the lady of the house must be her own scrub woman—a rather difficult job in Doorn. The main house, though small, contains fifteen rooms. The Orangerie, with the children's quarters, makes ten or twelve more rooms. There are several rooms in the Gate House, where our guests stay. Finally there are the servants' quarters and two or three cottages. But without handling a broom herself, the lady of the house must at least know that everything is being properly dusted and scrubbed.

I do not pretend that I prepare the Emperor's meals with my own hand, but I know whether we are going to have chicken or fish for dinner. I know how these dishes must be cooked. If I were stranded on a desert island with the Kaiser we would not have to starve unless the island happened to be barren. I know the culinary processes involved in making a simple meal nourishing as well as tasty, and I know how much should be left over from yesterday's mutton for to-morrow's stew.

Most royalties I have met are unassuming people

who lead a simple and unostentatious existence. I am not referring to economies forced upon many by the revolution, but to their natural habits of life. Much royal pomp is merely a concession to the expectations of others. Royalties have no desire to lose touch with the rest of the world. The Hohenzollerns especially have always striven to keep their feet firmly on the ground. It is this feeling which is responsible for the tradition in the Hohenzollern family which demands that every prince must perfect himself in some skilled trade to complete his education.

Prince Henry of Prussia, the Kaiser's brother, is a skilled bookbinder. The Crown Prince is a skilled blacksmith. His familiarity with this trade stood him in good stead in Wieringen, where the horseshoes made by him are still prized as souvenirs. The Emperor did not learn a trade, owing to the handicap of his left arm. But he overcomes this deficiency by his skill in sawing wood, in pruning plants and by his general knowledge of gardening. If my husband were not what he is, he would be able to earn a comfortable living as a gardener.

Every morning the Kaiser takes a long stroll before breakfast. I do a few turns on my bicycle. Occasionally we meet at crossroads. The Kaiser is frequently accompanied on these walks by his guests. I never attempt to inject myself into his early peripatetic conversations. Husbands and wives must learn to leave one another alone at times. They must

also learn not to disturb the circle of one another's friendships. This is the most important ingredient in any recipe for marital happiness.

At 8:45, after his walk, the Kaiser conducts religious services in the main hall. If punctuality is the courtesy of kings, my husband is the most courteous of monarchs. He always appears on the minute. Sometimes the Emperor awaits his guests on the steps where I caught my first glimpse of him, and pretends to be very angry if they are a few seconds late. Any delay, it is true, upsets our domestic schedule, because the entire household participates in the service.

We breakfast at nine, always alone. If guests are in the house they take the first meal, consisting usually of eggs, a slice of cold meat, fruit and marmalade, at the table of the master of the household. The Kaiser is a quick eater—or rather, his need for food is so moderate, he eats so little, that he finishes in an incredibly short time. I have sometimes heard complaints that guests at the imperial table did not always get enough to eat. It is a story that crops up in several memoirs. When the Emperor had finished a course, which, in most cases, he barely touched, the lackeys, it seems, immediately took away all plates and served the next course. When the Emperor rose the dinner was at an end. The guests, we are told, went away hungry. If this be so it was never brought to the Emperor's attention. He is the most considerate of men. He would never

intentionally deprive a guest of his fill. In Doorn our guests are offered a second helping, although the Emperor's plate remains empty.

After breakfast, which never lasts more than thirty minutes, the Emperor works for three hours in the park. He cuts wood, he saws, and, in summer, he waters his rhododendrons, growing in magnificent profusion. I have already related how on some days the Emperor and his assistants pour out as many as eight hundred pails, each containing ten liters of water. I also enumerated the large number of stems of pine and oak sawed by the Kaiser in Amerongen and in Doorn. He acted as chief forester for one of our neighbors, a Dutch gentleman, Mr. Blydenstein, who is grateful to the Emperor for thinning out his woods. This work is conducted in accordance with scientific principles of modern forestry, to which Germany owes the preservation of her timber. This winter the Kaiser devoted his attention as a woodsman to the estate of Count Bentinck in Amerongen.

The Emperor devotes his special attention to the rose garden of the late Empress, and to the garden created by him in my honor, named the Hermo-Garden. The Hermo-Garden is the gift of neighbors and friends. At a loss what wedding present to give us, they conceived the idea of presenting us with rare rhododendrons and other plants. No gift could have been more pleasing to the Emperor and myself. Recently an American horticulturist sent

us a new marvelous species of gladiolus, far exceeding in size and color any European specimen. The oaks of Doorn, by the way, are also largely of American origin. Each section of the little garden bears a small sign with the name of the donor.

"Whenever I pass through the garden," the Emperor says, "I love to touch the bushes and to think of those who gave them to us. It makes me almost feel as if I were shaking the donor's hand."

It is fortunate that the Emperor's mental exertions are balanced by his physical exploits. Before the war he took long rides every morning. During the war he covered fifty thousand kilometers in his automobile. To-day he no longer rides, but he is a champion walker. It would be too expensive to keep a horse and a groom. With elastic step, he covers hundreds of miles every month within the confines of Park Doorn and of the adjoining country. His three hours of physical toil in the garden leave him unexhausted. He does not merely engage in physical culture. His work is directed toward a creative end, to make Doorn more beautiful for himself and for me.

The Kaiser has planted several thousand trees with his own hand. Every year he contrives some new effect in shrubbery and in plants. This is not mere sport. It is a manifestation of the same creative impulse which made him devise new means of beautifying the Tiergarten, the famous park of Berlin. The instinct for beautifying one's surrounding

is distinctly German. It sets apart the houses of German settlers from those of their neighbors.

Faust, the hero of Goethe's sublime maturity, is the super-German. Faust finds his ultimate happiness in cultivating the soil he wrests from the sea, in building and reconstruction. The satisfaction of his creative instinct prompts him to apostrophize the fleeting moment to tarry. *"Verweile doch, du bist so schön!"* he exclaims, although, according to his compact with Mephistopheles, he thereby forfeits his soul to the Prince of Darkness. However, eternal justice intervenes. Redeemed by his own creative yearning and endeavor, Faust enters heaven. The Emperor, a true German like Faust, finds genuine happiness in digging and in planting; he delights in his own cabbages and in his roses.

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On his return from his work in the garden, after a glass of port and a sandwich, the Emperor receives reports and examines the world's news, gleaned from many sources.

Our meals are frugal. The Kaiser maintains in exile the modest menus to which he had accustomed himself during the war. He dislikes caviar, *pâté de foie gras,* oysters and highly seasoned foods. He loves fruit—especially cherries, apples, strawberries, peaches and oranges. Pineapple does not agree with him.

I have already mentioned the Kaiser's favorite drink—a red sparkling Burgundy of German origin,

Assmannshäuser, mixed with water. He indulges in this only on festive occasions, just as during the war champagne was served at the imperial table only after momentous victories, like Skager-Rack, the battle off Jutland, and Tannenberg. As a daily drink, the Kaiser prefers orangeade, and fruit lemonade. Prohibition would impose no hardship upon him. He detests whisky. Neither Mr. Morgan nor Mr. Carnegie—in fact, no American—has been able to tempt him with cocktails. Unlike most Americans, whose meals seem to float on oceans of water, rendered unfit for consumption by its artificially lowered temperature, which chills the processes of digestion, the Emperor is not a teetotaler. Like the Emperor, I could dispense with alcohol altogether. Nevertheless, we believe that mildly alcoholic beverages are part of a civilized diet.

Luncheon or dinner at Doorn rarely consists of more than one warm dish of meat. Now and then fish or an omelet takes the place of meat. The Emperor is fond of pilaw, a dish of fowl, raisins and rice, much in the vogue in Turkey. Our dessert consists of a simple pudding, cheese or fruit, occasionally varied by ice cream. On Sundays we have no warm dinner at all, but enjoy cold cuts, such as ham, fowl, tongue or a piece of venison. We omit the Sunday dinner to allow the cook a day out.

The Emperor rests after the midday meal. The nap is followed by work, interrupted for a few min-

utes while tea is brought in on a tray, until eight o'clock, when dinner is served. It was at tea that the Emperor proposed to me. After dinner the Emperor reads or talks. The Emperor eats very lightly at night, being satisfied generally with a little cold meat. Sometimes he does not touch meat at all but makes a meal of vegetables. He eschews beef and black meats. When he is invited to dinner parties he eats, or feigns to eat, a little of every course set before him so as not to disappoint his hostess.

His simple regimen, combined with hard physical work, enables the Emperor to resist corpulency, the bane of his uncle, King Edward VII. I understand that the Prince of Wales makes incredible efforts to keep his figure. The Emperor weighs today approximately one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. This was his weight exactly in the middle 80's, when he was a colonel of the Hussars of the Guard.

Our menus are written out in longhand on plain paper cards. The same card, reversed, serves its purpose a second time. We do not believe in waste, even in small things.

CHAPTER XVI

DOORN IS SAFER FOR DEMOCRACY

IT is not easy to describe life in Doorn. The Emperor is the nucleus of a harmonious little German colony. All our employees are German. Many have served the imperial family in the past. We try to make their life in exile as pleasant as possible. Some have married Dutch wives. From time to time there are dances and festivals in the village and elsewhere in the neighborhood in which they partake. Our people mingle freely and pleasantly with the native population.

At intervals, not too far apart, films are shown at House Doorn. On such occasions our entire little colony is invited. Dukes and lackeys, princesses and housemaids forgather under the same roof. When a distinguished artist gives a concert for the Kaiser, His Majesty insists upon permitting the entire household to share in his enjoyment. Now and then a professor from a German or from a Dutch university gives a lecture in our salon. Here, too, whosoever desires, irrespective of rank, is invited. It is the only way in which we can acknowledge the fidelity of those who share our exile.

Doorn is safer for democracy, I fancy, than many rich homes in the United States. The children of our servants play with my children. We share joy and sorrow. In that respect life in Doorn reminds me of my own life at my father's residence, Greiz, where the wives of the peasants and the wives of our gardeners intrusted their family secrets to me. When Easter comes all the children in House Doorn jointly look for the colored Easter eggs which I hide for them with a knowledge born of long experience as the mother of five.

All christenings of the babies of our servants take place in our dining room, which is converted for the purpose into a chapel. At these baptismal rites a clergyman summoned especially from The Hague for the occasion officiates. We also provide a social room, where a phonograph plays merry tunes. We have no radio to convey transatlantic jazz tunes to Doorn. For those who are studiously inclined, a library is provided. Cheerful pictures beckon from the walls. The total number of heads in our little colony, including the members of our family, the master of the household, the office force and the servants, with their wives and their children, is thirty.

The office of the master of the household rotates. General von Dommes, Count Delev von Moltke, Colonel Niemann, Admiral von Rebeur-Paschwitz, Count von Schmettow, Count Finkenstein, Baron von Kleist, and one or two others alternately serve His Majesty in this capacity. The doctors, too,

picked from the most faithful regiments, serve in rotation. Captain von Ilsemann is with us permanently as the Emperor's aide-de-camp. An alternate to relieve him is selected from a number of loyal former officers of the guard or of the navy. Court Councilor Kogge presides over the office and the registry, assisted by the Kaiser's secretary and by my secretary. Kogge has grown gray in the service of the imperial family. He won his first experience when he was attached in a similar capacity to my husband's mother, the late Empress Frederick Augusta. Court Councilor Nietz, who is always traveling between Berlin and Doorn, acts as liaison official. Occasionally von Berg, the Emperor's legal representative, arrived for consultation. Recently he gave up this position.

I have already dwelt on the fact that the previous amounts received out of His Majesty's private funds are practically wiped out by the drop of the mark, except for the sum invested in the purchase of Doorn. The Kaiser, I repeat, receives no benefice from the state treasury. He merely succeeded in obtaining a fraction of his personal wealth. The amount received is hardly adequate to maintain the large family solely dependent upon him, and to defray the expenses of House Doorn, even with the most rigid economies. Now that the settlement with the state is complete we at least know what we have and can apportion our funds. What remains is very little. There are taxes that must be deducted, and living in

Holland is far more expensive than it is in Germany. Though both training and circumstances make it practically impossible for members of the royal family to earn their own living, it will be different, presumably, with their children. The children of the royal princes receive practical training that will enable them to stand on their own feet. My own children will be equally independent.

The gentlemen around the Emperor serve nearly without compensation. They consider it an honor to minister to their master in his misfortune. The fact that they alternate frequently constantly renews our contacts with home. My own vacation in Germany enables me to gather every year honey from many combs. When I am in Germany I keep in touch with artists and authors. In Doorn I refresh my mind by their works. Literature is my dominant passion. Like my mother, I read three languages, German, English and French, with ease.

Unlike many critics, I sense a renaissance of literature in Germany since the war. Out of defeat rises a new strength and a new art. I have always been an omnivorous reader. The catholicity of my tastes horrifies my friends. I try to understand the driving power behind the manifestations of modern art. A wise Frenchwoman said to understand all is to forgive all. I try to understand and to forgive all. But forgiveness does not necessarily imply liking. I do not like all the books I read. One need not adopt an author's point of view, even if one ad-

mires his style. I may appreciate his philosophy but refuse to acknowledge his premises. However, no human being should go through life with a bandage over his eyes. We must try to face life as it is. We have no right to refrain from gazing at its reflection or even at its most fantastic contortions in the mirror of modern art.

I have no favorite author. Life's immediate reflection—biography and memoirs—interests me most of all. I am fascinated by psychological novels. But I am equally attracted by descriptions of countries and peoples. Geography intrigues me. Now that I am unable to travel much, I dote on reading about the travels of others. My favorite book remains Rudolf Schott's Italian Voyage. Whenever I am tired or annoyed I delve into its pages. This immediately restores my equanimity. Perhaps the book pleases me because it reminds me of happy Italian days when I first caught a glimpse of eternal beauty. It is no affectation to say that I prefer records of travel and discovery to fiction.

Reading enables me to keep in close contact with the world, even if my wings are clipped by my exile. Reading is the only avenue of escape of the Emperor from his confinement in Doorn. The Emperor reads with me new publications in every field of human endeavor. During his reign lack of time necessarily limited his leisure for reading. The heartbeat of a nation pulsates in literature. I am happy that in literature, too, the interests of the Em-

peror and mine, are similar. It is delightful to exchange thoughts with him, to read and to debate with him. His mind illuminates every book in some unexpected manner. Like a magic glass, it reveals what is hidden between the lines. The Emperor is impressed by the theory recently advanced that every author has a distinctive prose rhythm, susceptible of being measured by physical or mathematical means.

I have already referred to Rudolf Herzog, a great German novelist and poet; to Rudolf Presber, a satirist blessed with the gift to make us laugh without wounding our susceptibilities; and to Börries, Baron von Münchhausen, our greatest writer of ballads. These men were our guests at Doorn.

I know and admire Herman Sudermann, playwright and novelist. No one would guess his age by looking at him. He has rounded out his seventieth year, but now that he has shaved off his beard he looks like fifty. His books to-day are as genuine and as beautiful as Katzensteg and Frau Sorge. I personally take most delight in his "Litauische Geschichten."

I often met Paul Burg, who lives near Leipzig, where I stayed at the Hotel Astoria. Burg's historical novels, his books about Goethe, Emperor Henry VI, and the great elector of Saxony who later became King of Poland, are not only extraordinarily well written stories, but they teach the reader history in a pleasant way.

I recently met Ludwig Fulda, who combines classic elegance of expression with the modern spirit. He is not only a distinguished playwright but a matchless translator.

Germany produces an astonishing variety of new books, as well as excellent editions of old works, memoirs, etc. interpreting the spirit of Germany and of other lands. I am especially interested in art, folk studies, history, etc. Both the Emperor and I owe many beautiful hours to our study of current letters. Hans Grimm's People Without Room is an extraordinary performance profound in its philosophy and dazzling in its style. Modern German literature is so varied, so rich, that it is impossible to indicate in a few lines even its main currents.

I am intensely interested in psychology. Without accepting all Freud's doctrines, I recognize in him a great force, setting the human mind free from the accumulated rubbish of past taboos. It seems to me that every mother should have at least a bowing acquaintance with psychoanalysis. It is not necessary to stray too long in the mazes of the Freudian system. But if we are lost in some psychic labyrinth, if some Minotaur within ourselves threatens to destroy us, Freud's psychology, Ariadne-like, supplies the thread to safety and to freedom.

My knowledge of Scandinavian literature and of the Russian is derived from translations. The Germans are marvelous translators. Germany is the logical intermediary, both economically and cul-

turally, between Russia and Western civilization. Russia, with its semi-Asiatic mysticism and its esoteric undercurrents, would be completely unintelligible if she did not speak through novelists and poets who, being somewhat under Western influences, employ a language comprehensible to us. Much in the Russian psychology still remains inexplicable.

I enjoy Krassnow, Naschiwin, Leonid Leonow, Schmelljow. I was puzzled by Dostoyefesky until I read the diary of his wife. Through this diary I was able to approach the elusive personality of the great novelist. The woman who was so close to him gave me the key to his psychology and to his heart. I confess that I was never able to achieve the proper perspective toward Tolstoy. Romain Rolland's biography of Tolstoy appeals to me more than any work by Tolstoy himself. Tolstoy may be the greater artist; to me, Romain Rolland seems infinitely finer. Any one who has read "L'Ame Enchantée" will understand my opinion. Like every literary criticism, my opinion of Tolstoy may be only a statement of my own limitations.

French literature, especially since the war, is far less superficial than French journalism. Some French writers seek the depths. Truth and justice are by no means lacking in their vision since France has recovered from the intoxication of war.

Among English poets, Lord Byron is my favorite. I know that it is the fashion in England to belittle the author of Childe Harold and Don Juan. To me

Byron seems one of the immortals. The figure of this great poet is slowly emerging even in England out of the shadow of captious criticism and literary snobbishness. Wilde, another great English poet of the type of Byron, has won in Germany more complete recognition than in his own country. We are concerned solely with his mastery as an artist, not with his personal idiosyncrasies. If I am not mistaken, Bernard Shaw, too, is inadequately recognized in England. Sweden recently gave him the Nobel Prize. Germany looks upon him as one of the torchbearers of the race—a literary demiurge, with a supreme message for mankind, hiding his divinity under his cap and bells. Perhaps it may seem boastful to recollect in this connection that Shakespeare's plays are produced more frequently in Germany than in all English-speaking countries combined.

My tastes in English fictions are varied. I like immensely Somerset Maugham, Robert Hichens, A. S. M. Hutchinson, Joseph Conrad and John Galsworthy. I admire and like "The World of William Clissold," by H. G. Wells. I by no means despise Hall Caine or Michael Arlen. I confess that I have read Elinor Glyn on occasion with pleasure.

I would love to follow in the path of Columbus and to discover America for myself. My ignorance of American conditions makes American literature all the more fascinating to me. My acquaintance with American authors is not based upon any sys-

tematic survey but upon my reading of isolated books which, owing to some extraordinary quality, arrest my attention. So diversified is the character of these books that I can reconstruct from them a fairly intimate composite picture of American civilization.

O'Neill's dramatic works are aglow with a virility that makes them distinctly New World literature in spite of their Old World sophistication. O'Neill may have learned much from Freud, but like a true poet, he does not parrot the patter of psychoanalysis; he dramatizes his vision.

Dreiser may not be a stylist, but his careful accumulation of infinite details, in spite of its crudities, is more impressive to my mind than the supercilious polish and the subtleties of James Branch Cabell. Dreiser's books stand out like pyramids. As a work of literature, I consider Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" a greater performance than "Jurgen." The realism of Fulton Oursler, whose work is shot through with romance in spite of himself, startlingly reveals the inhibitions of American life. His "Stepchild of the Moon" is a protest against Philistia. I suspect that in his heart of hearts Oursler, as well as Dreiser, is a romanticist in disguise. This is also true of Hergesheimer, the author of "Cytherea," and of Sherwood Anderson. It is true of Mencken, whose satire is a defensive mechanism. I refuse to take too seriously the cynicism of Paul Eldridge, whose book of animal poems, "Our Dead Selves," is an extraordinary collection. Like the Japanese poets, Eldridge

can tell an epic in a few lines. Alexander Harvey's book of short stories, "The Toe," is a cascade of verbal brilliance. Sinclair Lewis, with his analysis of American types, enables tired Europeans to understand the New World. I suspect that the Old World, too, has its Babbitts and its Main Streets.

In all these writers I note a revolt against convention, a yearning for beauty and for passion. America is alive. It is not narcotized by prosperity. Uncle Sam, French critics notwithstanding, is Uncle Don Quixote rather than Uncle Shylock. The American, despite his dyspeptic critics, is a Romeo, not a Pecksniff.

Of the American writers, I am most interested in Poe and in Mark Twain. The Kaiser does not care for Poe. Verse is not his forte. Perhaps his educators drilled poetry too strenuously into him. That paralyzed his lyric propensities. He shares, however, Mr. Wilson's fondness for limericks and quaint folk verse—probably the only trait the two men have in common. His sense of humor is keen.

The Kaiser loves Mark Twain. Many years ago Mr. Clemens was a guest in Potsdam. Perhaps the spontaneity of the great humorist was paralyzed by tales of the rigors of etiquette. He shut up like a clam at the imperial table. Perhaps he was not in the mood to say anything funny, preferring to absorb and observe. Genius has the right to be eccentric. It need not be on tap at luncheons, even at royal command. The Kaiser confesses that he was

a little disappointed at first by the almost saturnine silence of the king of humorists. Later, when he understood the situation, he had a good laugh to himself. He regretted that this meeting, arranged by a relative of Mr. Clemens', who had married one of the Kaiser's aides, remained their only encounter.

We recently had the pleasure of meeting Mark Twain's delightful daughter, with her gifted husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch. Mrs. Gabrilowitsch has inherited something of her father's humor.

CHAPTER XVII

THE KAISER AS I KNOW HIM

AS I unravel the web of the past I sometimes wonder if it is possible to look into the future. Could anyone have foretold how the thread of my fate was interwoven with the destiny of William II? Can anyone foretell now the plan after which the future will pattern my life? Everybody, no matter how little he may incline to superstition, knows of some prediction that has come true, some prophecy that has been startingly fulfilled.

I remember a fair at my father's residence, Greiz, when I was about ten or eleven. The town was gayly bedecked. There was music and dancing, and, if I am not mistaken, a circus tent. As we children were walking across the market place, accompanied by a governess, I ran a little ahead of the others. Suddenly I was stopped by an old gypsy. I was too flabbergasted by the encounter to make a move. I merely stared at her eyes—eyes glowing like coals of fire, eyes like will-of-the-wisps in the dark of night. I remember the shrewd old face, the strands of gray hair straggling from under the multicolored shawl covering her head and the pipe she laid aside to take hold of my hand. The whole incident hap-

pened so quickly that the governess was unable to gasp her protest. After scrutinizing the lines of my hand earnestly for a few moments, the old gypsy made two predictions in the singsong peculiar to her tribe. "You will have five children," she said, "and you will be married twice." I was excited and anxious to hear more, but the governess would not permit the gypsy to go on. Flushed and giggling, we children continued our sight-seeing, and so the gypsy and her predictions were temporarily obliterated by the music of the merry-go-round.

Who knows what the gypsy might have told me if the stream of her prophecy had not been so rudely interrupted? This was my first experience with a soothsayer; it was also my last. My upbringing was too rationalistic to encourage dallying with the occult. Evidently the high gods do not want man to peer into the future. Nevertheless, sometimes chance or intuition may lift the veil ever so little. At any rate, the prophecies made by the gypsy came true. I have five children and I was married twice!

I have shared the exile of Emperor William for more than five years, as his wife. I am probably the one being who knows him best. Though I spend two or three months of the year in Germany, our life at Doorn presupposes an intimacy unimaginable in ordinary married relations. The Kaiser seldom goes out. He is, to all intents, a prisoner. I hardly ever go out alone. We could not, if we would, avoid each other. Intimacy of this type with

an uncongenial partner would reduce any normal person to madness. It would breed constant irritations and quarrels. The atmosphere would be poisonous with mutual recriminations. The only outlet of a thousand inhibited impulses would be frequent emotional explosions.

The Kaiser has led this prison existence, monotonous in spite of intellectual stimuli and occasional social diversions, for more than nine years. Half these nine years we have shared together. The harmony of our married life has been unmarred by the slightest discord. The years have deepened our love. Our understanding has blossomed into splendid maturity. Our union is perfect. That in itself is a tribute to the Kaiser's nobility.

The Emperor's fate is harder than mine, his chains are more harassing. He has been hurled from greater heights. The Kaiser accepts his fate with Christian humility. He bears it as a tribulation imposed by God for mysterious purposes of His own. On the other hand, he does not pretend to cherish martyrdom. He does not coquette with his misfortune. He is perfectly human.

In spite of the destruction of all his hopes, his shattered throne and his shattered faith in his advisers, he has not forgotten to laugh. His laugh is not that of madness. It does not have the tragic ring of King Lear's. It is not the guffaw of utter disenchantment or the dry cackle of cynicism. It is cheerful. It is a laugh that heals and redeems.

The Emperor's spirit rises above his disappointments; he draws new strength from his trials. The most distinguishing characteristic of this man called the War Lord by his foes is his loving-kindness. His greatest pleasure is to make others happy. Much as he needs me, his tactfulness never permits him to minimize the claims of my children. His love imparts color and richness to my existence.

I have experienced much and I have suffered much. Life has knocked into me an ample knowledge of human character. I have seen the heights and the depths of human nature. But I have never met a finer character than Emperor William. Wherever you strike, his response is crystal clear. I have read books that attempt to belittle the Kaiser or to traduce him. I refer especially to one pseudo-scientific work, injecting poisonous bias under the guise of a sympathetic analysis.

I have listened to unjust verdicts from persons who were privileged to be near the throne. Mere propinquity is no proof of understanding. Neither the disgruntled courtier nor the lackey has the proper perspective. The Kaiser was the most talked-about man of his generation. His picture was in every periodical. Every headline flared with his name. He received thousands of people. He traveled from land to land; made speeches; wrote letters. Yet he remained inscrutable and unknown!

No one knows him. No one comprehends him. Men who saw him day after day never caught a

glimpse of his real self. Perhaps they were incapable of understanding him. Perhaps good will was lacking. No doubt the gulf that separates princes from ordinary mortals increased the difficulties of approach. If the world knew him and understood him it would judge him differently. The world never knew him, never understood him. He remains incomprehensible, not because his character is complex but because it is so amazingly simple. That is the secret of Emperor William's psychology.

Shaw suffered from the same difficulty. People disagreed with him because his vision was supernormal. He thought and saw along simple lines. The Emperor is so genuine as to be unbelievable. He is so lucid and so truthful that the world, judging him by its own duplicity, suspects some hidden guile.

Possibly the inheritance of certain English characteristics from his mother, Empress Frederick, increased the difficulties between himself and his advisers. His point of view was not purely Continental. It embraced the earth and the seven seas. Neither was it British. He never forgot the traditions of his house. He always remembered that he was the Cæsar of the Germans. "I am afraid," he once said to me, "that the two strains in my blood make me a riddle both at home and abroad. The Germans claimed that I was too English. The English, on the other hand, complained that I was too German."

All those who have met the Kaiser personally ad-

mit his power to charm. I felt this charm when I first saw His Majesty at the wedding of my sister Caroline to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in Bückeburg. The Emperor's personality was equally irresistible in Berlin. He exerted the same fascination in the Throne Room and at the informality of a luncheon. Ten thousand men felt the spell of his personality as he rode with his troops at the imperial maneuvers in Breslau, our last personal encounter on German soil. The nation thrilled to it in response to his brief address from the balcony of his palace in August, 1914.

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The Emperor's personality is tremendous. He radiates charm and *esprit*. He scintillates. He dazzles. He has depths, but no complexities. His character is as clear as a mountain lake. The sunlight strikes the very bottom; it harbors no slimy recesses; no monsters crouch in its depths. Like most truly great men, the Emperor is candid. His candor startles. It even provokes skepticism.

The Kaiser possesses not only a sense of humor, but a quick lancetlike wit. At one glance he can pierce a problem. With one word he can summarize its gist. Men of his temperament rarely lack a sarcastic vein. The Kaiser's sarcasm, however gentle, has turned friends into enemies.

At times the Kaiser's temper may gallop away with him. That is the penalty of most sanguine natures. His very generosity, once betrayed, turns to

THE EMPEROR AND PRINCESS HENRIETTA (THE GENERAL)

anger. He who is quick to laugh is equally quick to take offense. But he is also quick to forgive. The Emperor is never deliberately unkind. The wounds he inflicts at times are unintentional.

The Emperor's sense of duty dominates his life. It curbs his temperament. His youth was a hard struggle to prepare himself for the throne, in spite of physical handicaps. It was clouded by his unfortunate relations with his mother. Whenever mother and son were on the point of a complete understanding, some intrigue was set afoot to keep them apart. It is a tragedy that many great personalities who could be friends and coöperate harmoniously, in spite of resemblances and dissimilarities of temperament, are so frequently set at odds, as in this case, by the selfish intrigues of others. The son's very desire to work, to make himself useful, was misrepresented to turn his father against him. The Iron Chancellor and the Kaiser's grandfather, William I, had to intercede before the heir presumptive obtained access to the archives of the Foreign Office. The Kaiser's attitude toward his father, whom he loved, cannot be measured by the relations obtaining under ordinary conditions. The old Emperor, not William's father, was the head of the house. The old Emperor issued orders. It was he to whom all members of the imperial family were constrained to look for financial support. The imperial authority of a grandfather, interfering to a certain extent with the natural

authority of a father, increased the complications prevailing under the circumstances between Frederick and his son. Outsiders deliberately troubled the waters to fish for their own advantage.

When the crown came to William II, after his father's brief and tragic reign, it was already a crown of thorns. During the thirty years of his reign William II carried the heaviest responsibilities without complaint. He labored without relaxation. Even on his trips to Corfu and to Norway, work was his steady companion. Duty followed him wherever he went. He possessed and he still retains the ability for quick intuitive judgments, the inheritance of a long line of rulers. Pedantic, ponderous persons could not understand the lightning-quick actions of his mind. Nor did they realize that his brain was alert day and night. He weighed the problems that came before him, when others slept or struggled with culinary and bibulous excesses from which he kept himself free. By the time they presented a case to him, his mind had already predigested the matter. His verdicts, though fast, were never snap judgments. His intuition was more often right than the deliberate cogitation of the elder statesmen. Would to God he had trusted his judgment more often!

The publication of the Kaiser's marginalia on state documents has shown how often his judgment was sounder than the policy adopted by his government. It would have been better for Germany if he had ruthlessly swept away the passive resistance

that thwarted his plans, especially in the Foreign Office. His share in the military campaigns of the World War was far more decisive than appears from the memoirs of his collaborators. Again he was too considerate of others. He did not set his judgment against the combined judgment of his staff, even when, as sometimes happened, he was incontestably right and his advisers were incontestably wrong. Bismarck had shaped the German constitution in such a way as to enable him to carry out his ideas legally, even if they differed from the opinion of his venerable sovereign. The Kaiser was handicapped by his loyalty to the constitution. William II did not have the power to enforce his opinion against the will of his chancellor, without violating the constitution. Now that he is defenseless and exiled, many unjustly blame upon him many faults of his government. Before condemning the Kaiser one should realize the tragedy of conflict between his imperial power and his constitutional limitations.

The very obstacles placed in his path before he ascended the throne had made the Kaiser uncertain of himself, in spite of his efforts, natural in a young man called to power perhaps too soon, to assert himself. His faith in himself received another staggering blow when Prince Bülow practically disavowed him in Parliament. I refer to the publication of the interview in the *Daily Telegraph,* first authorized, then repudiated, by the Foreign Office, and to the storm against the Emperor that followed.

The Emperor's versatility was always proverbial. He discussed politics with the statesman, strategy with the soldier, and astonished both by his knowledge. He could talk religion with facility equal to the theologians. The lay head of the Protestant church in Prussia, the Kaiser was as well versed in the history and in the doctrine of the church as its own historians. His study of comparative religion has endowed him with a tolerance and broadness of vision which enable him to be just to all creeds. He astonished the papal legate with his knowledge of Roman doctrine. He discussed Allah with the Grand Vizier of the Sultan. He dumfounds the archæologist by knowledge of vanished civilizations. He surprises the engineer by his knowledge of the intricate mechanism of his machine. He talks art to the artist.

The Emperor acquired his knowledge not merely by his quick comprehension but by dint of hard work. Thus he attempted to paint, not because he considered himself an artist but to grasp the technic. For the same reason, he dabbled in music. To slow, clumsy minds, his versatility was a crime. Formerly they resented his thoroughness, which exposed their own limitations. Now the same people complain that his knowledge was superficial!

The Emperor always welcomed suggestions tactfully made by competent persons. His mind was always open. He lent his ear to everyone capable of imparting information. It was not his fault that too often the information was colored by deceit or

by the desire to fawn upon the imperial master. He did not encourage uncouth attempts of know-it-alls and impertinent meddlers. Every monarch, in self-defense, must invest himself with triple armor against the attempt to influence his appointments and his decisions by illegitimate means.

The Emperor resented insidious endeavors to exploit the temporary intimacy of a hunting party for political purposes. Nor did he relish sly whispers intruding upon his hours of rest. Every professional man, every physician, has the right to be relieved for a few hours from professional consultations. Why not an emperor? Every busybody whose ambitions were thus thwarted nursed a grievance. These grievances are the soil out of which slanderous tales and memoirs grew.

The Kaiser never enjoyed parlor patter. It was not always easy, especially for women, to engage him in conversation. The fault lay mostly with those who could not understand his peculiarities. Once a conversational contact had been established, it could be restored without difficulty. Anyone who once talked with the Emperor at length could easily resume the thread. His Majesty possesses a phenomenal memory for names and faces, a valuable conversational aid, and a knack most rulers acquire.

The Emperor usually manages to put those to whom he talks at ease. He is not always at ease himself. Underneath his vivacity lurks a deep fundamental shyness, against which he fights. This shy-

ness, this tendency to be embarrassed, has pursued him throughout his life. He has conquered it to a large extent, but it still plagues him at times. It is inherited; neither his mother, the Emperor tells me, nor his illustrious grandmother, Queen Victoria, was ever quite able to overcome this disposition.

What ordinary observer, without knowledge of modern psychology, could have suspected the secret shyness embarrassing these mighty monarchs? I can well imagine an awe-struck subject trembling before Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, while the Queen herself on her throne had to summon all her imperiousness to hide her native bashfulness. Men have called the Empress Frederick haughty when perhaps her pride was merely a protective armor to cover her diffidence. Similarly the Emperor at times unconsciously concealed his shyness behind a robust gesture or a drastic jest. His shyness interposed invisible barriers. Diffidence of this type is not, however, without compensation. It may—and it did in the case of the Emperor—prove a blessing in disguise. The struggle to overcome it rallies forces in us that make for greatness. By overcoming our own timidity, we learn to rule others.

The Kaiser conquered the difficulty inherent in his psychology just as he overcame the handicap of his arm. His victory over both made him more dynamic. His personality inspired both respect and affection in his subjects, as well as in his peers. The ruling princes of Germany, in spite of gossip to the

contrary, were devoted to this monarch, conspicuous even in an orchestra of kings, not merely for his rank but for his native talent and for the extraordinary magnetism emanating from his personality.

I remember my conversation on the subject in the years preceding the war with the late King William of Würtemberg, with the King of Saxony, with the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, with the Duke of Altenburg, and with Prince Henry XXVII and Prince Henry XIV, of Reuss, Junior Line. Every one of these crowned heads expressed admiration for William II, although their attitude was by no means uncritical. They were serious men, rulers all, who regarded themselves as the Emperor's equal. The German Emperor, according to the constitution, was merely the first among peers. They had no reason to disguise their opinion from me, myself the daughter of a reigning prince.

I met the other German rulers only after the debacle. They were not disposed to make William the scapegoat for the fall of the empire, although their own thrones tumbled after the Emperor's abdication. In Bavaria, Brunswick, Mecklenburg-Schwerin barricades had been raised even before the ninth of November. A madness like the dance of St. Vitus seized our people. It was due largely to the undernourishment of the war period. The German revolution would have proved abortive, in spite of intrigue above and below, in spite of the battering of Allied armies and the bickerings of Al-

lied propagandists with German defeatists, except for the hunger psychosis which deprived the German people temporarily of their reason. This seems to be the view of Crown Prince Ruprecht of Bavaria. Ruprecht, regarded as their king by the majority of his Bavarians, possesses adroitness and subtlety. He has achieved distinction in divers fields. Ruprecht is a brilliant soldier, but he is also a connoisseur of art. He has traveled in Italy, India, and many other countries, always accompanied by experts in the special art he was studying. He can marshal his knowledge of everything he has seen and heard; he can describe every church in Italy, the year of its building, and can name the artists who were responsible for the interior decoration. He is always the profound student, never the casual traveler. The highly intellectual Duke of Brunswick, husband of the Emperor's dearly beloved daughter, the temperamental and warm-hearted Princess Victoria, assumes a similar attitude toward the imperial régime. The same holds true of Duke Carl Edward of Gotha, a loyal prince and loyal German. These men would be the first to blame the Emperor if he were responsible for the loss of the war and of their crowns. The crash came not because but in spite of him. Or, if he shares the blame, his virtues rather than his weaknesses are at fault.

Hard work, physical and mental, is the Emperor's salvation. Without hard work his nature could not endure the enforced confinement of Doorn. He is

not physically a prisoner. He could leave Holland, but where should he go while Germany is barred to him? The man who was once German Emperor, who was on the throne, and now in exile, one of the world's most discussed figures, cannot, like lesser men, resort to incognito. The most conspicuous personality of his age, he cannot hide in obscurity. Hence, for the present, Doorn must be his home.

The Emperor's active spirit is always engaged in some creative pursuit. Occasionally His Majesty invites scholars of distinction to confer with him in what he likes to call his Dutch Tusculum. But the expense of the trip and other complications inherent in our situation necessarily limit such contacts. Hence study remains his chief occupation. He supplements his reading by correspondence. Thus the Emperor, in his isolation, keeps abreast of the currents that sweep the intellectual life of his epoch. His memory is undiminished. It is never necessary for him to refer to a book of reference. He carries his encyclopedia in his head.

Religion is the Emperor's ultimate solace; it is the source from which his courage is ever revived. He sometimes feels that his religious investigations are no less important to his development than his thirty years as Emperor. His Majesty's attitude toward religion has always been a controversial subject. Some claimed that he was too pious. Others recoiled with horror from his liberal interpretation of our faith. During the war the rumor spread that he was

a victim of religious mania. This story, intensified after his stay in Holland, reached me by diverse channels. It was partly responsible for my hesitation to take my children to Doorn. The rumor proved baseless. Nevertheless, lies of this type continued to be repeated.

I can only say this: The Kaiser is a deeply religious man, a true believer. His faith in God is invincible. It has no taint of morbidity. There is nothing complicated in his religion. It is as simple as his character. He is not impressed by book religion. Not written tradition, but the personality of the Saviour is the nucleus of his faith. The Bible is holy to him, not because of itself but because it relates the words and the works of Jesus. He permits no theologian to step between him and his Master. The Emperor adheres with the devotion of an early Christian to the Founder of Christianity.

Earthquakes have sundered his realm. They have shattered his throne. But in the midst of catastrophe his pristine faith stands like a rock. Such simple faith needs no far-fetched interpretation. But, like his character, it is too clear, too candid, to be accepted, without quibbling, by an age grown skeptic and oversubtle. Jesus, the Emperor feels, is close to him. But He is equally close to all of us. We are all partners of the Almighty. William II claims from God no special privilege in heaven or on earth. The humblest of his subjects cannot be more humble than the Kaiser toward the King of kings.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE EMPEROR AND KING

THE Emperor, I repeat, is the most simple, the most unpretentious of men. The imperial pomp with which he surrounded himself during his reign was not in response to his own inner need. It arose from the feeling that the seat of the government must be a central source of splendor and of joy. This view prevails in every monarchy. It is imitated in many republics. The German people profited from the grandeur of the imperial rule. It inspired and aided our artists; it increased the prosperity of our people. To the Kaiser it was often a burden.

If the Kaiser had considered only himself he would have cast off much of this splendor. He would much rather read a book than change his uniform several times in the course of one afternoon. He always preferred the calm discussion of religious or philosophic problems to participation in exhausting court functions or ostentatious parades. I myself noticed how weary he looked during a great gala ball in the palace. He realized that representation is one, and by no means the least, obligation devolving

upon a king. He considered it his duty to continue the great traditions of his grandfather's court, the tradition of all German rulers, of the old and of the new empire.

The initiate always knew how simply the Kaiser lived personally. Even when the empire was at its height, even in his young manhood, the Kaiser was an example of moderation. He always detested the gluttony of state dinners. He is equally modest in his sartorial demands, needing little for himself. Some biographers of the Kaiser claim that he changed his clothes too frequently. They accuse him of attaching undue importance to externals. I know from my own experience extending over a period of more than four years that the Emperor hates to change his clothes. In fact, his lame arm makes the procedure a torture to him. I also know that the court life, the etiquette, the splendor and the luxury of his station in the past are what he misses least here in Doorn. He is unassuming and simple in all his habits, resembling in no way the gross caricatures that frequently pass for his portraits. When he was on the throne, courtesy made it necessary for him to have a hundred different uniforms for a hundred different occasions. Every regiment, every foreign prince, was entitled to recognition in some such fashion. The Emperor's favorite suit consists of simple tweeds. He wears decorations because they symbolize things that are very real to him.

Our household, despite its simplicity, is expensive. The German Emperor, even in exile, cannot live like a pauper. However little he may need himself, he cannot, emulating Diogenes, inhabit a tub. He must comply with certain traditional standards. But the economies practiced at Doorn, of which I have enumerated several instances, would astonish people accustomed to more ample expenditures. The settlement with the Prussian Government has not made a material change in our financial condition. We practice the most rigid economy to make ends meet. I am glad that training and inclination enable me to assist in this task.

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Barbarossa, Germany's legendary redeemer, the liege lord of my house and the forbear of my husband, still rests in his enchanted mountain, darkened by the somber flight of the ravens. Will Frederick Barbarossa ever bestir himself from his sleep? House Doorn confines his scion William II, even as the mountain prison immures the red-bearded emperor. Unlike Barbarossa, William II never sleeps. Anxiously, he scans the sky to note if the birds of ill omen are still circling above the Fatherland.

Not far from our home runs the River Rhine. House Doorn stands on the old river bed. Traces of Rhine gold are found in the pebbles on our paths. When the Emperor lived in Amerongen he

could see the Rhine from his window. With the aid of a spyglass we can follow the course of the river from Doorn. How often the Emperor's eyes longingly travel in this direction! Sometimes he sighs. How often his mind must dwell on past glories as the river rushes by! More than past glories, however, more than crown and throne, the Kaiser regrets his inability to help more actively in the reconstruction of Central Europe and in the effort to win anew for his country, in his own deathless phrase, "a place in the sun."

The Emperor employs the enforced leisure of his exile to eliminate the poisonous underbrush of war propaganda. The detachment of his exile facilitates his historical investigations.

"Exile," he says, "has taught me many things about myself and my people that I would never have learned on the throne."

Even as the imperial ax clears the woods, so the imperial pen demolishes the forest of upas trees, grown from the poisonous seed of the war-guilt lie —the lie which attributes to Germany and to her Emperor the sole responsibility for the slaughter of ten million men, that incarnadined the rivers of Europe.

The Emperor's regrets for the past are not tinctured with personal bitterness. He curses neither his fate nor his foes. He forgives his detractors. When former collaborators, betraying his confidence, unchivalrously and ungenerously attempt to

saddle upon him the blame for their faults, he remains silent. Nothing demonstrates more convincingly the sincerity of his religion.

My heart aches when I consider the wasted opportunities of the German people. What miracles the Emperor could have accomplished if his own people had understood him, if his farsighted plans to insure German greatness had met with a ready response! With advisers able to comprehend his real intentions, such a man could have moved mountains.

But his advisers almost invariably misunderstood him. In some instances they lacked vision. The blindness of others was due to indifference. They crossed his noblest intentions, they thwarted his handsomest purposes. They shipwrecked his greatest plans with active or passive resistance. In spite of impediments, he accomplished much for his country. He can face without qualm the judgment of history. If he had found the right coöperation, if he had been able to find the right advisers, if he had found a chancellor who had been to him what Bismarck was to his grandfather, his figure would be overtowering; his reign, instead of ending in ruin, would have marked a new epoch in human annals.

I married Emperor William II to share his exile and his sorrow. I did not marry him with the hope, however remote, of wearing some day the crown of Augusta Victoria. I shall be content with my fate

if I can lighten the burden of his banishment, if I can give to the Kaiser the devotion temporarily denied him by his misguided people.

Crowned or uncrowned, he is my Emperor and King.

THE END

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